





Canibus Lyrics

"Patriots"

(feat. Free & Pras)

[Canibus]

I make your bitch crew shit stools; I put a pistol
in your mouth and pull, then I feed you to the pitbulls
Don't even talk about guns; the only "nine" you got
is a five dollar bill and four ones
So I don't give a fuck what none of y'all niggaz say
Cause anything that can't penetrate ricochets
Rhymin with me on a record? You might as well have died
and went to hell instead of heaven cause my rhyme weapon
is like a medieval torture method -- your four limbs
tied to four horses all pulling in different directions
In this profession I get busy without a question
Seein me is like seein a vampire's reflection
Fast or slow flows connect like electrodes
I make cassette tape decks blow when I'm in wreck-mode
Explode leavin areas abandoned
with more radiation behind than spots UFO's landed in

[Pras] Is that all soldier?

[Can] Yes, sir!

[Pras] Is there anything you need?

[Can] No, sir!

[Pras] Report back to me before debriefing. At ease!

[Can] Are you a Navy Seal?

[Free] Yes, sir!

[Can] Then say it like you mean it!

Tell them who Free from the Navy Seal Team is!

[Free]

Free be the one rockin shit, special operatives
Specializin in weapon diagnostics
My survival tactics be drastic, like Rambo
I'm stranglin niggaz with my bow and arrow elastic
Whoever said you couldn't be five feet and thoroughbred
never witnessed the cerebal cortex in my head
How many gigabytes does your hard drive hold?
or does your hard drive fold once the signal hits the node?
Beyond mission control the theory behind your thought
Marie Antoinette, behead me, I still rock
While you choke and suffocatin off your own testosterone
I'm known for breakin levels down to the values unknown
A specimen with extraterrestrial estrogen
Kick your intestines in, sell your testicles to Mexicans
I bring the force like a nutcracker
Annihilate rhyme hackers, Navy Seal linebacker

The last Oedipus remains, unclaimed
So if you buck against Free you better tattoo your name
on your teeth -- I disintegrate those that oppose
Disintegrate hoes with they assholes in they nose
I suppose you wanna run your mouth like a ??
I put bitch niggaz to rest in the bitch bassinet

[Can] Is that all soldier?

[Free] Yes, sir!

[Can] Is there anything you need?

[Free] No, sir!

[Can] Report back to me before debriefing. At ease!

[Can] Are you a patriot?

(Sir, yes sir!)

[Can] Then say it like you mean it!

Tell them who Canibus from the Navy Seal Team is!

[Canibus]

I'm the meanest motherfucker on this whole Navy Seal team
And I can kill anything if it bleeds or breathes
Yo, callin all bitch-ass niggaz and bitch-ass bitches
I got a Howitzer bigger than any four-fifth is
Rappin is a raw business
But as an individual I'm as different as anybody's fingerprint is
If foreign is the norm I'm the antonym
Put me in the same category you would put Marilyn Manson in
Bugging like a satanic evangelist
Jogging buttnaked down Sunset Boulevard in Los Angeles
Every MC in your crew will get ruined or wounded
You talk the bullshit, and be too scared to do shit
I'm the type of nigga that'll prove it, produce shit
Spent so much time in the studio I had to move in
A soldier, who practices West Indian obia
I can drink the poison from a king cobra
Cause long after y'all are dead and gone
I'll survive the nuclear holocaust like a roach *[?]*

[Pras] Is that all soldier?

[Can] Sir, yes sir!

[Pras] Is there anything you need?

[Can] Sir, no sir!

[Pras] Report back to me before debriefing. At ease! *[echoes]*

Canibus Lyrics

"Get Retarded"

"I-I-I, want, to.."
"G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
"Get re-Get re-Get retarded"
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
"I, want, to.."
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"

[Canibus]

Yo -- niggaz is phony frontin like they Master of Ceremonies
None of you suckers are even remotely close to me
To be nice I sacrifice things like no sleep
I keep a library of lyrics on microfiche
Creating concepts so deep, niggaz quote me
They rewind and interpret my rhymes to they homies
I did things beyond your flows, eons ago
It's inevitable in ninety-eight I'ma blow
Ever since eighty-four, I've been in it to win it
But see back then we used to battle by spinnin on the ce-ment
You can't even absorb the rhymes I record
or resolve the deep laws of the physics involved
I travel to the end of the universe and beyond
Parsecs, out of range from a cellular StarTec
From the galaxy of Andromeda; I puzzle niggaz
like crop circles and other unexplained phenomena

[Chorus: Canibus]

Aiyyo, nine out of ten of these rap artists is garbage
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
You spineless, rhymeless, niggaz is heartless
"Get re-Get re-Get retarded"
Aiyyo, I came to see that hip-hop is never tarnished
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
So I [echoes]
"I, want, to.."
"G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"

[Canibus]

Aiyyo, all I really want is you niggaz to stop bitin
All I really want is you niggaz to start writin
All I really want is you niggaz to be original
and start spittin some lyrical shit that I can listen to
You haven't written the perfect rhyme yet
You don't even know the sequences to the Human Genome Project
You haven't come to terms with your God yet
And you refuse to believe in Unidentified Flyin Objects
When I bomb shit, I get retarded; probably more than you bargained

I'm talkin about rippin mic off your arm shit
Hype shit, blow up a mic shit, you might get
beat the fuck up in broad daylight with a nighstick
To the British, I'm Ghandi
To the Japanese I'm an American pilot flyin over Nagasaki
To the AIDS patient I'm your last antibody
Sittin and waitin for a cure from modern biology

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Yo I be lookin directly into the human eye to see if you pussy
And completely ruin your ability to lie to me
I pull a nine on a bully, cock back the cannon
God damnit, I don't think you fully understand it
Ask nine out of ten niggaz on the planet
who the best is, the question'll go unanswered
til I step up, to the front line with rhymes
Revin my engines like they were powered by Lemans
Murderin niggaz with lyrics manufactured within
my DNA's double-helix, I leave you in troubled spirits
I'm absolutely the purest, breed of MC
from the United States of America to Europe I deserve it
However you wanna word it, I'm perfect
Touch my microphone on accident and get murdered on purpose
Motherfucker!
"I, want, to.."
"G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"

[Chorus]

"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
"Get re-Get re-Get retarded"
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"
"G-G-G-G-G-G-Get retarded"

Canibus Lyrics

"Nigganometry"

[Chorus: samples (Canibus)]

"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)

"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)

"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)

[Nigganometry, nigga-nom-nom-nometry]

"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)

"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)

"N", "I", "G-G", "A" (Nometry)

[Nigganometry, nigga-nom-nom-nometry]

[Canibus]

Now if a bitch sucks yo' dick, for five dollars per square inch
and gets forty dollars, includin a five dollar tip
How big was the dick she just sucked? (Say what?)
Say how big was the dick she just sucked? (What?)
If you a nigga with a watch, that's iced out
with enough rocks to make the hottest room temperature drop
How long will it take for you to get robbed? (Say what?)
How long will it be before you get robbed? (What?)
Now if your song played on the radio for the first time
four days ago, now the shit is rotational
Who got paid off to play it? (I ain't scared to say it)
Say who the fuck got paid off to play it? (I ain't scared to say shit)
If you sign a recordin deal for less than a quarter mill'
and your advance is a hundred-thousand dollar automobile
I know the vehicle was probably beautiful (Yeah it's tight)
But did you ask your lawyer if it was recoupable?
It's nigganometry.. *[echoes]*

[Chorus: all except first line]

[Canibus]

You had five shots of coke and vodka, then you convinced
your designated driver to smoke a pound of marijuana
How the hell you gonna get home?
Say how the fuck you gonna drive yourself home?
You got a mansion, a Benz, a Bentley and a Range
and ain't none of that shit in your government name
What pieces of property do you own? (You don't own nothin)
What pieces of property do you really own?
You don't own a god damn thing, nigguh)
Now if you take a glass of water then add two cubes of ice
you should see the cup's water level slightly rise, right?
You need to watch what I'ma show you (Watch this)
You need to look closely at what I'ma show you
(Listen to this right here)
If you remove every living animal out of the sea

then wouldn't the world's ocean water level decrease?

This means the planet wasn't three-quarters water (that was deep)

This means the planet wasn't three-quarters water (that shit was deep)

It's nigganometry...

[sample of Big Bird from Sesame Street cut and scratched saying "N"]

"Hey, I've been sitting here trying to think
of what we can do with this here letter 'L'..."

"F", "U", "C", "K", "L-L.."

Canibus Lyrics

"Second Round K.O."

[in the first section Tyson speaks over the "Rip Rock" instrumental]

[Mike Tyson]

Yo Canibus man, whassup man?
I caught you on that cut with Wyclef man - you were boomin
But I caught these foul slouch-ass niggaz, youknowmean?
Talkin foul bout you the other night
on the corner of the boulevard man - I wasn't with that
but I ain't know you well enough to defend you though right?
But you seem like you got true game
But.. peep game man, they've been playin me all my life man
You know I won the title a couple of times, did right, youknowmean?
But they can't hurt us man, we gon' do it
Get up in this ring man put on these gloves
Let me show how to handle yourself man
You don't got nobody out there with you
I gots to show you man, get up in there move that head man
Come on to me man, but when you come man you gotta come for blood man
Come up to me man, come on bust that nigga whole man
Niggaz talkin that shit about you..

Hey Mike Tyson here speakin with the Canibus man over here
Yo Canibus your main objective out here is to do nuttin but
eat eat eat eat MC's, for lunch, breakfast
Hey man they been playin me all my life man
You know I won the title a couple of times did right
No but they can't hurt us man
We gonna do it, get up in this ring man, put on these gloves
Let me show you how to handle this yourself man

[Canibus]

So I'ma let the world know the truth, you don't want me to shine
You studied my rhyme, then you laid your vocals after mine
That's a bitch move, somethin that a homo rapper would do
So when you say that you +Platinum+, you only droppin +Clue's+
I studied your background, read the book that you wrote
Researched your footnotes, bout how you used to sniff coke
Frontin like a drug-free role model, you disgust me
I know bitches that seen you smoke weed recently
You walk around showin off your body cause it sells
Plus to avoid the fact that you ain't got skills
Mad at me cause I kick that shit real niggaz feel
While 99% of your fans wear high heels
From Ice-T to Kool Moe Dee to Jay-Z
Now you wanna fuck with me? You must be crazy!
You drippin with wack juice, and you can't get it off
You betta be prepared to finish what you start, nigga

[Referee]

Hey hey hey hey, you just hold it right there
(Yo, get off me man)
We got an illegal low blow on the fighter in the blue trunks
(Yo, yo get the fuck off me man)
If I see one more of those, you're outta here brotha
(Yo get out my way man, yo he started this shit)
You understand? (Fuck you!)
You'll be disqualified (I'll bite that nigga again!)
Stop bein a bitch (Get the fuck off me man!)
We came to see a fight

[Mike Tyson]

Yo Canibus man you gotta hit harder than that man
You don't want no bitch ass niggaz hangin out wit me man
We're warriors man, when we go into battle
we come out, or don't come out at all

[Canibus]

Yo

You better give me the respect that I deserve or I'ma take it by force
Blast you with a 45 colt, make you summersault
Shock you with a couple hundred thousand volt thunderbolts
Before you wanted a war, now you wanna talk
It's about who strikes the hardest, not who strikes first
That's why I laugh when I hear that wack ass verse
That shit was the worse *[pause]* rhyme I ever heard in my life
cause the greatest rapper of all time died on March 9th
God bless his soul rest in peace kid
It's because of him now at least I know +What Beef+ is
It's not what I would call this (nah) see this is somethin different
A faggot nigga tryin ta make a livin offa dissin
Somebody that he gotta know is betta than him
but he feelin himself, cause he got more cheddar than him
Well lemme tell you somethin, you might got mo' cash then me
But you ain't got the skills to eat a nigga's ass like me
And if you really want to show off, we can get it on
Live in front of the cameras on your own sitcom
I'll let you kick a verse, fuck it, I'll let you kick em all
I'll even wait for the studio audience to applaud *[cheers]*
Now watch me rip the tat from your arm
Kick you in the groin, stick you for your Vanguard award
In front of your mom your 1st, 2nd and 3rd born
Make your wife get on the horn call Minister Farrakhan
So he could persuade me to squash it, I saw naw he started it
He forgot what a hardcore artist is
A hardcore artist is a dangerous man, such as myself
trained to run 20 miles in soft sand
On or off land, programmed to kick hundreds of bars off hand
from a lost and forgotten land, you done did it man
You done spitted some wack shittit
And probably thought that because it's been a minute I'll forget it

Fuck that, cause like Common and Cube I see +The Bitch In Yoo+
and I'ma make the world see it too, motherfucker

[Referee]

Ladies and gentelman, we have a new lyrical weight champion
By second round knock out, 3 minutes and 40 seconds Can-i-bus

[Mike Tyson]

Yo Canibus man, you movin like Mike Tyson Jr. man
You in and out and you're agile with you flow man
But dig right, you got you gotta eat man, that's your name Canibus
Your whole agenda is to eat these niggaz man
They have no business to be in the same stage with you
holdin the mic with you

But dig right...

But dig right...

But dig right...

But dig right...

Hey Mike Tyson here speakin with the Canibus man over here
Yo Canibus your main objective out here is to do nuttin but
eat eat eat eat MC's for lunch, breakfast, dinner
That's your agenda baby
Your your agenda to to consume them
Their whole existance, they can't exist in your presence
The Canibus is here to rule forever
Mike Tyson, on the death

Canibus Lyrics

"What's Going On"

"What's.. what's.."

"What's going on? What's going on?" [x4]

[Canibus]

The club scene is a regular hangout spot for unclean
women in tight jeans frontin like queens
Chickenheads who should be home takin care of their eggs
Instead, they always in the club flirtin with men
No I don't care about no hype-no-holic bitches; all I'm concerned with
is who's bringin they burners in to burn niggaz
While security practice is mediocre proportions
Niggaz is still stealthily sneakin they firearms in
Often, niggaz be acting like they're marksmen
but couldn't hit a stationary object
So how you gonna hit a movin target? Especially if you alcoholic
The party was coconuts until you spoiled it
Nigga what's goin on?

[Chorus: Canibus + samples]

"What's going on? What's going on?"

[Can] What's goin on these days?

[Can] Can't do no hip-hop shows without the gunplay

"What's going on? What's going on?"

[Can] What's goin on? Why is everybody packin?

"While you rappin, I'm busy tryin to sneak the gat in" -> Havoc

"What's going on? What's going on?"

[Can] What's goin on these days?

Can't do no hip-hop shows without the gunplay

"What's going on? What's going on?"

[Can] Before you blaze, think about the lives at stake

[Biggie] "You got a gun up in your waist, please don't shoot up the place"

[Canibus]

Aiyyo

The other night I seen some kid gettin loud, runnin his mouth
Til somebody pulled the thang-thang out, then shots rang out
This nigga in front of me got his back blown out
On the floor with a piece of his small intestines hangin out
I had to scream on the bouncers to carry him out
They said, "Nah, them niggaz is still bustin in the crowd"
Then they ducked down close to the ground as the bullets whizzed by
Prayin to Allah cause they don't wanna die
But neither do I, fuck it, I gotta be here
As a rap artist, it's a vital part of my career
I swear, y'all niggaz need to chill with that
Bringing your handguns to every God damn club I perform at
Everything from semi-autos to macs

Chrome or black, plastic gats and all that
Believe it or not - the government wants that
So they can use that as an excuse to shut down rap
What's goin on?

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Yo

All of my hip-hop niggaz should feel what I'm speakin upon
A subject that was touched by Nas and Pharoahe Monch
Bullets - bein shot from guns, guns bein carried by thugs
who come to the clubs to shed blood
Bear in mind, that everytime a nigga reaches for chrome
he jeopardizes more lives than his own
To some this record ain't even relevant until you experience
how a bullet can shatter your dreams in a millisec'
By some thug cats who didn't take that
by bustin a gat, they could render somebody handicapped
and trapped, in a wheelchair over nothin
With the gift of walkin and runnin snatched from them
What the fuck is goin on?

[Chorus x2 to fade]

Canibus Lyrics

"I Honor U"

(feat. MB^2)

[Chorus One: MB^2]

We'll never part (through) sickness and health (health)
You are my heart -- I love you more than I love myself
(Yeahayyeahh) But in the middle of the night
I heard you cryin in your sleep it'll be alright
I'll be there for you (just for you)
if you tell me all your secrets
Yet in the middle of the night
I heard you cryin in your sleep I held you tight
I'll be there for you (youuoooooh)
if you tell me all your secrets

[Canibus]

Aiyyo, boy meets girl, boy really likes her
Boy loses contact with girl but he finds her
Girl has no clue that boy is a liar, and he has no honor
So she dates him regardless, cause she thought he was harmless
And he had her believin he was the man she wanted
to spend the rest of her life with -- the words "I love you"
are priceless, unpredictable like rollin dice is
None-the-less, inspite of the frightenin repercussions
you might get, people still risk they necks
Of course it's nice, the feelin of courtship, roses and stuff
Women never get it often enough
And the reason people love they mother so much
besides the fact she carried you for nine months, is trust
It's a five letter word, that should only occur between him and her
before the bees and the birds (WORD!)

[Chorus One]

[Canibus]

Aiyyo I heard a soft moan in the middle of March
Then I felt a powerful force push me forward like a dart
On your mark, get set, GO!
I was off, flagella was my propellor wigglin back and forth
Then I set a course for the border
Mother Nature's karma callin me to the rock of Gibraltar
The competition tried to be smart, but I was smarter
My competitors were swimmin fast, so I swam harder
Submerged in water, prayin to my heavenly father
If I don't make it through I'm a goner
Screamin out "Death before dishonor,"
Because I'm awesomely stronger, my stamina last longer
I was destined to be a son instead of a daughter
XY is the male chromosomal order

One'll stay alive, and survive, the rest'll be dead
Cause I'ma be the one to fertilize that egg *[echoes]*

[Chorus Two: MB^2]

In the middle of the night
I heard you cryin in your sleep I held you tight
I'll be there for you..
if you tell me all your secrets

[Canibus]

Aiyyo mommy I'm up in your stomach, buggin
Whenever you rub it, I love it
Like a comforters covers you warm as a oven
Your husband -- stubborn, how can you love him?
Smokin cigarettes by the dozen when he knows that I'm comin
Bad move, you hopin that daddy improves
Knowin in your heart that's bull, because he's too cruel
You've been abused, used, you've got, wounds and scars
Think with your mind not with your heart, let's go to grandma's
Terminate the lease, call the landlord
Give your job two weeks notice, pack up the car, and go to New York
What part? They got a little borough called The Bronx, Mom..
And I heard that's where hip-hop is gonna start
Hell yeah! I think we need to be right there
Four months in your stomach and I already chose a career
When you cry, I hear, and I wish I could dry your tears
but I can't cause I'm stuck in here
Five months from bein able to lay against your chest
I can't even hold you in my arms, cause they ain't developed yet
But I swear to you, as to God's Almighty Truth
I'ma be there for you.. I'ma be there for you..

[Chorus One w/ variations]

[MB^2]

Tell me! (Tell me all your secrets)
All.. all.. (Tell me all your secrets)
And I will be there for you (Tell me all your secrets)
Tell me your secrets (Tell me all your secrets)
Oooohoooh, tell me.. (Tell me all your secrets)

Canibus Lyrics

"Hype-Nitis"

[skit first 30 seconds of song, speaking over "Rip Rock" instrumental]

Yo whassup, wassup son?
(Oh are y'all ready? Y'all ready?)
Yea yea yea we ready
Whassup, whassup son?
Whassup, what's the deal?
Yeah yeah
Yeah, aight, so... so all we gotta do
is do the shit we've been workin on
Word

When we add this new, Canibus nigga, yaknowhat! I'm sayin
(Yeah, yeah)
Niggaz gonna feel that nigga
Oh, that's the old to the new! The old to the new!
(Yo, that's gon' bring us back, that's gon' bring us back)
That's gonna bring us back
(Yeah that's gon' blow)
Aight? So let's... so let's work on this shit *[clears throat]*
Y'all ready? Two times, from the top

[goes into an old school style rap]
I hold the mic (YEAH) real tight (YEAH)
And yo grab the mic and make the shit sound tight
Hold the mic (YEAH) real tight (YEAH)
And yo, grab the mic and make the shit sound tight

[Chorus: Jenny Fujita]
The hype.. nitis.. is in.. your eyes
That look.. that smile.. in disguise *[echoes]*

[Canibus]
Aiyyo, can you feel it?
I know that everybody's heard of that (The Vapors!)
But this is the ninety-eight version of that
BizMark, one of the founders of this art
Discovered evidence, of the disease, and documented it
Now the name of the virus is called "Hype-nitis"
A terminal condition that effects all biters and liars
Hype-no-holics can't require my respect
Cause they snakes and I can smell the venom on they breath
Hype-nitis

[Chorus]

[Canibus]
Alright now, I'm about to break the hype-nitis down
It's characterized by a certain type of lifestyle

People that treated you foul just wanna be nice now
Smile and raise they eyebrows when you come around
I remember when I first started to work
and tried to get this job as a label intern
Them niggaz was, killin me, cause wasn't nobody feelin me
A&R's wouldn't even risk demo-dealin me

[speaking over chorus]

Can you believe that shit? That's how it was back then

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Aiyyo, I know
most the niggaz I exchange pounds with or lounge with
wouldn't be around if my career was spiralin downward
They'd crowd around me til I'm surrounded
Ask me who I'm down with, til I replied, "The Navy Seals outfit"
They told me my album was coconuts so they rewound it
I knew they was hype-no-holics by how they voices sounded
I pull a silver can out of my trousers
Made a public announcement, about the Hype juice
and then I bounced kid *[echoes]*

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

To me hype-nitis is like the measles, cause it's a disease too
Studies show it affects one in every five people
It's so lethal, the cure can't be achieved through
hypodermic needles or the ingestion of medicine in teaspoons
If you feel the need to, here's a toll-free number
They'll send you an eight page pamphlet to read through
(800)-7932, there'll be available hype-no-holics
standin by for you to speak to *[echoes]*

[Chorus]

[Jenny Fujita]

The hype..

Canibus Lyrics

"How We Roll"

(feat. Panama P.I.)

[Canibus]

I never freestyle for free, without chargin niggaz a fee
It'll cost a brain cell just to cypher with me
I'm the type of MC, that rocks for the glory
I don't give a fuck if you ignore me or camcord me
Freestyle or written, spittin with infinite ammunition
for anybody tryin to go the distance
I promise ya no less than a hundred-thousand kilometres
My bomb threats'll have you evacuatin your continent
I'm barbaric with the alphanumeric
Hittin you with lyrics that separates your body from your spirit
This is for wack niggaz doin shows and shit
Cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin it
(*[Rakim:]* "Drop the mic, you shouldn't be holdin it")

[Chorus: Panama P.I.]

I roll with the wildest niggaz
West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz

[Canibus]

We savages, snatchin microphones from amateurs
Cause like women who get abortions, I ain't havin it
I rip you, my metaphor content, will split you
into little, powderlike crystals, so I can sniff you
What I say should be displayed at the Smithsonian
Your rhymes are phonier than cubic zirconias
Have you any idea what I do to crews like you
How many niggaz in my career, I ran through?
Comin afta ya, blastin ya, with the shotgun
like a front seat passenger
You must be askin fa', some sort of a massacre
I'll attack ya cardiovascular
Shatter you like glass in automobile crashes
when I smash that ass into blackberry molasses
Rip your speaker to ashes, and kick a hole in it
cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin it

[Chorus: Panama P.I.]

You see I roll with the wildest niggaz
West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz
See I roll with the wildest niggaz
West Indian Island niggaz, unemployed jobless niggaz

The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz

[Canibus]

I'm the illest lyricist in America -- MC's can't see me
cause I'm too quick, for the human retina to regista
I roll up on ya crew quicker than long sleeves
At a (Speed) that would confuse Keanu Reeves
So ask yourself, who am I?
I'm the illest MC that you ever seen in your fuckin life
I hop into the backseat of a cab and rhyme
til the meter says 9, 9, 9, 9
Line for line I battle any kind of MC at any time
whether they signed or unsigned
Wit many lines, more lines than a million pair of Adidas
More lines than the bible quoted from Jesus
More lines than a African herd of zebras
Niggaz just ain't fuckin wit the 'cannabis seteva'
This is for ALL you niggaz doin shows and shit
Cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin it
(*[Rakim:]* "Drop the mic, you shouldn't be holdin it")

[Chorus: Panama P.I.]

See I roll with the wildest niggaz
West Indian Island, unemployed jobless niggaz
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz
Some hostile violent, chemically imbalanced niggaz
See I roll with the wildest niggaz
West Indian Island, unemployed jobless niggaz
The foulest niggaz, who never smile at niggaz
Some hostile violent
.. chemically ..imbalanced ..nigga!

Canibus Lyrics

"Channel Zero"

[Canibus]

Approximately fifty years ago
under the direction of President Harry Truman
and in the interest of national security
A group of twelve top military scientific personnel were established
This group's primary objective
was to desensitize us to the truth
And to suppress the material evidence that our planet is being visited
by a group of extraterrestrial biological entities called the grays

Tune in to channel zero *[x8]*

[Canibus]

Yo, sometimes the road to the truth is, so elusive it's confusin
And reality becomes illusion
If I showed the masses where we was at or where we was goin
I'd shatter the social balance of the world as we know it
I'm talkin bout the grand deception, of 1947
When our souls were sold to the heavens
for technologically advanced weapons
Crystal enhanced, brain implants, and mind control methods
MJ-12 is not majestic
And the focal point of our problems on this planet are not domestic
You can accept it or be stupid and be a skeptic
and fail to recognize the secret society's deathwish
Ninety-seven percent of our Presidents were Masons
Responsible for launderin trillions of dollars from the nation
for the construction of underground military installations
Abductions and cattle mutilations
Experiments on human patients
can take place in several subterranean bases
A hundred and fifty stories below a basement
With knowledge of genetic information, you need to fear science not Satan
Cause through the manipulation of certain biological agents
they create strange creations
Top secret special operations
Low frequency sounds and lasers, people like Carl Sagan
that didn't believe in the Drake equation
were tryin to keep Western civilization on the need-to-know basis
Well you need to know that this is a game
and we're bein betrayed and played in the worst way

Tune in to channel zero *[x8]*

[Canibus]

Yo, the holy script from Genesis 1-26
says, "Let us make man in our image under our likeness"

First of all who's THEY? You see if God
was truly a single entity that's not what he would say
We as the Elohim, Gods and Goddesses
possess a marvelously monstrous subconscious
Lifeforms that speak, in very high pitched sounds and squeaks
Short staccato clicks and beeps
A highly advanced form of speech
Even though to us it seems like they only chatter in their teeth
They used to swim deep in the oceans beneath
Til their fins transformed into limbs and they started to creep
Then they evolved into mammals with feet
And walked right from the shorelines onto the beach
They used gravity, cause it's actually the only force around
that could slow time and the speed of light down
The energy grid network, opened the gateway from Earth
to any point in the universe
Living organisms and various, geomagnetic gravitational, anomaly areas
Space expedition teams in the lunar regions
reported seeing, decapylramids and tetrahedrons
Liquid filled shoes, is what they used
to walk across the moon without leaving a clue
of where they been for the past twenty-three billion years
Before life on the surface even appeared
I hope you become aware what I'm spitting in your ear
was intended to stimulate your left-brain's hemisphere
I know it sounds weird, all these motherfuckin answers
and questions to the grand deception

Tune in to channel zero [x16]

Canibus Lyrics

"Let's Ride"

[Canibus]

Yo, yo

If you just listen to my lyrics every day for a couple of weeks
My techniques will eventually kill you just like red meat
The Bhagavad Gita beliefs I speak be so deep
Most critics get mad because there's nothin to critique
Whenever I'm rappin or rhymin
with irrefutably remarkable timin
I'm like, Charlie Chaplin pantomimin
If you John Blaze, or you James Flames
or you Jack Cremation, I'm Jermaine Propane (Jermaine Propane)
No pain no gain in this rap game
For the fortune and fame in order to remain
Most real MC's, learn to adapt to the change
or get washed away like tears in the rain, in the rain y'all

[Chorus: Wyclef, Product, Pras]

[Clef] Just ride, just ride, ah just ride e'rybody just ride

Just ride, just ride, ah just ride e'rybody just ride

[Pro] When you in the streets and you're drivin in your V
if you can see what I see, you're prepared for the jackers

[Can] Old school, old school

[Pras] Everybody got to pack a mac now

[Canibus]

Yo, if you wanna know, how I kick a flow
when I rip a show, with my lyric-al, I'ma let you know
It's difficult, cause I'm a part spiritual, part para-physical miracle
And I'ma blackout in a minute too
Spittin like Bone-Thugs like
"Nigga-what? I'm-fin-to-get-a-gun and stick-em-up"
then crush a Thug's Bones with a chrome slug
The black Cyrano DeBergerac of rap
with the ghetto Anglo-Sax' poetic syntax
In fact, nigga don't even give me dap when I see you
Just don't give me no ice grill eye contact either
When you see me, whylin like Beenie on the speakers
"Zim zimma -- who got the fire for my reefa?"

[Chorus: Product, Pras, Wyclef]

[Pro] You came home from a bid a nigga was in your crib
And the whole time you thought your girl was celebrate

[Can] Old school old school

[Pras] You locked up and she need some di-ick

[Clef] Just ride, just ride, ah just ride e'rybody just ride

Just ride in the hood, just ride, all my .. uh, ah just ride

[Canibus]

Yo physically I move at a velocity
that'll break your stopwatch if you clockin me
My concrete jungle is like Jumanji
Iller than what you seen in the cinema
A five foot eight, nigga with more horsepower than eight cylinders
My brain consists of twin Pentium chips
Double the clock speeds of a 586
And nothin about my physical matrix is BASIC
I kick flavor beyond what your tongue is capable of tastin
You'll be so surprised you won't believe your own eyes
It's like a Jamaican seein the snow for the first time
Rhymes of a sort, that distort space and time
It's like explainin color to a man that was born blind

[Chorus: Product]

[Pro] Crimes on the street, come from a lack of eatin
It's not my cup of tea, but I'll give them the BEST
Motherfuckin BEST
And if you still out here I kick yo' ass tomorrow
[Can] Old school, old school (c'mon!)
[Pro] And if you still out here, I kick yo' ass tomorrow
[Can] Old school, old school (c'mon y'all)
[Pro] Frontin like you buyin food but you buyin crack bottles

[Wyclef]

Ah just ride, ah just ride
Everybody in the East just ride
Ah just ride, ah just ride
Everybody in the West just ride
Ah to the South, down South
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Ah just ride

Canibus Lyrics

"Buckingham Palace"

[Canibus]

Aiyyo I stand outside the gates of Buckingham Palace
Selling reefer, puffin the chalice with the Beefeaters
Gettin so high that whenever I drop shit
it'll land on the window of your airplane cockpit
Canibus with the hot shit, "Crazy I. Click"
Niggaz is bloody idiots thinkin that they can stop this
I'll increase my strength, to a super human extent
Nigga your rhyme ain't worth sixpence
And if you can hear, smell, see, touch, and taste
then you don't need six senses to feel me punch you in the face
From Brixton, to Clapham Common, my lyrics invade Europe
like Joseph Stalin, and murder niggaz for rhymin
Spittin fire, with gasoline for saliva
As drunk as Lady Diana's driver wit reporters behind her
Alcohol in the hands of a minor
I got you panickin like bombs, with 30 second timers
Clear the buildin, evacuate women and children
Fuck what you feelin nigga, I came here to kill em
Straight shittin, from New York to Great Britain
And when we do shows we make the Queen pay admission, what!

[Chorus: Canibus and crowd]

When I say "Can-I" you say "Bus"
Can-I (BUS!) Can-I (BUS!)
Yo, when I say "Can-I" you say "Bus"
Can-I (BUS!) Can-I (BUS!)

[Canibus]

Yo.. yo..
Yo prepare for the worst
This next verse is the face of death
Me without lyrics is like a porn flick without sex
Illmatic, my lyrical skills are Jurassic
With more flavor then Skittles when I'm digitally mastered
I go off like a cannon and blow up the planet
with "No Fear," like them clothes white boys be wearin
I'm tougher than denim, lethal like venomous snake bites
The marijuana makes my eyes bright red like brake lights
There ain't a party I couldn't rock, believe that
There ain't a microphone brave enough to give me feedback
I'm strong, my word is Bond like James
Niggaz be tryin to test, but they 'week' like seven days
MC's run away when I kick it; they act so chicken
they should come with a large drink and a biscuit
My style's radioactive, massive atomic
I plan to push the Earth in front of Halley's Comet

Breakin the (Facts of Life) down like Tudy, I'm raw like sushi
with more (Vocab), than three fuckin Fugees
So recognize or be hospitalized
cause lyrically on a scale of one to ten I'm twenty-five

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Yo, yo, a little bit of weed and some Henessey
got me ready to set it with kinetic energy
See I need much more energy then my enemies
If I wanna make more Bill's then Bellamy
So I could be on MTV
with women constantly tellin me I resemble Billy Dee
I make fly rhymes to get my name on the scene
Then when I'm on the scene I do shows to get the green
Then I take the green, buy a automobile machine
for that thing on page 43, in Jet Magazine
Canibus is the ultimate executioner's dream
Swingin the guillotine, cause whenever the head is severed
from the human body with a sharp enough weapon
the brain remains conscious for ten seconds
Long enough for me to give you one last message
And when you get to Hell you can tell Lucifer I said it
Don't ever get it confused, fuckin with Canibus
the human Rubix Cube like you got somethin to prove
Yo, whoever grabs the mic after me'll get booed
Get everything in the club thrown at you and your crew
From Moet bottles to bar stools, fruits and foods
You got a album out, you get hit with your CD too
Runnin outside, cryin, lyin, denyin
that you ain't The Gay Rapper, but you got fucked by him
What's the difference? Y'all niggaz still ain't in lyrical fitness
Too busy mixin your bid'ness with your bitches
While I be in the lab composin forbidden scriptures
So wicked I got, Satan ejaculatin on his fingers
Like Dirk Diggler, in the middle of +Boogie Nights+
Sniffin white, livin the hype, he ruined his life
But I'm a MC of a different type, yeah that's right
Make sure your shit is tight, or I'ma snatch yo' mic, nigga!

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Rip Rock"

[Canibus]

C'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon, c'mon!

Rock! *[echoes]*

Rock! Rock! Rock!

[Verse 1: Canibus]

Jump up and down if you love the sound

We Rip and Rock until we tear shit down

Rip Rock stands for Hip-Hop mixed with Rock'n'Roll

I'm hardcore to my inner soul

Hold on as I swerve outta control

Directly into the unknowns of a black hole

All my real niggaz, with fucked up neurotransmitters

wavin glocks and swastikas

I'ma take twenty shots of this hard liquor

and swigga, til I'm drunk as the Pississippi River

Even though I know the shit is fuckin up my liver

Tomorrow when I wake up, I won't even remember {"Rock!"}

how I got home - or where I got this tattoo of a mic on my arm from

Or when I fucked them bitches last night, I shoulda used a condom

(I guess not) Now that's what I call Rip Rock!

[Chorus 1: Canibus]

Rip, Rock, Rip (c'mon) Rock

Rip, Rock, Rip (c'mon) Rock

Rip, Rock, Rip (c'mon) Rock

Rip (c'mon) .. Rock! (yeah)

[repeat chorus 1]

[Chorus 2: Canibus x2]

You want Rock'n'Roll? (We got it)

You want Hip-Hop? (We got it)

You wanna wreck shop? (We got it)

We got it got it

We got it got it got it

[guitar interlude - like a heavy metal snake charmer's song]

[Canibus]

C'mon! *[echoes]*

Rock!

Rock! Rock! Rock!

[Verse 2: Canibus]

Yo, I want you to sucker-punch whoever you standin next to

if you ready to rock with a ReFugee rebel

A Navy Seal underwater in a submarine vessel
Shittin on niggaz above sea level
I'm tired of you MC's talkin bout loot (LOOT!)
I'm tired of you corny drug-induced rap groups (GROUPS!)
I'm tired of the lies, the cries, the screams
Tired of gettin my name misspelled in magazines {"Rock!"}
I'm tired of you two-faced disc jockeys
Non-believers, suckin on my arch enemy's penis
You know who you are, I'm talkin to you
You need to recognize I'm tryin to introduce somethin new
Somethin I would sacrifice my life or die for
Somethin if I was already dead I would rise for
Somethin that would make a fool a hundred times wiser
Somethin that will help all mankind to prosper
I die with laughter, lookin at you wack MC's
with your craft unmastered, bastards
Hip-Hop in it's rarest form, crossbreded
with Rock'N'Roll, now Rip Rock is born, motherfuckers!

[Chorus 1]

[Chorus 2]

[Canibus]

C'mon! *[echoes]*

C'mon!

C'mon c'mon c'mon! *[echoes]* (Yeah!)

C'mon! *[echoes]*

C'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon c'mon! *[echoes]* (Yeah!)

C'mon! Rip Rooooooooooooooooooooock!

CANIBUS

2000 B.C.

[BEFORE CAN-I-BUS]



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Canibus Lyrics

"The C-Quel"

[Overlapped lines from songs in the past]

[OVERLAP 1]

"I'll battle you on the net, I'll battle you in the flesh
I'll battle you over the phone you can call me collect"

"Verbally viscious, telekenetically gifted,
Took a minute to exhibit that I'm sick with it"

"Have you any idea what I'll do to crews like you
How many niggaz in my career I've ran through"

"At 1000 degrees celsius I make Emcees melt,
Fuck my record label I appear courtesy of myself"

"Canibus is the type to fight for mics,
beatin' niggaz to death and beatin' dead niggaz to life"

"While you niggaz is babblin' my lyrics is travelin'
like a javelin to stab you in the abdomen"

"The intellectual athlete accurately rappin' so rapidly,
Yet he makes perfect sense mathematically"

"I walk the B-Lock withe the G-Lock, C-ocked,
trynna' get the DR-op on the C-ops"

"The Canibus is a animal with a mechanical mandible
comin' to damage you spittin' understandable slang at you"

"Rhymes richocet off the inner walls of my lungs
and go past the tongue faster than bullets come out of guns"

"Whenever the head is severed from the human body
with a sharp enough weapon the brain remains conscious for 10 seconds"

"What's the matter with ya'll, I'll spatter ya'll,
against the muthafuckin' wall with these raw lyrics I catapult"

"I'll hop into the back seat of a cab and rhyme,
Till the meter says 9, 9, 9, 9!!!"

[Verse 1]

Yea, it's the C-Quel, the C-Quel, Yo!
I'm hardcore from the nappy follicles in my pores
To every single pore in my skull
Hard from my mouth to my jaws
>From my jaws to my torso where my organs are stored

And from my balls in my draws to the floor
I pray to God they hurry up and start the third World War
So I can start World War 4 and murder us all
I don't give a fuck if you rich or you poor
Don't give a fuck if you got ya' picture in the Source of Forbes
I don't give a fuck who won an award
On stage tryna' thank God I'll chop ya' tongue off wit' a sword
Let they blood pour all on the floor
If it ain't a cordless, you gettin' punched in the jaw and hung wit' the cord
I'll leave ya' corpse stiff as a board
Like frozen meat tryna' thaw then bury you under the morge
Gettin' in my way is like jumpin' in front of a car
Breakin' the sound barrier, that means the car is in front of the horn
By the time you hear it blowin', it's too late to respond
By the time you feel it hit chu, I'm gone
I'll send ya' to hell where you belong
So by the time ya' body hits the floor
Ya' spirit won't be in it no more
Who could flow for 4 minutes or more
Without breaks, without mistakes, without flaws
I got millions of styles and I mastered'em all
A metaphor matador fast enough to make the bullcharge and crash in the wall

[OVERLAP 2]

"Whoever grabs the mic after me'll get booed
Get everything in the club thrown at you and ya' crew"

"I'm the illest nigga alive, watch me prove it,
I'll snatch ya' crown with ya' head still attached to it"

"I battle you the respect, I'll battle you over a blank check
I'll battle you with a gun to my neck"

"Ambushin' emcees, jumpin' out the trees like Vietnamese
in fatigues covered with leaves"

"Next year, you'll be walkin' around the "How Can I Be Down"
conference with a laminate, that said "I Got Shitted-On By Canibus""

"Turn ya' head round gimmie the cheddar,
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives forever"

"Fuck ya'll, you don't impress me and no one can test me,
an emcee so ill I got AIDS scared to catch me"

[Verse 2]

Canibus is what the hardcore niggas is waitin' on
Debatin' on what the fuck is takin' so long
Well I'm here now, verbal ass whippins bout to get shared out
Wack niggas bout to get aired out
Faggit niggas get they ass teared out
Grab a wise man by his goatee and rip his fuckin' beard out
Cold beat a niggas ass like Stout

Then bust a shot in the muthafuckin' courtroom and watch it clear out
A hundred thousand mile warranty
Metaphorically, I'll use a hundred thousand styles and murder you orally
I took a lion on tour wit' me, made him respect authority
Smacked him in the head for trynna' roar at me
Lyrics got my undivided loyalty
And there ain't nothin' on this God damn planet that's worth more to me
In the name of Hip-Hop niggas could corner me
Torture me, slice me then stitch me up like embroidery
Way back before gold-plated male and female
RCA jacks was used for crystal clear playback
I was trynna' blaze ADATS, and if a nigga said my demo was wack?
I'd beat his ass and took my tape back
"Yea nigga" [smack] "What? Yeah nigga take that"
Anybody get outta' line, get they face slapped
Quick fast, the Can-I-Bus'll buss yo' ass
Then I'll bust you wit' a shotgun blast
It's not fun so I don't laugh
To me this rap shit is as serious as, the death of a loved one
You know how you be feelin' sad
That's how I feel when I grab the microphone but niggas don't understand
Canibus is unequivocally the illest killin' machine in the industry
For the 20th century
Trapped in a max security building
Sufferin' from a severe illness called brilliance [echoes]

Canibus Lyrics

"2000 B.C. (Before Canibus)"

[Canibus]

Yo! My offense is a mixture of Mike and Muhammad
Knock a nigga unconcious and talk shit
In bare-knuckle boxin', speed is the object
Weavin' and dodgin' with defensive blockin'
So in the ring, you cannot win
The top ten become nine dead if I ever decide to hop in
With the one-two, one-two shot to the chin
knock you out like ten shots of vodka and gin
The beautiful blend of power and strength
From the top of my head, down to where my toe cuticles end
I verbally burn a nigga,
Lyrically hurt a nigga,
Pull a voodoo verse on a nigga,
Kennedy curse a nigga,
Who can spit the words quicker than the average man?
Who can embarrass a man?
Bite you with fangs and mangle ya hands
On candid cam, the Canibus can
The Canibus can with the stamina to damage a man

[Chorus]

It's been a long time,
I shouldn't have left you,
Without a strong rhyme to step to
I told y'all (C'mon!!) I roast y'all (C'mon!!)
So come on (Hold on) Hold on!!
It's been a long time,
I shouldn't have left you,
Without a strong rhyme to step to
I told y'all (C'mon!!) I roast y'all (C'mon!!)
So come on (Hold on) Hold on!!

[Canibus]

Yo! I spit for it (lie for it!)
Live for it (die for it!)
Back out the nine, commit a homicide for it
If I'm handcuffed with the right to remain silent for it
I'ma blow trial and do the federal time for it
you mad at the last album, I apologise for it,
Yo, I can't call it, motherfuckin' Wyclef spoiled it,
But this time for 99 I got 5 on it
You should double up and put a dime on it,
Matter of fact, triple your nickle and put 14.99 on it
I'ma shine on it,
Watch Flex drop a bomb on it
About ten times on it

Watch people call a request line for it
Cypher sounds keep pushin rewind on it
Look out for the album with the Canibus design on it
12 O'Clock in the morning you'll be standin on line for it
I'm a live poet, with a sharp ear and eye for it
Coz I tear down mics and put a out of order sign on it

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Yo, I rip shit with the ballistic characteristics
Of a hollow tip at point blank distance
I flip shit when I spit shit
Father forgive Bis,
I just snatched the Jesus piece off some Christians
Coz they sounded like idiots
They went from silver to gold to platinum
After the millenium they'll probably be wearin' Iridium
They so gassed, if a bitch sucked they dick they'd probably cum helium
Y'all niggaz can't be serious, I was nice before ice
Before Christ, before the words let there be light
And a light took over the night
I was born with a mic
Lord of the mic before all plant and animal life
Took this rap shit to new heights
Before the Wright brothers took flight
Before dog fightin' and aerial strikes
Before MC's picked up pens and started to write
Before promotional marketin' and ?posterlights?
The Can-I-Bus'll bust up mics
Punch out lights
Punch out your motherfuckin eyesight
For the title bought fight
Ask Top Phife, I snatch the track for half price
The Canibus is too nice
Gimme that mic!

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Life Liquid"

(feat. Journalist)

(blood spillin in the street)
(the what?)
(blood spillin in the street)
(the what?)

[Journalist]

Yo, Wit two precise niggas
Holdin the right biscuits
There'll be alot cats leakin out their life liquid
Niggaz who actin hard this ain't Columbia Pictures
When we throw two in your ass while you huggin on your mistress
From Philly, wit cats quick to mute you at
Cuckoo cats, twist back your Fubu cap
Crucial, black
Two chicks to screw you at
Then they shove a poolstick where you doodoo at
While you checkin on your pagers
Weapons in your faces
Shot blazin
Cops section off the pavement
Hoppin out with gauges
Prepare for the occasion
We throw about eight in
The house that you was raised in
Mouthin off, fakin will make you a ?mouth? patient
Achin, with your arms in a alcohol basin
And while your brain's achin'
Imma have your dame slavin'
Cocaine and apron
Over a flame bakin'

[Hook]

[Journalist] Niggas take it for granted -
until they layin dead on the granite
[Canibus] Innocent bystanders gett shot by standard
[Journalist] y'all better duck when you hear the cannon
[Both] Or y'all be checkin for leaks -
Niggas'll have your blood spillin in the street

[Journalist] Niggas take it for granted -
until they layin dead on the granite
[Canibus] Innocent bystanders gettin shot by standard
[Journalist] y'all shoulda ducked when y'all heard the cannon -
Now you layin deceased
[Both] Niggas'll leave your blood spillin in the street

[Canibus]

Can you feel it? Nothin can save ya
Cause this is the season of the infrared laser
And since I got time, What I'm gonna do
Is show you how you can get spotted by one too
Cause I don't give a fuck
I just cock back and bust
With more arms than an octopus
As if one gun wasn't enough
I fuck around and pull eight out
Blast your face off or blow your brains out
Nigga, I'll leave you laid out
Then I pull the gat in my waist out
Put it in your mouth
And keep squeezin till the whole clip is sparyed out
Take the gun in my ankle brace out
Shoot you in the stomach till I see the last meal you ate drain out
Your face look spaced out
I gut you like a trout
And scream my name out while I'm scrapin your rib cage out
Squeeze with the index, spray like a bottle of windex
Bullets buzzin by your head like insects
From your head to your mid-sec'
And I ain't even shoot you in the legs or your limbs or your dick yet
Your masculinity is questionable
You probably a homosexual
Just the thought of havin a woman lay next to you probably threatens you
You probably look at grapes and see testicles
You probably fantasize about vegetables
like cucumbers and bananas havin sex with you
And you probably let gerbles crawl up your rectum too
Shame on you
I defecate on you and simultaneously (urinate) on you
Pour some acid rain on you
I stop your heartbeat with heat
You weak nigga, I'll leave your blood spillin in the street

[Hook]

[Both]

Ayyo Journalist what you workin with?
Old school burners with
-Barrels big enough for you head to fit in the circle shit
What you holdin Canibus?
30 bullet banana clips
Just to handle a kick I gotta glue it to my hands and shit
We got permits to murder shit
We critically injure niggas who deserve the shit
Put em in a tournaquet
Bomb proof Suburbans with [?]/track to tread size?
so we can ride through the dirt with it
Drive over curbs with it
[?] in it, even over slippery surfaces

We can swerve in it
And crash into niggas who don't insert their shit
Try stoppin it dudes
You gotta be bruised, cockin the tools
And knock you out your socks and your shoes
We'll leave you shoeless and keep shootin
Look how much life liquid you losin
You need a blood transfusion
In the back of a medic truck
Shots in your neck and gut
While we holdin our weapons up
I'm still reppin' Philly - what?

blood spillin in the street
the what?
blood spillin in the street
the what?

[Hook]

Canibus Lyrics

"Shock Therapy (Interlude)"

Yeah, nigga, get the fuck..
Ow, what, man?!
The fuck! [**activates taser**]
What the hell is that, man?
What's up with them beats? Don't worry what that is!
W-what beats?
The beats, nigga!
I told you those are originals, I produced
I ask you what's the samples on the motherfucking beats!
There's no samples
There's no samples? You gon' look me in my MOTHERFUCKING face and tell me ain't no FU- [**electrocution**]
AAAAAAH!
Motherfucker! Oh, shit! YEEAAH!
I'm telling you man, these are originals!
YEAH! What's on the beats, nigga?
There's nothing, there's no samples on them, man
Oooh, you just gon' play a nigga like~ [**electrocution**] AAAAAAH! MOTHERFUCKER! What's on the beats?
Alright, man!
YEAH! There's a little place, I added little things:
"I dream of Jeannie"-
I dream of WHAT?! [**electrocution**]
AAAAAAH! Motherfucker! YEAH!
Bass' Q*BERT
Eh, uh, what??
I needed the sounds~
THE GAME??
DUUUU-WUUUUH, DUUU-WUUUU~
DUU-MOTHERFUCKER! [**electrocution**] AAAAAAH!
DUU that!
I did~
YEAH! YEEAAH!
And the, and the, and the sound from the train
TOOOOO-TOOOOT! TOOOOO-TOOOOOT!
For what?!
Toooo~huh?
What's that for?
The bass!
Motherfucker! [**electrocution**]
AAAAAAH! The-the bass!
GODDAMN LIAR!
The bass wouldn't work without TOOOO-TOOOOOT!
Get the~ [**electrocution**]
AAAAAAH!
Mother~ DOO! Motherfuck~ YEAH! YEEAAH!

Canibus Lyrics

"Watch Who You Beef Wid"

Watch who you beef wid
You need to watch who you beef wid
You need to watch who you beef wid
Watch who you beef wid
You need to watch who you beef wid

[CHORUS]

Yo, you better watch who you beef wid
You might be walking down the street, then
Suddenly you hear tires screechin
Niggaz'll be hoppin out with heat and
Throw you in the car seat and leave your lady standing there screamin
The whole weekend, you get blindfolded and beaten
Nosebleedin, gaspin for air, wheezin
You got kidnapped and you don't even know the reason
We even called your fam for ransom, they said, 'Keep him'

Watch who you beef wid
Yea, it ain't no secret
Talkin that street shit'll get you in some deep shit
See, niggaz know who you beef wid,
Where you be at, when you be gone, when you be back
All of my niggaz got doctor degrees in thuggonometry
We all know how to hold the heat properly
And how to conduct an armed robbery for personal property
And can go without food or water for 24 hours at least
We fugitives, who ain't doin a bid, and shoot to live
Even if it means leavin you for dead
Cause niggaz like you get scared, look for loopholes
Pick the phone up and dial 9-uno-uno
What happened to them truant niggaz that you talk about
The crew of niggaz that you never walk without
I know what happened
You heard about the double-action
Portable gatling and y'all don't wanna get blasted

[CHORUS]

Ay yo we run up in radio stations on some unannounced shit
Catch the DJ off guard and roundhouse him
Duct tape his mouth then, put a pound to his gut
And force him to play 5 cuts off the up and coming album
Just the way I planned it, niggaz'll start to panic
Brains get hijacked like planes'll crashlandin
Bitch niggaz pray to the lord
The black box who was supposed to record
The pilot's voice got destroyed

So watch who you beef wid
And watch who you suck your teeth at
It'll probably be something you regret
Get wet with horizontal rain droplets
Miniature rockets, comin out barrels of metal objects
niggaz get shot in the face
On the ground shakin like tectonic plates that cause earthquakes
Now you got your grill in the ground, how that dirt taste?
You shouldn't have started this shit in the first place

[CHORUS]

Cause niggaz is comin to get you, ready to rip you
With intercontinental ballistic missiles and pistols
Put a red dot on your head like you Hindu
Then put a hole in you big enough to put my open fist through
We could verbally diss you or we could get physical
Whatever niggaz wanna do, we could do it too
Cause you a sinner, I'm a sinner, we all sinners
We rob niggaz for their presents at their bar mitzvahs
We rob niggaz for their body organs
Sold em to the highest bidders
Things like hearts and livers
One and a half million in cash when it's delivered
They go to Yom Kippur and beg for God to forgive us
So you the type that, find violence real frightening
Or hold your crucifix tighter when shells is firing
Sittin by your bed perspirin, tryin to crawl underneath it
You need to watch who you beef wid

[CHORUS]

Keep that low-down, stinkin motherfucker
Uh, you need to watch who you beef wid
You need to watch who you beef wid
Yea nigga, watch who you beef wid
Uh, watch who you beef wi

Canibus Lyrics

"I'll Buss 'Em You Punish 'Em"

(feat. Rakim)

[Canibus] Yeah, I bust 'em... you punish 'em

[Canibus] Yeah...let me bust 'em

[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em

[Canibus] Ra, let me bust 'em

[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em

[Canibus] Naw, let me bust 'em

[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em

[Canibus] Come on Ra, let me bust 'em

[Rakim] Yo Bis, I'ma punish 'em

[Canibus]

Yo, yo...

Out on the battling tip my verbal lateral grip
Keeps my tongue glued to the A-Dat when I'm trackin' 'em swift
Let my spit lubricate the chap on my lips
And make you rappers have fits 'cause I'm back in the mix
Forget a pad and a pen, I write rhymes on an IBM
Ebonics is dead, the binary language is in
Canibus practices in a room wit a thousand candles lit
Meditating on this rapping shit
Because my freestyle reigns sovereign
Wit a deeper conscious than the prophet Muhammad was born wit
My brain cavity is enormous
My left hemisphere alone harnesses all of the 7 sharveous
While the right one harnesses darkness
The type of dark that makes a house haunted
The type of dark that people get lost in
The type of dark you fear when you're dead in your coffin
I hear you talkin' but I ignore it
Cause you garbage and your rhymes borin'
So keep standin' on the corner,
the thrash-man will collect you in the mornin'
Thug cats frontin'
Wacker than Blinky Blink
on the back of the wack-ass wagon babblin' about - nothin'
Now that real hood rats could get it on, black
Meet me at The Tunnel where pussy cats get robbed at
Rubber faced rappers get stretched like elastic claymation
characters with verbal vernaculars
Slappin' ya like a white water raft
or an Olympic kayak paddlin' across the - Niagara
Fake MCs haul ass like they runnin' track
Where ever Canibus or Rakim is at

[Canibus] Let me bust 'em

[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em

[Canibus] Naw, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Ra, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Naw, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Naw, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Ra, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Naw, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Naw, I'ma punish 'em
[Canibus] Come on Ra, let me bust 'em
[Rakim] Yo Bis, I'ma punish 'em

[Rakim]

Be ready and at ya best
The celebrity match of death
Heart snatched through your chest, cardiac arrest
Crack your neck while I break your arms, catch your breath
Then I asked the ref, "how many cats is left?"
One on one, who challenging? Come get did
All I have is a pen and punish you kids
Abdomen punctured and look what I did to his wig
Wanna live then I stab 'em in the lung with his rib
Every word I say detach a vertebrae from your spine
Rematch wherever we meet at, any place anytime
Get your snot-box smashed with a 9
Smacked with a rhyme, push your forehead to the back of your mind
Try to explain what it's like seeing your brain
Your insane, soon to be ID'ed as remains
Then I reincarnate 'em and kill 'em again
Again and again, again and again

[Chorus]

[Canibus:]

Yo, yo...

The battle started with a grapple
He had real long hair so I grabbed a hand full
And chopped 'em in the Adams-apple
His partner in back of you tried to attack you
So I'ma twist 'em up like a pretzel then I'ma tag you

[Rakim:]

I'm on some stone cold shit
Warn your whole click
Cartilage get blown until the whole bone split
Who wanna spit, bang quick, strangle 'em wit his lip He tried to flip
but I left his body danglin'

[Canibus:]

You left 'em danglin'
I can't believe he wanna grapple again

I swung 'em around like I was dancing wit 'em
Put his arms in back of his head and snapped 'em again
Then I grabbed his limbs and put in the figure-"6 subtracted from 10"

[Rakim:]

Seven birds, make 'em swerve 'til their vision is blurred
Turn cats that suped from superb to nerds
Just say the word, I'll leave your DNA on the curb
And stick my dick in your ear and fuck what you heard

Canibus Lyrics

"Mic-Nificent"

[Canibus]

Yo, sittin on chrome, sittin on low pro 20 inch firestones
Grippin the road with the wickedest flow, 'Bis is a pro
I zigzag throughout sly loam
Accelerate and decelerate in and out the cones
Poisonous poems travel through walkman headphones
Into your dome Osteoperosis your bones,
Who's the nicest nigga you know in the year two triple-oh
Spit turn to icicles in the mid air and slit your throat
Drain your carcass dry rip out your heart bitch
I write rhymes using your blood for my ink cartridges
Paleoanthropologists, polish the bones
of rapper artist after I dip in my hydrochloric waters
Canibus, with the seams burstin, perfect
Everyday the earth spins I write verses
My soul purpose as a verbalist, is to make my words twist
and connect like letters when they're in cursive

[Chorus: x4]

I'll pray on them, spray on them
First nigga to violate I'll regulate without warning

[Canibus]

Yo, Yo, I'm faster than leopards running across the vast desert
In twenty-two yards per second to catch me to daily delicatessen
With thirty minutes to eat'em, forty minutes to digest 'em
And fifty minutes for it to pass through my intestines
So ask yourself a question - can the Canibus rhyme?
Is a fuckin porcupine half swine?
No time to make up your mind, you wanna run or die?
Clip you while you're running by, trip you up from behind
My rhymes, confuse niggas like somebody try to gang-bang
wearin a blue shirt and red pants,
throwin up signs with their left hand
Standin out on the corner of wetlands
with a confederate flag for a headband
God dam eggplants, niggas gettin me vexed man
Cause I'm surrounded by garbage like Fred Sav
and I can't seem to get away from it
I dreamed that I stabbed Leviathan through the stomach, and ate from it
In my past life I slayed hundreds, and in the life before that
I played trumpets, to warn you that I was comin
There's one billion ways to die, and I already tried
nine-hundred million nine hundred and ninety nine
When I aim and fire my rhymes, like a hundred cannon balls flying
Striking you one at a time, in a parallel line
Why the art of emceein is steady dyin

That nigga Canibus is still in his prime, bust a rhyme

[Chorus: x4]

I'll pray on them, spray on them
First nigga to violate I'll regulate without warning

[Canibus]

Club Dodge, I wrecked that
Limelight, cursed that
Envy, I murdered that
Club SoHo, never heard of that
Wetlands, dried it up
Cheaters, decided to club, fired up
looking for a chicken to tie up
Club New York, I heard it's hot there
beats be rocking there
Too many niggaz be getting stabbed and shot there
Speed, I slowed it down
The Tunnel, they hold it down
Home of the underground, why they always close it down
Century club, the hot shit
House of Blues, I rocked it
One twelve ATL, that's the Dirty South bomb shit
Synagogue, yeah I be there
Caribbean City, roll deep there
Lyricist Lounge, they be some real emcees there
there there *[fades out]*

Canibus Lyrics

"Die Slow"

(feat. Journalist)

[Canibus]

Yo (Die Slow)

Yea (Die Slow)

Ya niggas better..(Die Slow)

Uh (Die Slow)

All you can do is (Die Slow) nigga (Die Slow)

(Die Slow) *[x4]*

All you can do is die (Slow)

Yea

(Die Slow) *[x2]*

Fuck ya'll

(Die Slow) *[x2]*

Die Slow nigga

(Die Slow)

[Canibus]

Yo

You against me.. No contest

My tongue hydraulics

Strong enough to flip a 64 impala with 3 adult passengers

and a 4 hundred pound driver

And drown you in less than an ounce of your own saliva

Rubberface rappers get, stretched like elastic

Claymation characters wit verbal vernacular

Slappin' ya, like a white water rafter

Or a Olympic kayaker, paddlin' across the Niagara

My afterburners'll be burnin' you after

Ya' body already been splashed with acid

And you turn to ashes

Assassins camouflaged in the grass blastin'

Leavin' blood all over ya' lady like Jackie O'Nassis

I'll fly ya' body outta Dallas

Perform plastic surgery while we airborne and switch caskets

Then lie to the masses

I'll tell'em that you got murdered over some East West beef, between rappers

Radio stations'll express they sadness

Play classics back to back and pass out "Stop The Violence" pamphlets

Just imagine, every night ya' girls fuckin' ya' best friend

While you in hell throwin' tantrums

I'll be lampin' in a mansion somewhere out in the Hamptons

Givin' some pretty ass bitch a spankin'

Nigga you can't win

I'm laughin' cause you a has been

You'll never get ya' groove back

So don't even bother askin', Angela Bassett

You'll just get ya' ass kicked

Get ya' head chopped off and dropped in a basket
My left arms taken but my right ones free
That means I could diss another muthafuckin' emcee
Wit rhymes that appear clearer than liquid crystal
My lyrical is more visual than television screen pixels
I fire pistols, hit you wit' minature missles
Riddle ya' body wit' holes then watch the blood sprinkle
Ya probably had no idea what you was gettin' into
On the mic, Can-I-Bus is invincible
Fuck you

[CONVO 1]

["Die Slow" through out the convo]

Hey Yo that nigga got an attitude
Yeah he be actin rude
And he's always trynna' battle you
That last album was terrible
When he's on the radio he never got a clean mouth
Yeah everytime he freestyles, his words be gettin' bleeped out
You got the album?
Naw I heard it was weak
You got the album?
I said it was weak
But the shit don't come out till next week
Hey Yo I like the nigga's beats
Yo that shit be comin' bugged out
Hey Yo that nigga Bis dumbs out
He waited too long to come out.....

[Journalist]

To you bitch niggas who talk alot
But walk the block, in halter tops
Left side of ya chest, mark the spot
That's where a nigga put it, when i'm hooded
Then fill you up wit big bullets
Prepare you for some channel 6 footage
Know what is, Me and Bis, runnin' through ya courtyard
Creepin' wit a four-five and reachin for ya door knob
Throw a gun under ya chin, see how quick your whore rise
One shot could have a short slide, right out the North side
Your whole flow is porkrine
Spit the small oints
I'm nasty, but my small joints grip the bar point
Drop on top of the blue line..right beside the red one
Keep the flow fairsome, 'till the day my career done
Bring it to ya ass if you the challengin type
Especially those, surroundin' the mic
Sound of the light
To the Journ, ya'll ain't no suitable spitters
True to you niggas
Lay you out on MD's, recoupin' ya liver
Shoutin' my name,
Ya best to control the noise soldier boy

Or homicide will be all over you poys with Polaroids

[CONVO 2]

["Die Slow" through out the convo]

Yea, yo that nigga Journalist gets busy yo

I heard he's from Philly yo

I seen him in Bis video

He's so skinny tho'

Now he's rollin' wit Canibus?

I don't even understand his shit

That nigga sounds like an amaetur

Yo i heard Jay manage him

Yo he got some heavy gold shit

Man, that's some old shit

Yea yo the niggas that he roll wit'

probably let 'em hold it

He got alotta Benji's

No he don't

Everytime, when i see him in the back of The Source

He looks *[?]*

Canibus Lyrics

"Doomsday News"

Yo, yo..
If I had half as many bars in gold
as I had in lyrics when I flowed
I'd be the richest man on the globe
Niggaz wanna know is Canibus gold?
That's a stupid-ass question motherfucker, is Canada cold?
Bout a thousand degrees lower than liquid nitro is
Five thousand degrees hotter than flame throwers
I reflect light, bounce off walls and wreck mics
Disconnect your windpipe by cuttin your neck with a knife
Rip through, everything from tissues to blood vessels
My ninjitsu, kill you with the art of Tenchu
I zig zag, zig crushin a kid
With G-forces violent enough to crush your ribs
like pilots that fly Russian MIG
Comin to punish you pigs
Give a fuck who you is; nigga, Canibus in ya biz
From the lowest point in the planet to Mt. Everest
I kick the illest shit, spray-paintin my name across the pyramids
The rap terrorist, Professor Emeritus
Fuck forbidden fruit I was eating pussy in Genesis

[Chorus:]

What you got niggaz that's ready to brawl?
I'll give you the phone card and the celly to make a call
What the fuck y'all bitch niggaz actin like y'all tuff for?
We'll stuff y'all, uppercut y'all, confront y'all
On stage we break arms, legs, backs and jaws
Enough damage to cancel your tour (Fuck y'all!)

[Canibus]

Now I said it once and I'll say it a thousand times
I got thousands of rhymes, the rechargeable alkaline kind
You wanna a piece of mind? Fine, we can take it outside
Otherwise you're wastin your time, cause I'ma shine
for the one-triple-9, niggaz gamblin damage they eyes
Goin blind, tryin to keep up with these lyrical lines
The type of nigga you can't flow behind without a dope rhyme
You fuck around and get clotheslined til you nosedive
We can rhyme fair and square or fair in the sphere
Anyplace, anywhere, you niggaz don't have a prayer
Cause doomsday is near, faggot niggaz is scared
They stand and stare as I appear upon a cushion of air
With a long white beard flamin, hot enough to sunburn Satan
Hotter than white people takin vacation
out in Jamaica out in the sun bathin;

sun bakin in gamma ray radiation
til they skin color look cajun
Motherfuckers start agin to the point
where they faces shrivel up like raisins
and they become cancer patients

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Yo, yo, yo.. I manipulate the metaphysical
power to hold my breath for half an hour
Continuously breathin outward; you ain't an MC you a coward
I make wack rappers lose control of they bladders
and piss in they trousers
Pink pussy possum niggaz play dead
While my heat waves hit, and verbal x-rays evaporate shit
Water molecules get transformed to vapors
My lyrics turn the Pacific into a dry lakebed
Electromagnetic cassettes melt tape decks
Niggaz battle in space; tryin to hold it down
but they can't cause they weightless
Amateur swordsmen gets stabbed through they face mask
trying to escape death
A world where the whole globe will contract Ebola
from drinkin spring water darker than Coca-Cola
Human with AIDS, computers with Y2K
I rock rhymes counter-clockwise until doomsday

Fuck y'all, fuck y'all, fuck y'all

Canibus Lyrics

"Lost @ "C""

[Verse 1]

Yo, yo, yo, now when you see that big ass C, you know I'm comin through
And when you know I'm comin through, you know what I'ma do
I never sent to battlin me, would be impossible
I just think it's highly motherfucking improbable
You talkin to a nigga, niggas split molecules
To subatomic particles, strong enough to stop a bull
Bodies slam, to oxygen, drop a mule
Urinating rocket fuel, freestylin over gospel tunes
Rhymes by the thousands, rhymes for hours
I could kick a rhyme longer than your whole album
Kickboxer, beatin the shit out niggas proper
I beat 'em till they holler, beat 'em til the cops come
Beatin niggas til they have seizures, beat 'em til they start screamin
Like fax machines when they start receivin
Beat 'em til my own hands start bleedin
Beat 'em til they lungs stop breathing and they heart stop beatin
From 12 am to 12 pm in the evening
With three 15 minute breaks in between 'em
Good Jesus, that's a really stingy beatin
That's what you get for fuckin with this lyrical demon
Bloodstream's been, contaminated for eons
I got cast out of heaven for treason
Got cast out of the Garden of Eden for lettin the reptillian beast in
Got locked up for a DUI and speedin
A whole legion of half decent emcees get released when
They spit a hundred bars for they freedom
See I'm much too nice to compete wit
Too nice to flow over beats wit, too nice to hold a M I C wit
Off some diesel Hercules shit, I cold flip
And start to punch trees til they leafless
Inhale with two real deep breaths, hold my breath
Til the whole planet suffocates and then release it (release it)

[HOOK x2:]

Yo, you ain't as cold as us
Or as bold as us
When you get thrown to the wolves, you get thrown to us
(When we in the warzone, we got the chrome wit us)
Cuz we rollin rough, when the soldiers rush
Either you roll wit us, or get blown to dust (ashes to ashes and dust to dust)

[Verse 2]

Yo, yo, now for the last couple of months, things been real quiet
Cuz I ain't heard shit worth buyin
I'm bout to show you niggas how I'm driven
The drive comes from my lyrics and my lyrics come from my inner spirit

Five bringin the, faster than 12 cylinder engines with nitrogen in 'em
Faster than F-1 with light pistons
Fast enough to give your brain an aneurysm
Cuz you niggas is slower than fat bitches with tabalism
The way I rip apart the competition when I be spittin
The name Canibus might as well be Cannibalism
Show me a man that can't feel him
I'll show you a man that'll grab him by the neck
And put his head to the fan on the ceiling
Suffer real bad from television shit
Drop him off the roof of a building and let the news film him
I hop in front of the cameras and tell 'em how I'm feelin
I tell 'em how I feel that hip hop, should deal wit it
Tell 'em how I'm tired of the state rappers in
Ninety percent of the shit that rappers give is subject matter less
Not original, but blasphemous, just a bunch of the same characters
Shootin the same videos, it's embarrassing
You's in the same formal as the [?]havel head?
You's are the same actors and actresses, same shit different laxative
Face it nigga you wack as shit I'm snatchin your mic
I make you run for your life, children in the daylight
That track you at night, my global position is satellite
Got a infrared blaster to test your body's fahrenheit
Wherever you go, I track you through hail, sleet, or snow
I track you til you're seizure grows into a afro
Until you plaid 'em into cornrows
Track you til your shoe soles develop holes
And you get, corns on your toes
Til your teeth develop hollow coses
But you been goin so long without deodorant you don't even notice it
Motherfucker

[HOOK x4]

Canibus Lyrics

"Phuk U"

Phuk..U [x4]

Ok

Phuk..U [x4]

[Verse 1]

Yo, yo

Ayo, nobody can flow wit Bis

Rock a show wit bis

Or go toe to toe wit Bis

None of yall can co-exist

We livin in an Ice Age and its cold as shit

100,000 dollar price range, niggas is frozen stiff

All I know is this

My felt tip hotter than hell get

186 thousand miles per sec can melt flesh

Give a nigga a tan

Aerosol cans expand and explode in my hand

While I promote that new Canibus jam

Niggas feel it underground wit stalactites hangin from the ceiling

I'm out on tour wit 30 city trips

Every state its like bitches be bulimic for dicks

Screamin the chorus

Half unconscious

I hold my cordless

Smoke the most enormous trees in the rain forest

While the people go insane for us

I pierce a cloud and make it rain on us

Break the equipment and tell the engineer that I ain't payin for it

I freestyle the whole set

Kickin a hundred bars, nigga fuck who's on next

Fuck you!

[Chorus 1]

Phuk.. U.. [x2] Ok

Phuk.. U.. [x4] Ok

[Verse 2]

Fuck- them extra niggas that's always around you

Fuck- niggas that talk about you and try to clown you

Fuck- niggas you run into that never did nuttin' for you

Fuck- niggas thats lyin tellin people they discovered you

Ok, Fuck- niggas that're jealous cause you nicer than them

Don't give a -fuck- who you offend you gotta fight till the end

If you -fuck- a groupie chicken when you out on tour

Smoke a little bit of weed wit her then -fuck- her some more

Tell her to bring three friends so you can -fuck- all four

Menage-a-trois, what the -fuck- she expect you a dog
Almighty god blessed you wit a dick and two balls
So if you like to -fuck- pussy that don't mean that you wrong
Unless you -fuck- it raw dog
I -fuck- a nappy dug out
Bust in her mouth
Kick her the -fuck- out
She'll cuss me out, like...

[Repeat chorus 1]

[Verse 3]

Yo, yo
Ya superstar status don't mean shit to me
Lyrically sucker emcees still get frequency
Try to dis me now
How you sound?
Yo, whoever signed you must be runnin the circus cuz you a clown
You a rapper wit a drug habit, hidin the truth
Camoflaugin ya needle tracks wit some colorful tattoos
You was never equipped for this
Never equipped to spit wit Bis
I'm swift as shit
Let me point out the main differences
You magnificent
I'm mic-nificent
Yo, I'd even go out on a limb wit it
Say you write a little bit
That don't make you a tight lyricist
Cause you don't practice or stick with it
Look at the 60 hour shifts I spend wit this
I never quit, I got a gift for the art
A low maintenance cost
No physical movin parts
In '98, niggas thought I was God
How the fuck did that change
I'm still one of the illest niggas in the game
So look inside yourself and tell me what you see
If you see a hungry nigga then you lookin at me
And its aight if you don't trust me
Cause I don't trust you
As a matter of fact I'll probably bust you
Motherfucker, Fuck you

[Chorus 2]

Ok, Phuk.. U.. [x4]
Ok, Phuk.. U.. [x4] Ok..

Canibus Lyrics

"Horsemen"

(feat. Pharoahe Monch)

[Pharoahe Monch]

Yo yo

The sheer fuckin assemblin of these fo' niggas rekindling war
Seek the Horsemen, we walk the planet Earth on all four's
Cause your empire to Fall like the season before winter
Don't get beside yourself like clone twins in the placenta
Assassinate the mayor through time-travel
The assignment: to reduce all molecules and pass through solid confinement
The only way you could flooowww *[slows down]* iiisss iiiiff
I liquidize your rhyme
Consequently blowin by me crystalizin your mind
The government assigned sentinals for Horsemen elimination
Claimin we were mutants of artificial insemination
Lost my limbs to bomb shrapnel
But through cell regeneration the blood accelerates at twice the speed
Peep the vindication indeed
Think tank full when you blink, think synchronicity
Rob three banks at the same time through Multiplicity shine
PLEASE!!! These four niggas combine alone
Bringin a nation of MC's to their knees wit ease
Seige a soldier and hold men for ransom
Stop procreation, chop they cocks off so they can't come
Block off a forty mile radius, bomb your fanbase
Seeds to abnormally born and scorn wit a man's face
Indeed watch the moon bleed, we lead by example
Loop my life in time, stretch it in a nine like a sample

[Canibus (Horsemen)]

We rock quadropeds (Horsemen, enforce men)
Chop off your fuckin head (We the Horsemen, enforce men)
Leave you all dead then we eat your car-cus
(The Horsemen) I'm a Horseman (enforce men)
I'm a Horseman (The Horsemen)
I'm a Horseman (The forcemen)
WE THE HORSEMEN!

Canibus Lyrics

"Horsementality"

(feat. Ras Kass, Killah Priest, Kurupt)

[Ras Kass]

The beginning of the end niggas!

[Canibus]

Yeah, we gon' rock this shit forever, the alpha and the omega
The Canibus'll make your eyes redder
FUCK ya'll niggas talkin bout cheddar

[Ras Kass]

Brought to you by your millennium group The Horsemen

[Canibus]

Four swordsmen (From the land of the lost)
Ras Kass, Killah Priest and Kurupt wit Can-i-bus
Throw your 4's up or get your vocal cords cut
MOTHAFUCKER!!!

[Both] Wavin the four-four!

[Kurupt]

I'm headless nigga, but I packs a big piece
Blastin, they let assassins loose on the street
Murderous notes I wrote, I lacerate throats
I toss fire at niggas
Mothafuck a six, the condos is supposed to be flip bricks
All thirty-nine of your bitches, pretty-ass bitch nigga
I'll throw some fucked up kicks on
Next is a small tank top, the spot, shot it up
Beat you in your face wit a rope knotted up
Cuz we don't give a fuck, the Headless Horseman Kurupt
See I'm off the wall nigga, Horsementality
A Horseman nigga and that's all I'll be
See I'm tired of this Barkley shit
Niggas talkin shit, I wanna see the streets dark again
Let the heaters spark again
Police callin all cars off then
Powerful as a mothafuckin Vulcan
My specialty is poetically lyrically energetically ultramagnetically
Dogg Pound pedigree
Fuck the shiny shit, fuck a bitch, only grimy shit
Dirty shit, holocaust thirty-thirty shit
Missile click, assassin Sicilian
Kill women and kill men, and kidnap children
For vengeance in the name of the Horsemen
Slice your Achilles tendon, the Headless Horseman
And we abide by the code of the streets

The makings of a real MC nigga
(C...C...C...C) yeah bitch!

[Canibus]

So just abide by what you ride by
Cuz we abide by what we ride by
Just abide by what you ride by
Cuz we abide by what we ride by

[Killah Priest]

Mothafucker, it's started, four apocalyptic prophets
Appearin outta floatin objects
Wearin mid-western garments
Long trenchcoats wit our hands in our pockets
Slappin all you scary-ass rap artists half retarded
Swear by our fore fathers
Anything you speak, think, or show will be disregarded
Then I drag your frightened ass through the darkness
Bring you out the other side as a carcass
I'm heartless, regardless if you claim to be gods or goddess
To me, ya'll all garbage
I see all of ya'll as movin targets
And my lyrics be the atomic rocket
Cosmic vomit spittin, hittin at ya Vietnam vets
Wit military arms and bombs strapped to our chest
Castin meteor storms and comets
Now who wanna make the next rise comet
And be the first one left unconcious
After I squeeze your head like the Charmin
Fuck around and see a lightning bolt around your throat
And squeeze till your head smoke from all the electric volts
Satanically sacrifice your ass like in a colt
Have your seance inside of a dark synogogue
We was lyrically sent to ya'll
Like deminogod to put a end to ya'll
Spit bites like dogs and get the scent of ya'll
Horsemen, we be scorchin when we be walkin
Wit the power to put a graveyard inside a coffin

[Ras Kass]

Let's serve it out like the breeze
Now watch me do one-armed handstands
And hang these N-U-T's over seven continents and seven seas
Streets is Lebonese
Be rockin Bogari wrist watches and sniper marines
Most of these MC's can't even rap
Just modeling, go gold and get big-headed like they swallowin colleges
I spit empty gravesites, rap stars fill em out
You what? Thirty, forty years old and still wack as fuck
Me? I'm ain't even in my prime
When I write my dopest rhyme, western civilization declines
Catch me hoppin off the A train in a New York state of mind
But I rep westside, so I keep L.A. time

That's a three-hour difference
So when my bitch is a six, she really a nine
In seven days, she'd still be a dime
Call me Blaze Skywalker hittin jugular veins
Crack open your skull wit a paperate and suck out your brains
Kiddo, I be doin my thug-thizzo for shizzo
And the wife of a careless man is almost a widow
So what's happening, from P.I. to '99 Madden
Since police be jackin blacks, I talk to pigs in Pig Latin
Uckfe uye ichbe echbe a igginebe and free Keith Murray
[Translation:] Fuck you bitch ass niggas

[Canibus]

Yo yo yo yo

I kick a verse at six-hundred and sixty-six megahertz
Make lightning flash across the sky everytime I curse
Six-hundred and sixty-six flashes
Give out six-hundred and sixty-six lashes
To the backs of six-hundred and sixty-six Master of Ceremony has-beens
Put a crown of thorns on whoever the king of rap is
If he's a (Catholic) I nail him to a crucifix
Then I beat him till he's blackish-blueish
Then perform acupuncture wit six-hundred and sixty-six toothpicks
Beat em wit two whips wit pieces of broken glass glued to it
Your whole crew gets bayed and neutered
As i aim and shoot it, you get sprayed with bullets
Your armored cars and your kevlar vests is useless
I'ma fuck all of you pussies like group sex
You get six-hundred and sixty-six years imprisonment
For bitin off another niggas' shit you bitch
You got caught, now you on the other side of the law
Snitchin on mad niggas in a soundproof court
To get some of your sentence knocked off, na nigga you wildin
Cuz you still be in Riker's Island gettin forced to toss salads
You scared of that, wit a phobia fear of that
I'ma tape it on a digital video DAT and send a copy to Miramax
Leave you exposed, turn on the fiction and fact so everybody you know
You a sucker-ass nigga, father-fuckin ass nigga
That got fucked in the ass by a father figure
(Battle who?) I'll bruise and bash you, blast you
Autograph you wit a bullet wound for a tattoo
Delivering mind blowin rhymes and poems
Controllin my tongue when I'm flowin like pilot controlled Boeings
When I get bitten, I bite back
Quicker than Tyson attacks, I don't give a FUCK if I don't get my license back
So, take caution
The Four Horsemen'll chop your head off wit a sword then
Gallop northward
MC's take caution
The Four Horsemen'll chop your head off wit a sword then
Gallop northward mothafuckers

Yeah, so just abide by what your ride by

Cuz we abide by what we ride by
Just abide by what your ride by
Cuz we abide by what we ride by, HA!

[All]

Wavin the four-four! All you heard was "Priest, don't hit me no more"
Wavin the four-four! All you heard was "Bis, don't hit me no more"
Wavin the four-four! All you heard was "Ras, don't hit me no more"
Wavin the four-four! Aiyyo Kurupt, hit them niggas wit the hardcore

[Kurupt]

Yeah nigga, I'm headless without thoughts
Wit my mothafuckin arms crossed
I transform from a Dogg to a Horse
Took over the whole race course
Throw the jockey off the saddle, now who the fuck really wanna battle?

[Fading]

Got me a pistol, launch it off like a missile
Let it whistle, they fall fuckin 'round wit the Dogg
I'm a hog

Canibus Lyrics

"100 Bars"

Yeah!!! That's the beat right there.
I'm about to black out with 100 bars on some professional shit.
So don't try this at home, yo.

Yo, yo, yo
My style of rhymin is ancient like Aztecs and Mayans
Because I recognize its all about timin
Me and my freestyle alliance practicin African voodoo science
In front of 20 ft. bonfires lookin skyward
Calculating May 5, 2000 the nine planets'll be in alignment
The arrival of the prophet in the cockpit
Of a starship the size of the Hale-Bopp comet
With mercury ion rockets
And a big ass "Canibus comin soon" poster on the side of it
I'm known geographically and intergalactically
That's why I got extraterrestrials that wanna battle me
They even tried kidnappin me
And they would've snatched me
If their craft didn't get trapped in the Earth's gravity
Engines stalled and failed. Crashed into a farmer's field
And that's really what caused Roswell
Undercover operatives workin for COM 12
Disguised as a nigga signed with a record deal
Lyrically I'm off scale
So all hail or get tossed towards Hell, whatever y'all feel
Briusin niggas, confusin niggas like Chip Fu from the Fu-Schnickens
Hit you with nuclear cruiser missiles
Hear the wild wolf growl
Styles stockpiled for miles from the ground to the clouds
Wack niggas wanna be down but its not allowed
Interrupt the cipher unannounced and you'll get punched in the mouth
With the southpaw southern fist
I'll bust your shit. Swell your lip and get the Bubba shrimp
Back the tougher shit. What a wimp
You giant Goliath. Niggas get shot with a rubber sling
I'm an experiment gone bad.
My brainwaves on an encephalograph show that I'm stark ravin mad
Your whole scientific staff'll get killed in a nuclear blast
When I throw the formula stashed in my hand
Flammable liquids in the lab explode
And you get stabbed with all the flyin glass
Trained to blow up commercial aircrafts
Trained in chemical weapons class
Just to see how long a nigga's breath'll last
I put him in a leather mask
Spray his ass with a can of pepper gas
Then watch him grab his neck and gag

Watch the nigga choke to death as I laugh
"You wanna battle?" is the type of question you should never ask
Nigga, pick a tougher task. See who the fuck'll last
Whoever lose'll get a solderin iron up the ass
You need to recognize
My hand is quicker than the eye
Quicker than the 5 speed Jamiroquai drives
A lifespan longer than 9 lives. Infinite rhymes that can't die
A nigga with a divine mind
I dedicate this to the wise. Dedicate it to dames
Dividin myself into 100 ten times
You can't deny the offerin's an offer
Flows that glow with aurora's the spark of light
Water fly like a saucer
With the torque of a Porsche
Murder a million MCs then autograph all of their coffins
Been gettin it on since I been born and I'm a live long
And I'm a be gettin it on till I'm gone
Look at all the stages I been on. All the songs that I spit on
I took an oath to rip everything I get on
A nigga like me should have Carpal Tunnel syndromes
In the wristbones from grippin microphones this long
I'm just a small fish in a big pond
And gets pissed off whenever I gets picked on
Nigga try to flip and get flipped on
My army march a million strong
Like the nation of Islam with suede timbs on
Extremely hostile
Fully armed troops dressed in frog suits and night vision goggles
A lyrical lynch mob
Shittin on niggas drawn to a hideous form with horns and a mink on
Duckin down low like Vietnam fightin the Vietcong
Screamin "incomin" when I see a bomb
Speak to your leader. Surrender your arms
You need about a million more soldiers to even the odds
Plus 800,000 to even consider a war
And 200,000 more to even look hard
You better drop your flag and withdraw
My cavalry charge accompanied by a blizzard of wicked metaphors
And smash y'all. Attach y'all to the back of my horse
And drag y'all across the motherfuckin asphalt
9 out of 10 niggas is frauds
You know who you are always talkin about your bitches and your cars
Your jewelry and your girls. It's like we from two different worlds
You motherfuckers really get on my nerves
Cause I'm beyond them, on some futuristic cyborg shit
I close my eyes when I freestyle so I could read what picture crossed in
Then raise my arms like a sorcerer and cast a fireball into the audience
To barbecue your brain organs
You feel like you've been thrown in a microwave oven
I flame broil suckers and hit 'em with some more shit
The raw shit. Call my reinforcements, the four horsemen
Take a big piece of chalk and draw a line across the stage pulpit

I dare a motherfucker to cross it
I'll even call my man Black Rob at two in the mornin
Tell him it's important. Tell him to call Sting 3 way and sing a chorus
Break your camcorders so you motherfuckers can't record it
Call the news, I'll kill your reporters
Start a lawsuit, I'll kill your lawyers
Fuck the soft shit and fuck what y'all think
My album's gold cause my album was the bomb, shit
Y'all niggas got your ass beat cause you asked for it
Got your picture taken and put in a tabloid
Cause you a man and you like to touch little boys
You fuck 'em in the ass, then you give 'em cash for it
That's some sick shit homeboy
A hundred years ago, they'd have took you to see Sigmund Freud
You fraudulent. Feminine. Fragile as a feather is
With an effortless blow, I'll crack your whole skeleton
You think you're better than Canibus, where's the evidence?
You got below average intelligence and poor penmanship
You need to shut the fuck up cause your breath stink
Take fifty cents and purchase a pack of peppermints
Battlin me you never win
You thought you was the only nigga that could sneak a weapon in?
Nigga guess again
Cause after I'm finished wreckin this shit
I'm a drink a whole bottle of Henney and go fuck a lesbian

Canibus Lyrics

"Chaos"

[Verse 1 (acapella)]

Yo yo yo
Now ain't nobody fuckin wit the mastermind
I'm like Einstein, a hundred and fifty times magnified
Nickel and Teslin, Jon Von Neuman
All wrapped up in the body in one human
I rhyme the tightest, shine the brightest
I blind the optic fibers in anybody's iris
When it comes to rappin, I'll smash your ass
Whether you Latin, Black or Anglo-Saxon
I'll smack you wit a backhand
That crack your back like chiropractors after lookin at your catscan
In between albums, I've become a masked man like Batman
And stalk my own rap fans
I'm like a madman fightin a war
Throwin lightning rods, swingin lightning swords
Blow you away wit a force that'll leave your body lost
Gone, nothin to mourn, nothin to do a autopsy on
I rock till I can't rock no more
Till I can't get no mothafuckin props no more
Till they boo me on stage when I'm out on tour
Till 2000 B.C. ain't hot no more
I'm a dragon wit the head of a lion, jaws be like saws grindin
Claws rip through walls of cast iron
I slap fire outta hoodlum, pull out steel and start shootin
I clap iron like Duke Nukeum
Try to attack 'Bis, you get your face stomped
Flatter than a compact disc wit black Timbs
Flatter than a Yankee baseball cap rim
Flatter than the knife Jigga stabbed Un wit

[Chorus]

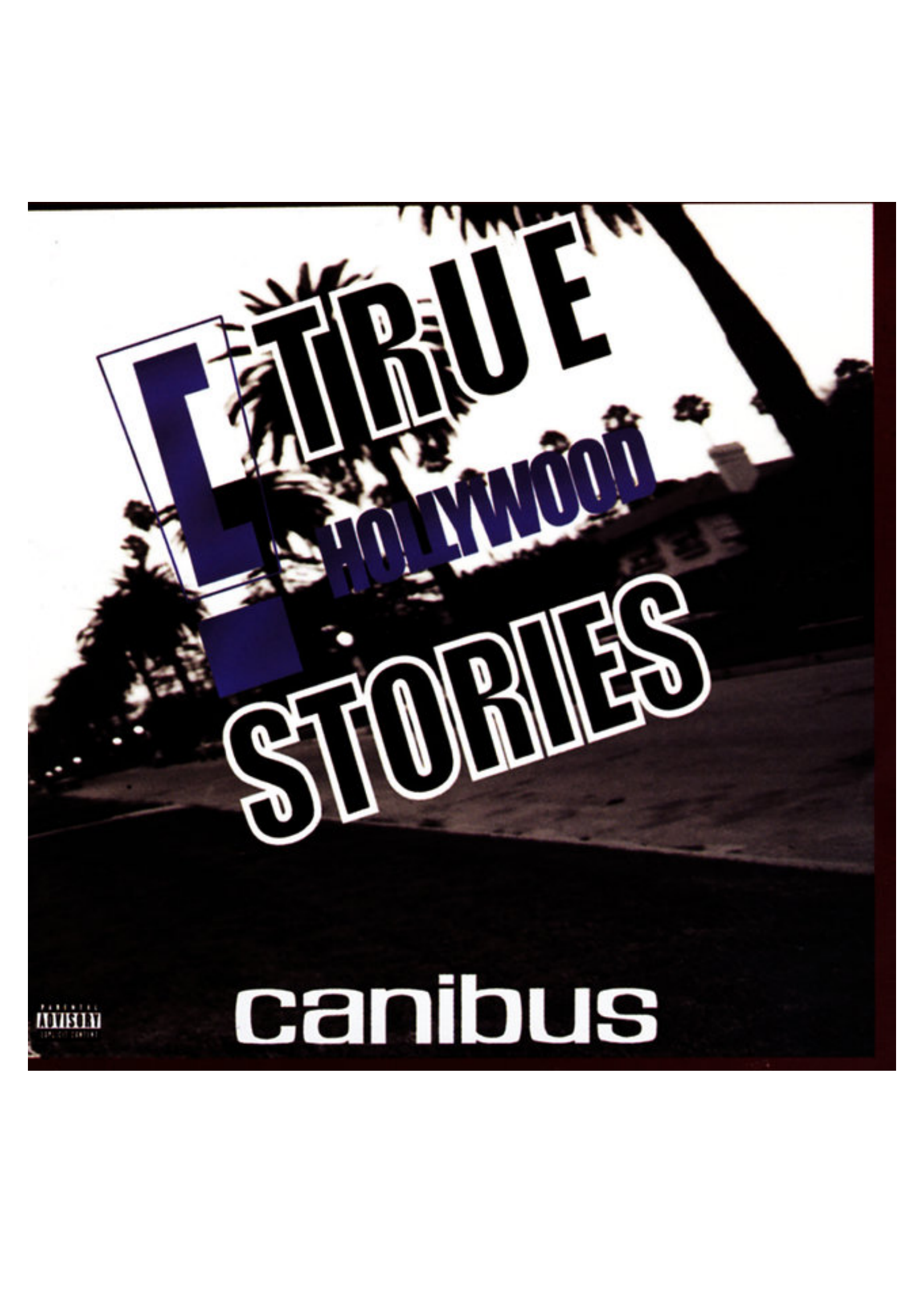
If you the first nigga that laugh
I'll blow you in half
The first nigga to talk trash
I'ma blow you in half
The first nigga to show your ass
I'll blow you in half
The first time'll be your last
Cuz I'ma blow you in half

[Verse 2]

Yo check it beat comes in
I destroy your whole city block when I'm ready to rock
Blow the speaker box, magnetically shielded or not
Magnetically energy poppin gates of radio waves
Oscilate lyrics and beats copulate to pop your tape

Manipulatin space in large proportions
Millions of brain organs get lost when I start talkin
About shit like supernatural forces
Gnomes and theories and superstring theories
Most of you mothafuckers barely
Even understand the English language, much less think clearly
When I die, will I go to Heaven or Hell
Or will I end up in a place called the Van Allen Belt
I researched my roots, lookin for proof
The best place to hide a lie is between two truths
The aftermath of a nuclear blast
When the average death sentence becomes a dead paragraph
I dig a 5 by 9 rectangle in the grass
Reach your epitab and bury your ass
As the coffin gets lowered into the ground slowly
I'll sing all of your greatest hits, oldies on karaoke

[Chorus x2]



TRUE HOLLYWOOD STORIES

canibus

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Canibus Lyrics

"Stan Lives! (Skit)"

[driving car]

[Bliss:] "Hey, yo Loo, what time is the flight man?"

[Loo:] "We got 30 minutes to get to the airport, man, heck you should drive a little faster"

[Bliss:] "What! I'm already doing above"

[Stan's car passes them]

[Loo:] "The fuck's the matter with this guy?"

[2Pak:] "Crazy motherfucker"

"Damm, slow down"

[Bliss:] "Who's he tryna' catch?"

[Loo:] "I dunno, but if he don't slow down, he might-"

[Stan's car skids and crashes off a bridge]

"Wow! Shit!"

[Loo:] "See that?!"

[Bliss:] "God damm! Yo, that nigga just drove over the bridge! Yo Pak! Yo, slow down man!"

[2Pak:] "Yo, Bliss man, we gotta make this flight man, we got 60 G's on the show"

[Bliss:] "Yo, somebody's in there, yo, pull over Pak!"

[2Pak:] "Yo, I'mma call 911, to son"

[Bliss:] "Man, if we don't do sumthing man, they gonna' drown!"

[Bliss gets out if the car]

[2Pak:] "Yo, Bliss man, what are you doin'?"

[Bliss:] "I gotta go, yo I gotta go rescue them"

[2Pak:] "C'mon Bliss!"

[Loo:] "Yo, don't worry about Bliss man, he a good swimmer son, he knows what he's doing"

[Stan is gasping for air]

[Bliss:] "Yo, is he breathing?"

[Bliss:] "Yo, I dunno, yo Loo, quick man, get me a sweater so I can put it underneath his neck"

[Ambulance sirens]

[Ambulance person:] "Thank you, now could you ease step to the side"

[talks through radio] "We have a 53-11, I repeat, a 53-11, our ETA is 7 minutes"

[Ambulance person:] "We'll take it from here, what's his name?"

[2Pak:] "We dunno, we was just right behind him and he just drove off the fucking bridge!"

[2Pak:] "Yo Bliss, we gunna miss our flight man, we gotta leave now!"

[Bliss:] "Yo, excuse me, how far is the hospital from here?"

[Ambulance person:] "5 minutes, I need you to come to the hospital and fill out a report"

[Bliss:] "Ok, ok, yo, I'll just catch up with y'all at the airport"

Canibus Lyrics

"U Didn't Care"

[Chorus]

You.. didn't, care about me
And now this is how it has to be
I was lost, but now I am free
I'm happy cuz I found a family

[Verse 1]

Whattup Em', it's ya biggest fan
It's not even necessary to introduce who I am
by now, cuz we're good friends
Remember the letter I wrote, before Atlanta on Up In Smoke
That's the day I was gonna cut ya throat
I guess my watch was broke -- cuz by the time I woke
I seen my watch was twelve hours late and I missed the show
But none the less I'm glad that I finally reached you
Ever since the accident I've been dying to speak to you
To tell you things have changed, and I'm a different man
A different level of understanding, I'm a different Stan
Things are a lot better, I promise I won't harrass you with any letters
Saying shit like "We should be together"
I may reach and start a group
The industry's full of homosexuals Slim, but I don't wanna fuck you
I got a new attitude, really, I ain't mad at you
I just wanted you to recognize I got talent too

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

When I say talented, I don't mean battle kid
I mean storytellin, kinda like how ya album is
I been attendin counselin and takin medicine
They did some tests on me at NIH in Maryland
They showed me techniques to help me pressure
whenever I remember that crazy night when I was being reckless
Drivin with a deathwish, on the bridge and I crashed into a Lexus
Right before I finished that last sentence
I was listenin to Xzibit's album "Restless"
The next thing I knew I was under water and breathless
I was unconscious for a second, literally dying to go to heaven
till some fellas came and pulled me from the wreckage
They started CPR, then they called the paramedics
In retrospect I probably shoulda used a gun to end it
By the time the car sunk
My pregnant girlfriend was still in the trunk
and I was still feelin kinda drunk
The ambulance came and they put me on the stretcher
Hooked me up to the IV and checked my blood pressure

One of them was so concerned that they wouldn't leave
He hopped in the back of the ambulance and rolled up some weed
My vision was blurry, I couldn't really see
I just remember his voice talking to me
In the emergency room, I needed surgery to get some glass removed
and fifty stitches for my wooze

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

After a couple months of therapy,
I figured I was as ready as I'd ever be - I wanted to be an emcee
He took me to shows wit him, he let me flow wit him
He let me write some rhymes and go on tour wit him
I really believed in him, I decided to team wit him
And now I'm overseas wit him, gettin cheese wit him
And I'm emceein wit him, I'm havin the best time of my life
And I'm writin the best rhymes of my life
He introduces me to people as his lyrical equal
Let me write a rhyme on his album and even produce a beat too
He ain't see-through, I can't see him frontin
He's not the type to call you, just because he needs somethin
That's what I like about him,
I wouldn't want to rock a mic without him
He's got kahunas and he's not a coward
Matta fact, I think he met you
It was the day you came to his video shoot with DJ, Jimmy's nephew
'Clef stepped to him and told him he should step to you
That you was ghost writin for L, but that wasn't true
You was lookin at him the same way I'm lookin at you
Why can't we be friends Em', I don't want nothin from you
You see there's a little bit of Stan in all of us
Tell me where you think all of these record sales sparred from
Talkin 'bout Britney and Christina Aguilera
Nsync too, have you ever looked in a mirror?
Your hair ain't really blonde, and ya eyes ain't blue
So never diss me, cuz when you diss me your dissin you..

See.. See what happens when you don't care

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"The Rip Off"

[crowd chanting]

Can-i-bus, Can-i-bus, Can-i-bus
Can-i-bus, Can-i-bus, Can-i-bus [x2]

[Hook: x2]

Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)
Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)
Can I rip it? (Yes you can!)
Well I'm gone (Ohhhhhh!)

[Verse 1]

Yo, my brain races to create these lyrical mosaics like paintings
To me record store and art galleries are merely the same thing
I feel like I'm Rembrandt and my man Van Gogh is amazin
Canibus is not some average rap patron, have patience
I went through changes, not being with the majors and all
'Til my man Louie Lombard gave me a call
and talked about some other way to cake off
I thought hmmm.. I could make more, he said "Sure"
"I could put you in about three thousand stores,
and get at least fifty thousand orders"
"Maybe more 'Bus, who knows your fanbase is emormous"
Well of course, look who I've toured with; Wyclef
I didn't sell twenty million cuz it wasn't my time yet
I'm satisfied with the line up I rhyme with
Kool G Rap, Pharoahe Monch, and Rakim
Including future superstars I've worked with thus far
Like Free, from 106 and Park
You need to understand somethin; 'Bus is raw
Raw to the floor, raw like reservoirs,
Auger mechanical mandible jaws, split you in half
Addicted to rippin jackers, but I rip a jackass
Before we battle, there's two questions I have to ask
Are you carrying any firearms, and did you pack your bags?
Cool, cuz I'ma make you feel real bad
And I'ma make you so mad, you'll probably spazz
I can see you tryna get me like they got Biggie
Somewhere in the city, on a pretty day when I dressed in Jiggy
And I got security with me
I'll give you a buck-fifty so quickly,
you won't even know that ya nose dripping
So much blood on the floor, you might as well be pretending
to be mudwrestling a dozen bitches PMSing
Sounds kinda tempting, doesn't it?
Dissing me wasn't really worth it, was it?
I'm buggin, I know a lot of y'all loved it
and tried to convince the public to safe bug this

But just think, I played y'all like a bunch of puppets
You play Russian Roulette with a musket,
and got busted in your own nugget
A twenty-one gun salute with no bullets and no trumpets
While the rain pours and the storm thunders
Your rotten carcass smells so pungent, it turns my stomach
Attracts the buzzards, on Fox Eyewitness News coverage
Rip the Jacker's on the loose in London,
he slipped through US customs and flew to Dublin
Frontin as a janitor in a school or somethin
Workin for little or nothin, I'm warnin you DON'T TRUST HIM
He's a complete risk to the American public
And don't ever call the law cuz he thinks he's above it
Let's get one thing straight; you can't touch him,
Outsmart him, out muscle him, or out hustle him
You can't beat 'em - join 'em, you can't join 'em - fuck 'em
Can-I-Bus, either ya hate him or ya love him

[Hook: 2x]

[Verse 2]

Yeah yeah, I seen you at Ruby Tuesday's
With a toupee, talkin on ya two-way -- you look gay
Nigga I don't give a fuck about the games you play
I gnaw on ya bones 'til my teeth turn blue-gray
Or turn yellow like I ain't brushed in a few days
And the blood starts to taste like red toothpaste
Nigga this ain't communion and that ain't Kool-Aid
Delicacies the FDA won't approve in the states
Like a little witch's brew in your vanilla latte
Or perhaps Filet of Dog in a Malaysian cafe
If I was a cook I would probably take a half day
Clock out and never come back, you keep the back pay
That's some metaphorical shit, all you have A
Is that why all you weirdos all attracted to me?
Look at yourself, why you even listen to me?
Listen to yourself, your constantly dissin me
Well listen to this bitch, get off my D
If you don't think that I'm the illest, that's cool I don't agree
I proved myself, time and time again
Grippin mics like Heinekens, who want me to rhyme again?
You could never expire the fire within
Killin me with a gun is easy, try a pen
For the use it was intended
I don't like to be the one to start the drama nigga,
but I know how to end it
Kill yourself I'll take the credit - get it?
You see that way, things couldn't work out more pleasant

Canibus Lyrics

"C True Hollywood Stories"

[Hook]

True Hollywood Stories.. True Hollywood Story..
True Hollywood Story.. True Hollywood Story..
True Hollywood Story.. True Hollywood Story..
True Hollywood Story.. this is a True Hollywood Story..

[Canibus]

Yo I vaguely remember 1974, when I was born
Soon as the doctor cut my ambilical cord, he put me in my mother's arms
I was cryin when she looked down at me
She was smilin cuz I guess she was happy (Coochie-coochie-coo!)
She absolutely had no idea
I was flowin cuz it wasn't quite clear (You so cute!)
She just kept ticklin me and ignorin me (Weeeeee!)

[Hook]

[Canibus]

My native home was Jamaica (No problems man)
We moved to the states a few years later
I had trouble fittin in (What did you say?)
Cuz I had a funny speech impediment
People couldn't understand what I mean
Meeda sata greedafa zeen (Sha oh)
I used to wear cross-colored jeans
Rasta belts with the red, gold, and green
My man used to boost travel pocket for me
True Hollywood Story

[Hook]

[Canibus]

In '93 I met the Lost Boyz
Without them, I wouldn't even have a voice
I showed the world I was nice with the verbals
That's how I got signed to Universal
I released two albums, in all sold 9 hundred and 99 thousand
Over the years, alotta people tryed to diss me
Cuz I grabbed a piece of hip-hop history
Thank God that the drama didn't destroy me
True Hollywood Stories

[Hook]

[Canibus]

I took a trip to England with Pac-Man
Five months later we met Stan

He was cool so we let him join the band
And introduced him to the rest of the Horsemen
Then I hooked up with this cat named Lou (Lou-minatti)
And he was cool with C-4 too (plus two)
Now the whole crew's on tour with me
True Hollywood Stories

[Hook]

[Canibus]

This is a story about beef
Arrogance, lies, and deceit
This is an independent release
And that's why it's totally depended on the streets
I ain't got no record label behind me
Maybe nobody got the balls to sign me
But it's cool cuz soon they'll all be callin me
This is a True Hollywood Story...

Canibus Lyrics

"A Different Vibe In L.A."

[Chorus]

Doop-doop da-da..
It's a whole different vibe when you in L.A.
Doop-doop da-da..
It's a whole different vibe when you in L.A.
Doop-doop da-da..
It's a whole different vibe when you in L.A.
Doop-doop da-da..
It's a whole different vibe when you in L.A.

[Verse 1]

Yeah, cruisin down Melrose, hella slow in a yellow Marinello
Lookin for who sells shelltoes that I could match with my silk robe
I'm like Hugh Hefner at 26 years old, with clear goals
Yeah I'll take two pair of those
I love the way my toes feel in the cyberfoam soles when I'm doin shows
Who knows, I'm prepared to go to and fro
All I do is tell you dudes where the Western Union dough
You need my social security info?
Here's my tax I.D. number, it's worth ten fold
I remember my first album, it shipped gold
That's a insult, considering I did this one in Kinko's
I'm dying to see what this will sold
Will the critics diss it at all, or will they feed 'Bus to the wolves?
Like I haven't been there before,
but at least I'm on a different vibe now, this year it's on

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

It's definitely a different vibe west of the Prime Meridian
Producers play with live instruments, rhymes are wittier
But don't sleep cuz in a heartbeat Cali is shittin ya
Someone'll put a hit on ya, this'll be where they bury ya
I think it's beautiful, I don't want to be scarin ya
The women are prettier and the climate is superior
Got a girl from Syria, smells like strawberries on her period
I'm serious - that's why I moved in with the chick
We on the top of Mount Olympus, sharin our interests
over a moonlit dinner, burnin some insense
She looks so innocent, next think I know she's pinnin me to the bed
like a scene outta Basic Instinct
Bought her a pink mink and a double link ring
She didn't know I was a rapper and I did my thing-thing
What a coincidence, she listened to Eminem and Nsync
Shaggy, Nelly, and the St. Lunatic clique, Uh-Ohhhh!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Yeah baby, Canibus in the flesh
Everybody want a dose of me, come here baby stand close to me
Take a photo with me, take this address
If you develop 'em post one to me
If you miss me and you wanna kiss me then blow one to me
I like your incentricities, tailor-fitting jeans
Tennis bracelets from Tiffany's in Venice, Italy
Are you from the Middle East? (Oh)
I plan to travel there after my new release
I got Timbaland doin some beats
Yeah, his cousin goes to school with my neice
By the way I'm sorta starred, what kinda food do you eat?
Yeah sure hop in the car, we'll cruise the streets
Around here I know alotta cool places to eat
You off from what, noon to three, just roll with me
My homie Lou just two-wayed me from Lagoon Beach
You can meet the rest of the crew, a bunch of super freaks
We got to unwind, we 'bout to hit the road in two weeks, c'mon

[Chorus]

Doop-doop da-da.. *[repeat to fade]*

Canibus Lyrics

"I Gotta Story 2 Tell"

[Girl Singing]

Listen to me everybody, I got a story to tell

Well, well

Ono wan make beef outta steam fish?
Tell ya artist keep my name out they mouth or you wont have no peace
Compared to Canibus ya pitbulls is poultry
You and Biggie made a dope team but i roast beans
Be careful how you approach things
My name aint J to the Muahh, mann i got a flow that stings
Its rap music, you confuse it if you want to
I might still diss you just to see what you gon do
You must be gettin' insecure or something
I'm just admirien ya shit mann I aint gon touch it
I been through alotta things in my life but I learned from it
Put yaself in my shoes, dont I deserve something?
The only difference between me and you is a BUDGIT
Dont make me have to go sign with Suge or something
Remember this: History repeats itself
Whenever that never ending hunger meets itself
Everybody want they wealth, peace and health
When I was fucked up you aint give me a couple of G's to help, did you?
No, you waited fa my cheese to melt
You want all the hot beats and the streets to yourself
Well my [?] niggaz different enough to attract interest
From anybody in the rap business and I'ma get it cash or credit
Besides a little drama from my first 2 records
Rip the Jackers images is unblemished
Come on I wouldnt bite you I look at you like my dentist
I thought you was number one recommended, why you offended?
Hip hop aint ya property, you aint the only tenant
If I win the lottery you cant tell me how to spend it
You got something to say, dont put ya Henchmen in it
Them little monkey faced artist that you sign fa pennies
I refuse to serve them like Dennies
You know they rhymes is petty
Dont tell me that ya school of hard knocks turn preppy
None of yall motha fuckers know me and you never met me
And if my name wasnt shit then you wouldnt sweat me
Thats absurd right? Me gettin busy get on ya nerves right?
You really are listenin to the words right?
High when i wrote this but sober when I spoke it
Its not like I tried to promote it like Jay-o did, ya notice?
Mann I was never focused on you
I just spit hard on the mic cause my shit is hot too
I went out and bought ya album 2 times, I aint hatin'
Next thing I know you talkin Jamaican like you a native

But you really violatin', you dont know what you sayin'
Canibus aint in the game so you know he aint playin
I had nothing before and I have nothing now
Fuckin' with a nigga with nothing only brings you down

[Girl Singing]

Listen to me everybody-rybody-rybody-rybody...

Canibus Lyrics

"Hate U 2"

(feat. Pakman)

[Canibus]

Yo why you got so much hatred?
Why you don't want me to make it?
What are you afraid of?
You treat me like I'm not a member of the rap game club
Yo I sold a million records too, I don't get the same love
It's strange because the majors already drained my pockets,
and now they wanna drain my blood
Do you have any idea of what I did to get here? Do you?!
You can smell the hatred in the atmosphere
This record is livin proof that I've made it
And your listenin to it now, and it's on an independent label
You like Canibus? Yeah right, if you say so
Talk to Louie Lombard, hey'll put you on the payroll
When you see me on the street now, I probably really glow
Nothin like some of these wack rappers that are really broke
I can laugh at a meaningless joke, but I got a daughter to feed
Don't hate me cuz I'm competin bro
I'm doin it all by myself
And as long as I'm on the shelf, I'm always have wealth
This is what motivated microphone FIENDS do
And it's ok if you hate me cuz I hate you too

[Hook]

Is the reason why you keep callin my name out of the blue,
If it's because you hate me, then I hate you too
We heard it through the Grapevine and now we know it's true
Just tell me that you hate me, I'll say I hate you too

Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out you was hatin on us!
Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out you was hatin on us!

[Repeat 1st part of Hook]

[Pakman]

I hate your style, when I see you I wanna earl
I should do somethin real foul, like get at your girl
Make your heart throb, take a hooptie and smash your parked car
Run up in your favorite night club, get you barred (Fuck outta here!!)
Why you like to hate stars? Why you talkin in riddles?
Me losin is the only way to get you to giggle
You pitiful motherfucker, you gon' stay in the gutter
I can see you at 33 and still be livin with your mother
I'm sick of you clowns runnin around, hatin on Rippers
You see me in the street, act like your mouth got a zipper
Aiiyo don't say a word faggot cuz it's already proven

Keep it movin, you ain't FUCKIN up this new shit I'm doin
I'm tryin to keep a space between me and you, like gapped teeth
To avoid catchin cases for lettin the gat speak
I ain't never got a problem to meet on a backstreet
In a black hoodie, new mac-milli, now act silly
You can hate me forever, I'ma always be makin moves
Don't be mad cuz I'm a leader, a Ripper that breaks rules
It's a shame what hate's makin individuals do
Don't forget the bottom line is that I hate you too

[Hook]

Is the reason why you keep callin my name out of the blue,
If it's because you hate me, then I hate you too
We heard it through the Grapevine and now we know it's true
Just tell me that you hate me, I'll say I hate you too

Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out you was hatin on us!
Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out you was hatin on us!

[Repeat 1st part of Hook]

Canibus Lyrics

"Stop Smokin'"

(feat. C-4)

[Hook]

He love me (He love that rock)
He love me (He love that rock)
He love me (He love that rock)
He love me, (Well he if he love you then tell him to stop)
He love me (He love that rock)
He love me (He love that rock)
He love me (Come on bitch, he love that rock)
He love me, (Well he if he love you then tell him to stop)

[Canibus]

You ever came home everything ya owned was gone
TV, VCR, fridge and phone
And poor your Armani boo cologne
That nice China set from your mother-in-law
Ya say to yourself "How could I get robbed?"
The guard dog would've bit somebody for sure
Could it be somebody that you probably know
Got the ABT code and the keys to the door, no
You better think again gullable ho
Somebody you know was on a rob patrol

[C-4]

And I seen em' pull up in a Pinto
I couldn't believe, eyes peekin' through the window
Ain't y'all engaged, well that day he was with the neighborhood bimbo
I thought to myself, OH!
Why would he a need a credit card to get in for
You keep a set of keys under the mat
He ain't thinkin' of that, he stealin' for crack
On the street he can get a hundred for that
I hope you don't really think he bringin' it back
I'm tellin' ya girl he stole it
He was standin' around the last time I saw it
I remember when you bought it
That son of a bitch got balls if he can pawn it
I remember when I seen him this morning
He pulled me to the side asked me if I want it
I had to look real close for a moment
I was shocked when I seen it was your shit
He put it away cause he somebody was comin' and just took off runnin'
I told ya woman, he love that rock

[Woman]

I remember when I met him two years ago
At the Texaco, I was checkin' though

He impressed me though, he was enchanting though
He ain't have no dough but he was sexy though
At first I played hard to get though
But it got so good I had to let it go
It was one to four, put it on me slow
Even asked me to marry him in Mexico
I can't explain how he made me feel
I was head over heels, in love for real
I took him home so he could meet my dad
Took care of his ass, gave him all my cash
For a year and a half I treated him good
He said he needed space, I understood
He be out all not, what seems for days
Then he showed up crazed and he needed to shave
Smellin' like rotten eggs, I'd tell him to bathe
Clean him up, take him to church and get him saved
In Jesus' name I can make him change
If I would've lost my way he would've done the same
Cause he love me

[Hook]

[Canibus]

I'm tellin' ya he ain't gonna stop, stop
And he just love that rock, rock
Kid run up in ya crib like knock, knock
Take everything that cha' got, got
Gold watch, watch jewelry box, box
The go straight to the pawn shop, shop
He's ridin' that white horse, horse
And he don't wanna get off, off
I got a 800 number you can call, call
Cause that love y'all had is lost, lost
He don't love you he love that rock

[Hook]

Canibus Lyrics

"Lemme Hear Somethin Else"

(feat. Pakman)

[Chorus]

Aiyyo my wrist stay froze (Lemme hear somethin else)
Aiyyo I fuck mad hoes (Yo lemme hear somethin else)
I'm a big dog with big dough (Won't you say somethin else)
Yo man you fuckin up my flow (You ain't got nothin else)
Man I got somethin else (So lemme hear somethin else)
My chain got bagette diamonds (Won't you do somethin else)
I spit rhymes with perfect timing (You could try somethin else)
Yeah you can't stop me from shinin (I'll spit it myself)

[Killer P]

I'm on my way to ASCAP so I can pick up my dough
I ran into a Jacker nigga tryna hit me with flows
He didn't know I had a mind to just bloody his nose
And let the blood pour down on his white clothes

[Pakman]

Chhhh..
Nigga! You don't wanna cipher with me
My name ain't Pakman for nothin, I'm goblin emcees
Chhhh..

[Killer P]

Damn yo, I wasn't even tryna take it there
Lemme hear somethin in the ear nigga, make it clear
He started goin on about pushin a big Benz
How he stayed jig, and smoked chronic up with his friends
He doin it big and got unlimited ends
I just met the nigga, I seen him walkin up with his mens
Stop frontin shorty, lemme tell you somethin 'bout the game
It's a thin line, from being wack to spittin flames
You gotta represent when you be writin them lines
Don't be a FUCKIN millionaire in every one of ya rhymes
I'ma let you walk in but yo you gotta be quick
I gotta go, and the shit you spittin nigga, better be slick
He started gettin busy, I was noddin my head
Then he fucked it all up and said some shit that I said
Stopped rhymin cuz he knew he shouldn't have said that verse
Lookin stupid as fuck, for that nigga it was the worst
Yo, how you gonna bite and try to be top shelf
Better get ya act together, lemme hear somethin else

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

I give you more grievance than a nigga possessed by demons

Walkin on ceilings, chasin white lot speedin
Like Tony Soprano, takin meetings
With a psychologist about his emotional feelings
and his crime dealings
He even talked about how to make alcohol out of orange peelings
Pink cookies in a plastic bag gettin crushed by a buildin
was cool until Canibus puked it
With ill cannibalistic, animal instincts
Instant lyrical fitness, could you handle the distance?
You don't have enough wisdom
The man who gives quicksand resistance,
sinks the quickest, it's simple physics
I get "Southernplayalistic" and pimp chicks
Put my big dick in they mouth and smear they lipstick
Come here you stank bitch!
Tell ya man if he don't spit a hundred bars
I'ma bust him in his big lips
Spit quick, like 6B tip-tronic stick-shift
Bitch is equipped with a nitrous-oxide flipswitch
If you hate me, why would you recreate me
With those that imitate me and emulate me?
They talk about me so distastefully lately
But that never break me, they underestimate me
Me and the Killer P, and P-A-C get crazy with G-A-T's
I'm a B-E-A-S-T, you don't wanna race me
I do Mach 1 over a A-F-B
No if's, A-N-D's, or B-U-T's
A hundred bars ain't SHIT for a true emcee
SHUT THE FUCK UP! You should be ashamed of yourself
I ain't heard nothin I felt, lemme hear somethin else

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Hott Tonight"

[female]

Oh Germaine, can you please tell me one of your
Hollywood Stories?

Oooh..ahhh..exciete merjemon

[Chorus]

When it's hot it's hot, when it's hot it's hot (I'm so hot tonight)
When it's hot it's hot, when it's hot it's hot (So hot)
When it's hot it's hot, when it's hot it's hot (Caliente)
When it's hot it's hot, when it's hot it's hot (I'm so hot tonight)

[Canibus]

Aiyyo.. c'mere girl, gimme a kiss
Tell the truth, you know you like hangin with Canibus
I know you can't commit but at least try a sample
Who knows, I might be too much man to handle
If I'm attracted to you, I'ma make a long pass at you
Come after you and capture you
Put a platinum GPS bangle around ya ankle
To keep track of you incase I decide to marry you
We can be friends till death do us part
Kiss ya left breast cuz it's next to ya heart
Don't be a mermaid, open up ya legs
If you can't spread eagle, just gimme some head
Whatever the outcome, I just wanna come
Beat it up real good, bust one and run
I believe in abstinence, just not tonight
I can't help myself you look hot tonight

[Chorus]

[Female singer & Canibus]

Chupa chupa, boca chula
Whatchu gon' do when I walk up to ya?
Chupa chupa, boca chula
Whatchu gon' do when I walk up to ya?
Chupa chupa, boca chula
Whatchu gon' do when I walk up to ya?
Chupa chupa, boca chula
Whatchu gon' do when I walk up to ya?

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

"Wild On C" with Brooke Burke in the Visa
Steamin like I'm dreamin on the couch with my feet up

I'm not a playboy, I'm a hustler, wait till I touch ya
I'ma do somethin to getchu "burnin" from my Bunson
Clitoris rubbin, sperm pumpin, nerve numbin, humpin in public
The whole world could probably hear you cummin
The way I grab your pumpkin, caress your dumplings
I ain't never leave me girl, so stop frontin
You never wanted a Yes man, you wanted an Arabesque man
With biceps and a chest imprint
Not a skeleton with hardly any skin
I know it's irrelevant but his penis is probably very thin
I'm hung like the trunk of an elephant
Or the trunk of the tree the serpent wrapped around in Genesis
with the same devilish melevolence
Tryin to get you to bite in the food, I injected with seditives
How many orgasms have you had already?
Let's have a shag-a-thon; tell me when you past twenty
When I introduce you to Grand Marye, act friendly
She'll get envious if I ever rub your ass gently
Tonight I'm being a pimp baby, not an emcee
Invite a couple friends, I'll reserve ten seats
After we eat, we can check a couple spots tonight
Gimme kiss, you look hot tonight

[Chorus]

Oooh.. papi..
Oooh.. caliente..
Ooooooh...

Canibus Lyrics

"Gotta Get That Doe"

(feat. Pakman)

Yo whattup Pakman
(Aiyyo whattup Bis, I'm waitin for the Rip Off man)
Yo I just wanna know one thing (What's that?)
You ready to get that dough (No doubt)
AIGHT!!

[Chorus: Canibus + Pakman]

We be the rippers that'll bring if you act shady
After we fry you, we puff a blunt and then it's gravy
And you can keep her cuz we don't care about ya lady
Iiiii've gotta get that dough! AIGHT!!

[Canibus]

Aiyyo it's only a handlefull of rap critics
That every had a close-encounter with this rap wizard
You wack rappers can't rip it
In other words your lyrics are to primitive
You need to be more descriptive
Look at the way I flipped it, a True Hollywood Story
I manipulated this miserable music business
Then I caked off two, by going independent
How much you make an album? About ten cents
I make about ten cents, every sentence
It's my third album and I'm workin on my tempence
I don't brag; I'm keep it modest
I'm ain't hot; I'm the hottest
I'm not being pompus, I went through a process
I used to be a prophit, now I make profits
You sound like garbage, one of these days you gon' end up jobless
Pushin a shoppin cart with the same Cristal bottles
you was drinkin out of when shit was poppin
I seen a episode on VH1 Documents
They talked about your drug addiction and what was behind it
The bottom line is, how much you sold
No one gives a fuck if you blow, you gotta get that dough
I'm tired of niggaz talkin about it, but I can't live without it
I'm stuck if I ain't got it, so what's the logic?
Should I talk about material objects, and get on some
"How you like me now bitch," wearing a shiny outfit?
(Nah Bis, don't do that come on) Yeah, I know, I know
But no matter what I do I'ma get that dough, fo' sho'!

[Chorus x2]

[Pakman]

When I get at you niggaz, ain't nuttin personal I gotta

Everything you spit, I'm predictin it's double copper
You the type of nigga to force a nigga to rock ya
Always got ya'self up in the middle of the drama
Frontin for nothin cuz ya niggaz told me you pussy
Need to get smarter and try to holler at the rookies
Fuck with Canibus & Pak and get that ass a coffin
FUCK what you thinkin faggot, we rippin niggaz open
Now is a new day and we be focused on the paper
Still'll get in you but the feeling for dough is greater
Piling with hate and you need to holler at the maker
If you don't do it now, then you gotta face it later
Don't even think about tryna dim a nigga shinin
You gon' fuck around and get slapped up with the iron
Everything we do is connected with gettin paper
And you ain't talk about it, so nigga I'll see you later

[Chorus x2]

[Canibus]

If ya know where ya comin from, ya know where ya goin
I wouldn't doubt myself, not even for a moment
I'm proud of my music cuz it's dope and I wrote it
True Hollywood Stories opens in October
Directed by none other than Canibus for a coper
It's no stoppin me, my commodity is growin
I'll fly anywhere on this planet to promote it
Maybe I should come out with my own line of clothing
I printed up some Canibus shirts and I sold 'em
I jump on stage, and I prove I'm a showman
Can-I-Bus is a microphone omen
I slam it when I'm done to make sure that it's broken
The industry's sick, man I'm already knowin
Never had the luxury to choose, I was chosen
Where I come from, opportunity is golden
Platinum I already sold it, NO SHIT!!

[Chorus x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"R U Lyrically Fit?"

(feat. Luminati)

[Canibus]

Get ready for the Luminati tsunami

[Lou]

C4 *[?]*

Eat meat raw

Street dawgs

Rip these off

And put C's on

Had to ease off

From a show I just peed on

Bought a two-seater that I put 10G's on

Beat her

Cause she took my mother fuckin ring off

She took me to Supreme Court

And the judge got screamed on

They sent me up North

To a prison with a *[?]*

All day long

Lift weights we *[?]*

Meet King-Kong, Big Don, and Little Shawn

Murda One got big arms

He real strong

Beat his own mom 'cause she stole from the weed farm

Word on the streets

Raw

Don't beef with Armstrong

Wrong season

Lou crush anything he breathes on

Pass me the paper and pen

And put beats on

Rip rap songs

[?]

[Canibus]

Yo!

You mess with my horse

You dead as a corpse

Forget it

Rhymes without ending

With infinite lyrics

Fools you do get abused like broads

In a battle for truth with rhymes and metaphors

When my horse appears

Count your prayers

Stab you in the ear

Then pull out the spear
Watch the crowd cheer
Leave the floor wet
With all the blood stains
So the audience knows
The Canibus runs things
I rip down stages
On many occasions
Dozen of broken down mics and melted tape decks
Everywhere I go niggas wanna rob me
Bootleggers be in the front row
Trying to get a clear copy
So take caution
Cause I'm a horseman
And I'll snatch that ass up quick like "turn it off man"
So just acknowledge
The way that I'm gifted
Cause if rap was a felony
I'd be in prison
Hogging up the phone
Cussing at the C.O's
25 to life
With no parole
When battling me
You must be feeling yourself
I rip the jacker so hard
He might kill himself
Like his name was Todd or James
Back in the dark days
It's like a pit bull getting bit by a Shar-Pei
I defend my horse, my men, my friends
My baby's momma
And my offspring
So bring it on then
So I can show you how I devour
Niggas like a rottweiler with acidic saliva
Step ya shit up
Nigga
The rippa's much iller
Cause when I write rhymes
I use the mind to pick the pen up
Most artists are garbage
No skills
They belong in a landfill
Nobody feels it when the grab the mic (let me hear something else)
And start bragging about their massive ice
I can't eat MC's 'cause I lost my appetite
I'm a beast
You a midget
With wack lyrics
Like doctor evil said (quiet, shut up, zip it)
I rain superior
My metaphors are scarier

Non-ill rappers
You better evacuate
Before I exfoliate your face
With abrasive phrases
To give your face a face-lift
Germane spits insane shit
So stop hating if you cant applaud me
And give rap music the glory

[Lou]

'C' - True Hollywood Story

Canibus Lyrics

"Ya Teef Iz Yellow (Skit)"

(feat. Pakman)

YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW

I never thought that it could come down to this
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
it's a subject that I just can't resist
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
You got jokes, but this one here is for you
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
here's a list of things I think you should do
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
As yellow as some pineapple punch
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
they got that way because you don't brush
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
It's too late for that, toothpaste won't be enough
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
you probably got gingivitis in your gums
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
How you smell so freely showin' ya teef
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
if I was you, i'd go and get them shits bleached
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
You need to start buyin toothbrushes by tha threes
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
did anybody ever tell ya they look like straight cheese
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
Mustard yellow, soon they'll be green and brown
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
you totally disgust tha people your around
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
I must admit, they nasty as fuck
YA TEEF IZ YELLOW
God forbid somebody drink out your cu

Canibus Lyrics

"Luv U 2"

(feat. Pakman)

[Chorus]

There's a reason why you keep callin my name out of the blue
If it's because you love me, then I love you too
We heard it through the Grapevine and now we know it's true
Just tell me that you love me, I'll say I love you too

[Canibus]

Yo yo, I love my life; I love my wife
I love my daughter; and I love my mic
If you love me, I love you, I'm humble
I won't do things to bug you and start trouble
If you want an autograph, I'ma sign it
I don't care if the plane's leavin and I get left behind it
I'm not that simple-minded
If I had the time, I'd probably type it, or get Stan to write it
You don't shower Canibus with kindness cuz he's the nicest
You do it cuz you genuinely like him
Sure I'll talk to you in private
You might get backstage tickets or ice cream for your politeness
Shake my hand if you like Bis
But you can give me a hug if you got love, try it
Extend ya arms around me, then bend ya arms
Spread the love, a virus created by God
I'm really speakin from the heart cuz I'm touched by you
And I'm glad that you love me, cuz I love you too!

[Chorus]

Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out that you got love for us!
Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out that you got love for us!

[Chorus]

[Pakman]

Yeah I know you got love, when you see me you wanna hug me
All excited, hoppin around like the Easter Bunny
I'm like a puppy, all I wanna do is lay down and cuddle
That's why I'm happy that you could finally say that I love you
Nothin wrong with showin feelings to me, cuz I'ma G
And so I can tell you overwhelmed by the way that you breathin
Know you ran up here to see me, wishin that you could be me
Callin people at home while they watchin me on the TV
I'm a household name, with the power to spit flames
Then I flip and give the children somethin they can get with
You love me, then why you got that look in ya eye?
Why every single time you see me you be actin surprised?

No it ain't all for nuttin somethin got to be somethin
And I ain't givin you no paper, so you got to be frontin
What was you doin at ten shows I tore down overseas
And it's funny how you was at the album signing in Queens
Ain't hard to tell you lovin anything connected with Pak
And once I recognize I be the type to give it back
Don't try to fool me, been doin this, I'm no dummy
On a mission to get it, and I'm winnin, you gotta love me!

[Chorus]

Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out that you got love for us!
Ah-ha, ah-ha! We found out that you got love for us!

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Box Cutta' Blade Runna"

[Helicopter flying, and Pilot talkin]

"Record Industries most wanted: Rip The Jacker:"

Wanted for the '98 slayings of several rappers
One of which went on to be a successful actor
Here's the reactment: He called me at my mans crib
The phone probably rang 2 times then I answered
He sounded really amped up, he tried to scare me
He told me that Def Jam wanted to ban me
And told me Trace at the label wanted to bang me
Damn I wanted to get in her panties, she was scared of me
Canibus hates the media and the magazines
They have so much credability to elaborate schemes
Internet chatrooms with live feeds of a rapper
Being eatin alive by La Peez
Sound barriers like the Lockheed even without means
I run a course rough Terana Mach speed
Thats a rhyme from like 9-3
Thats vivid in the mind, as pictures with 600 DPI's to a sheet
If I'm high when I speak the knowledge is deep
Silent as concrete this is real hip-hop for the streets
I never leave any witnesses, its rediculous
They serve me court papers in the studio I did this in
Missin from society, because they lied to me
They didn't want to accept my documents in society
I study with hundreds of scientist and science teams
And various Ivyleagues, they respect my asteam
What do you want me to rap about? Go ahead try a theme
Gimmie a person, place or thing I'll create the time and scenes
Somewhere in Afghanistan, U.S.A survival teams
Keep a eye on their surroundings and the Jihad Rageam
I total riot scene, back and forth they encrypt fiber optic beams
On my album out next spring
You motha fuckin right nigga I'm about that cream
I promissed my self I wouldn't shoot it without that scene
It doesnt look right like Cash Money without that bling
Siblings, I mean we all got the same last name
Jermaine Williams, thats my name
Say it again Jermaine Williams, Danggg
I think he goes by the name of the Canibus Man
And occasionally Rip the Jacker but never Stan
Get it through your head and don't ask me again
Box cutter, blade runner nigga rap till you sweat
Have you ever read the book called "The Catcher in The Rye"?
It so happens I'm looking for a copy I could buy
Canibus is comin for ya'll round day outside

Round day outside, round day outside
Alotta ya'll shine, but ya'll cant rhyme
And its about time that I put ya'll in line
Twist your mind with twisted rhymes
As weird as Michael Jackson's nose from the side
Flows that'll buy the quite bow for the times
No need to hide your freinds are all associates of mine
Don't be a stranger come over some time
I got coke if you do lines, you get a Rover to drive
If you hear the engine knockin, just pullover to the side
I guess it hasn't been serviced in all this time
Halloween: True Hollywood Stories release date
We should have a who wants to battle Canibus sweepstakes
Limited to three states
New York City: home of the greats
Philly and out West piece-a-cake
Old school rappers, I wouldn't be around without
Ain't got shit to say but keep puttin albums out
Don't let what I say get you upset
Box cutter, blade runner nigga rap till you sweat...

Canibus Lyrics

"Draft Me"

(feat. C-4)

[female newsreporter talking]

"Also the, hearing from the defense department that they launched
some fifty Tomahawk cruise missiles
Not only from ahh US ships but also from British
submarines in the area"

[Chorus: x2]

Draft me! I wanna fight for my country
Jump in a humvee and murder those monkeys!
Draft me! I'm too dedicated to fail
Justice must prevail (Justice must prevail!)

[Canibus]

Yo, I wanna get drafted, I wanna see somebody get they ass kicked
with standard military tactics
Fuck brass knuckles, I'll punch you with brass fists
Totally flowin with my emotions in my moment of madness
I'll wake up the whole barracks, murder you on your mattress
And look at you like, "What's the matter?"
You better go back to your bed, before I have to act up
You might be the next one to get ripped you jacker!
You better not tell the captain
I might accidentally shoot you with the mack 10 at target practice
Runnin through the obstacle course, up and across
Over the logs, five more, damn soldier you strong
Come on, I wanna be agile and docile
Break ya legs like popsicle sticks, put you in a hospital
Stand over top of you, put a pillow over your nostrils
and just feel so sorrowful
It doesn't make me feel powerful, it's just a parable
It's just a rhyme really none of this is tangible
So don't ask me about it, I won't get angry at you
And before I get angry, I just won't answer you
You better go get in shape or lift some weights nigga
Cuz next time I see you I'ma be a ape nigga
Lemme find out you still callin out my name
I'll crash into your tourbus with a plane nigga

[Chorus: x2]

[C-4]

Fuckin with my freedom, leave a muh'fucker bleedin
Leave 'em in pain like a infant when he teethin
It's huntin season, and ya loved ones grievin
Cuz I never back up (no sir) I never back down
Ask Brown (Ha!) From the bell to the last round

Face down, dick in the dirt, hit 'em where it hurt
Make the enemy my lil' bitch in a skirt
Cuz when it rained it poured, this ain't a game it's war
One goal, one aim son, same as yours
Alotta pain to endure, terrain to explore
And I'ma hold my weapon right cuz I was trained in the Corp
You don't want no trouble, whole city reduced to rubble
And we gon' make it happen, quick, fast, and on the double
Draft me!

[C-4]

So y'all best go get y'all shuffles!
(Draft me) The situation's gettin ugly
So who better butt me, and put to sleep the enemy
Draft me, pass me, the M-16
Give me a buzz cut, ask me if I give a fuck
I'm comin out blastin, military four-fashion
Twelve close castin, for weapons of mass-distraction
Outlastin, all the privates in my company
Fightin for my family, and the cats that grew up with me
My Band of Brothers, rarely just smother the enemy
Razor blades cut ya face and leave a scar so you remember me
Lurkin, to leave y'all with bloody red turbans
Screamin "Jihad!" while y'all pray to a false god
We ready for, all out war, it's time to settle the score
Grab a .44 and dump into nigga's door
Draft me, you ain't even gotta ask me, I'm ready
With the Rambo machete, using tactics that's deadly
Draft me, I swear to God, we ready for the Taliban
Drop the bomb, and huddle with some nuclear laws, come on!

[Chorus: x2]

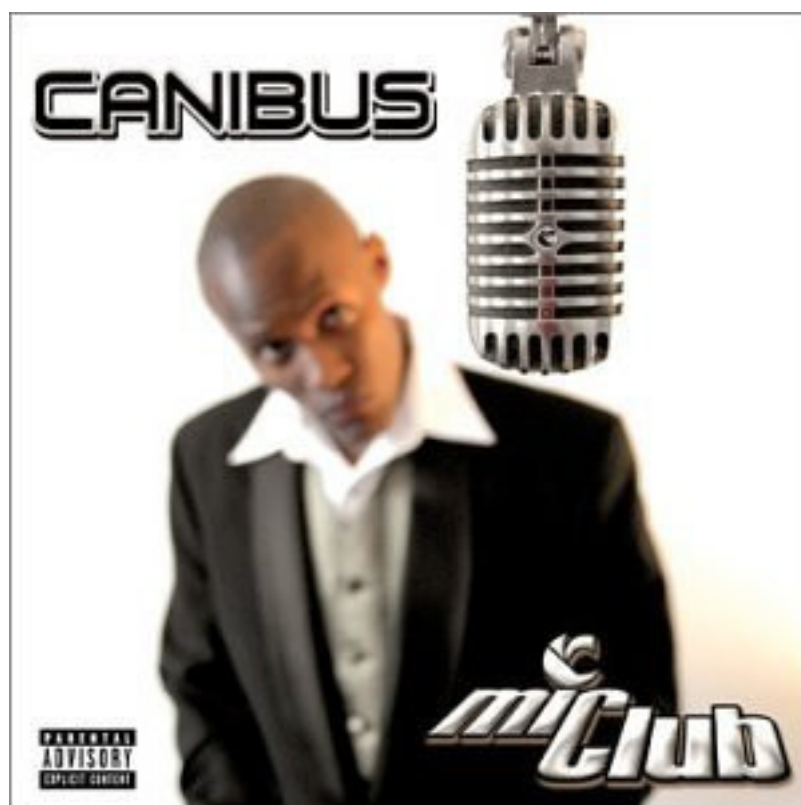
[Canibus as Stan]

Truthfully, I wouldn't wanna go to war if they asked me
I'd rather puff hashies and talk about headies and Lassie
I was just sayin to Canibus last week
I heard a record called Channel 0 that was mad deep
When I'm overseas I can't eat, the food is nasty
Bis has a seafood fancy, I'm allergic to crabby
G'head draft me, your all in my new family
I'll have a good time wavin gats at the ???
If I get hit, one of the team'll carry me
So g'head draft me, g'head draft me

[Chorus: x2]

[George W. Bush talking]

"The only way to pursue peace is to pursue those that threaten it
We did not ask for this mission, but we will fulfill it..."



Canibus Lyrics

"Mic Club Intro"

[Canibus:]

Hahahahaha

Enter the Mic Club, this is where it all starts
MC's defend their honor at all costs
Cycle of winners, this ain't for beginners
Front and centre, state your name and your business
When I pass you the mic, you better burn it
Don't be squirmish, you want respect? You've gotta earn it
This is where we define purpose
How much heart lies beneath the surface?
What's hidden behind the curtain?
Besides tight verses, nothing in life is certain
If you live as long as your words, you make life worth it
Writing rhymes give me a buzz, I do this for the love
Welcome to the M-I-C club...

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate"

Yo, Houston to Earth
Watch the ripper crucify you with verse
My urethra to ya uvula, quenches your thirst
Put your flames out with dry desert dirt where leopards lurk
Lock your soul down with an esoteric weapon search
Strap a bomb to one of your labels record clerks
And activate it as soon as they get to work
Ring the alarm, red alert, nigga it gets worse
Bypass security networks with select words
Megahertz make nebulas reverse till your head burst
Call the press first and ask them who got the best verse
Give me the respect I deserve
If you are what you eat, it's obvious I can't eat what I'm worth
Yall niggas eat pussy and burp
The other half of yall suck dick till your jaws and ya neck hurt
When you address me nigga end your sentence with sir
Critics went beszerk they aint even heard my best work
See I broke into the mind by
Quietly goin by their eardrum walls and hotwired they skulls
Yeah I earned the name Canibus, but what did it cost?
Battle rappers nothing but a serendipitous whore
Niggas probably like, what da fuck he dissin him for?
Yeah he dissed me first but you was never informed
I'm one of the top five nigga, my shit is tight nigga
you heard it right nigga, I rock mics nigga
But the limelight isn't where I belong
The top four don't even look in the mirror no more
If they did I'd be in the mirror looking back at em, ready to grab them
Kidnap them, and put them on my album
I rip jackers, Rip the time space fabric
Loop the future with the past tense looking for patterns
Eradicate Africans that sold Africans to Saxons
and forced black men to pay taxes
Attack a wack bitch with counter tactics
Split your bullet proof chases in half with a rapid gatling
Keep firing at cha till you trapped in
Now come back and scramble for helicopter extractions
While I'm back and forth back braggin
How I tortured them faggots and stabbed them with rip the jacker daggers
Slay dragons with old passages from black magic manuscripts
I found in the cabinet written in Arabic
Translate to characters one by one, like Arafat tarot cards suggest
I make terrorist threats through your stereo sets
Various anthrax carriers sendin serin to the press
At an imaginary address, Cani's the best
Untraceable, your pictures unpaintable, canvas thats wet
Let me dry you of wit some of this fire I spit

26 years old nigga look how I spit
A microphone fiend since I was like fourteen
My Cuban uncle used to sell cocaine, OK?
I'm reloaded, you fuckin wit the wrong emcee
Crudes felt your cold disease to the whole industry
Potent as Hennessey that was distilled in Tennessee
One shot scrambles your memory indefinitely
Nowadays a hundred bars aint impressive to me
You stepping to me nigga do it intelligently
You wanna battle or you wanna fuckin wrestle wit me
You aint better than me, you just got an obsession wit me
Canibus hybrid, the cake icing of rhyminingness
As I grow older I get colder like the declining
Climate of earth's environment, I'm entirely tireless
Rhymes come from my higherness of wireless dialect
Scientist on cyber speed design my specs
Astral project, therein height in secs, chakras connect
Doctors inspect what they can't possibly interpret yet
That's why they revert to threats
They curse and throw fits
They like immature earth cadets, looking like Captain Kirk in a dress
Lyrically I step on you, rip on you, then I defecate what I just digested on you
I'm better than you, I'm better than you, I'm better than you
Just to get the checkered flag I'll put the pressure on you
Put the extra effort on you
Write a motha fuckin letter to you and your editors too, threaten you
Detective check your mail and your messenger to
You can take this verbal slashin that I left as a clue
Execute the type of wickedness the devil approves
Which basically means I can do whatever witchu
I'm a rap music mutant, wit a cool name
Misconstrue fame but I spit butane
Blue flames out giant CO2 tanks
Demagnetize memory banks, enhanced, advanced
One of a kind like modern man's retina scan
Quick as a glance and flickers from kerosene lamps
What you want me to break first your jaw or your grill?
What type of spit you want from me sparkling or steel
Study law, yield draw up my own deals
So the longer they resist me the stronger I feel
Spread the ganglia from Tanzania to the flats of East Anglia
Give up, you cant keep up
The man eater in a wife beater
Spreadin Typhoid Fever through mic receivers with light reverb
Type in the right keywords, I might emerge
Takes a really nice nigga to excite these nerds
Niggas wanna see the gully in me, keep fuckin with me
Never under pressure, I keep the pressure under me
Bun?? Or weed, drop a freestyle on the internet then watch niggas burn the CD
Upload a picture of your mug getting DP'd
I'm one size away from 13, believe it she p'd
I'm the illest and its gonna be that way for eva
Word of mouth is good but a mouth of words is betta nigga

No body gets sicker than the ripper!!!!!!!

Canibus Lyrics

"Master Thesis"

This is the master thesis underneath the deepness
Come to micclub.net where you can read this
Run a plot on a map hyper space 'ya
From the society for scientific exploration
Color is vibration, vibration is sound
Sound resonates through the mouth check it out
What I say vibrates no less than 9 ways
South, South East, West, south west, east
North, North east, North west
And the black and white images fade
To great sound waves
Track my adversaries like a mouse in a maze
With a bewildering array, of lyrical display
The best of Bis oftenly rearrange
Moto atomic elements, with a deft intelligence
The highest professorship, my English etiquette
Compels me to not say it if I can't spell it bitch
My circularised 3rd Eye, sees all
Atlantis was surrounded by 4 sea walls
I read one-fourth of the Library of Alexandria
Before it was burnt to the floor
I wish I could've learned more
About the shapes of the sacred geometry they used to draw
They were new millennium but Euclidian in form
Ancient in many ways but not nearly as old
Carved from Egyptian gold molded in Assyria
With processed Beryllium by the quintillion
They cooked on symmetrical stoves
With my logo etched above the hole where they inserted the coal
And they barbecued birds to the bone
They burned incense in a Buck Mister Fuller type dome
I talked to Mr. Fuller over the phone
And he said he had a contract to rebuild Rome
Said he didn't want to do it alone
I told him I was busy writing poems
But I'll think about going
The process was slow, and the dough was low
But I took it as the perfect opportunity to grow
Plus I never traveled that far from home
But I heard about the beauty of Sydonian (city of ancient Phoenicia) snow
Neon green grass, statues made from translucent glass
I'll be crazy to pass
I like nigerian Jazz
The blue twilight band
That plays tunes from a laser black sax
It sounds so laid back
It helps me relax

I brought the album after seeing K-Pax
Ooh how I miss my nautilus
I was told faren goat and mcdotilus did not exist
You have a modest case of scaphocephalous
I prescribe some neo gothic anti-biotics
Words concocted from the lyrical lock smith
Deadly as 10 droplets of Ricin toxin
From every angle the competition gets boxed in
Its Dr. C indoctrinates his doctrine
Translate the English alphabet
To the omega text
Life is now and death is next
Post bond out on bail from the belly of hell
Communicate through diatonic and pentatonic scale
These dark side tales might affect sales
I set sail and hunt down erect sperm whales
Use the aphrodisiac to get a female
Call ginger tie her up and drink her ginger ale
Grand maryey for me scotch on the rocks for you
Your vocab is smaller than a cup of jewels
In the studio with james lipton
Reminiscing about the script that was written
Before the beginning
All of a sudden the boo's turned into applause
My jaws stronger then the kenenday Macaws
Cant even count the bars
I've expended so far
Don't want to rap no more its been so long
I wish the clock would hurry up and tick
Im out in the bush and the sticks
Humpin a hundred clicks
Dr scholes gave me a good fit
Me and him went to school together back in 86
When I was really ill
Puttin flank energy in a rhyme the size of a Tylenol pill
You wanna laugh now
And cast your belligerent doubt
Show you what poetry is really about
The side affects will make you pass out
Followed by skin rash
Itching diarrhea nausea and dry mouth
You want a time out?
You better spit a rhyme out
Before the community of real mc's die out
College students say to me "you ain't smart"
Record label A&Rs say: "this ain't art"
These are the contents of the covenant of the art
Listen to my chest beat tell me this ain't heart
You gotta be as obsequious
As the Disciples of Jesus
This is my MASTER THESIS

Canibus Lyrics

"Behind Enemy Rhymes"

Behind enemy rhymes, when the curriculum storms
Behind enemy rhymes, when the curriculum storms

It's like this yo, check it out, uh, yo
When the curriculum storms
modern rap history is re-born in cd code in the form of a poem
Anyone who study Canibus past
knows he has to answer the questions you not advanced enough to ask
Super advanced, faculty man, chairman of curriculum class
85% never pass, 10% smile and 5% don't even laugh
When the chalks in my hand and I'm drawin up graphs
I present the contingency plan to the top grads
They probably think I'm on speed I'm talkin so fast
The body of the rhyme is smooth, like body in bath
The Submary is more explosive than a meth lab blast
My symmetrical geometry shatter glass
As my U 2 35 rhyme hits critical mass
Apocalypse now, lyrical raps blow everything off the map
from green grass to African Bayobats
Spike with electro mats, aircrafts crash
CDC's in the streets passin out gas masks
Gorgeous women thank me for the oxygen tank
Baby, the sherrons on my arms will tell you I reign
Maybe I'll become another casualty in the field
They'll ingrave my gravestone with the master steel
The best beats in the world couldn't rival my skill
It's like pourin a couple water on a million beach whales
The french is speakin basics, i should re-iterate this
We rise to great heights by winding staircases
Lines spiral and a french spiral design
When the curriculum storms, Behind enemy rhymes

When the curriculum storms, this is lyrical law
Computer programmed bars come out of digital jaws
This is the toughest course in hip hop so far
Behind enemy rhymes, when the curriculum storms, [x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"Allied Meta Forces"

(feat. Kool G Rap)

[Canibus:]

Yo, the shotee rip, perforate the skin on top of your ribs
Red stuff comes out of squibs like a Hollywood script
Bitch niggaz on the floor screamin' for mommy and shit
Cardiologists hook up the heart monitors quick
Thermometer temperature dips below seventy-six
That's what you get for tellin' niggaz that you're better than 'Bis
Not possible, if I can't pronounce it, it ain't rhymable
The audible probability probably ain't probable
Supreme rap, G rap underground without a roof
Chopper proof, holdin' Hip-Hop for hostage about to shoot
Helicopters stabilize at low altitudes
Talkin' to the negotiator layin' out the rules
In a tight compromisin' loop road blocked with troops
Under orders not to shoot but they break your vertebra with boots
Ten O'clock news flash, 'Bis and G Rap
All points bulletin lookin' for them niggaz in black
Leaned back in an Avocado El-Dorado
Passin' the bottle, speakin' Japanese like, "No me mah show"
She's got a banging body, cold sushi with warm saki
And if I'm rappin' sloppy G's got me

[Kool G. Rap:]

Welcome to my world, danger and hazards
Gang of bastards, bangin' they ratchets
King and the Jacker, slangin' in traffic
Claimin' they cabbage, obtain half, they aimin' for stackage
Get brains from the attic, keep blingin' with karats
Cops see me in Maddox, then let ya dame have it, flames to the attic
The stains on ya fabric, the paint in the graphic
Canibus and G Rap, bangin' a classic
And if that beef on the street - hate you enough
Blow out ya brain in ya casket
Don't you love this drug element?
Where slugs crush ya melon and dome
Chrome that's known to break bones in an elephant
Shotgun pellets and, gunsmoke; smell the scent
Big bullets wiggle ya guts like gelatin
Cut through ya skeleton, knockage intelligence
Bystanders bite the dust
Jake wanna be like a Russian cuffed thrown in that Riker bus
We raised in the slums, with haze in our lungs, raisin' the guns
Knowin' - my day'll come, razors under the tongue
Clips in the steel, bricks in the wheels
Chips in the field of fortune
Dead men walkin' with hits on the grills

Late night at the spot, posted with goons, dope and balloons
Coke and the doom, you scheme?
I'll leave you open with wounds, nigga!
Witness G Rap put it back in perspective
Beat up shit with a dash of the peppers
Get blast for ya necklace
Leave ya brains on the dash in ya Lexus
We up in the club, dash for the exit
Make ya spread 'em out - show you what this lead about
Take it from an old thug, whoever clean cold blood
Believe they bled it out (Yo)
Crave for the war, pop out rages with fours
Hit the jackpot, blazin' the raw - gettin' bands in the pores
Bitches enjoy with dick in their jaws
The frame drank sick of Valor, straight bandit spot
Open up shop, turn the block to "Planet Rock"
Shit with no chop, slept with the glock with the hammer cocked
Servin' the fiends, hop in the Suburban and lean
Look at that don nigga swervin' in Queens, playa
Ballin' a lot, brawlin' for props, callin' the shots
Hit the curb, birds all on the flock
Jockin', like "who that there covered in all of them rocks"
(Giacanna) It's royalty bitch, fall on the cock, recognize one (Ride out)
Giacanna G Rap, that live one - pay homage (God bitch!)
Get it fucked up, I spray comments, nigga what?!
(Nigga what, it's The Curriculum: Mic Club)

[Canibus:]

Yo, e'yythin' is e'yythin' my nigga
I ain't bitter but if I give you the finger it'll be behind a trigger
Faggot ass nigga livin' in a gated community
Up at radio tellin' them what you're going to do to me
I live in the 'burbs
Clean my Winchester every other weekend with the same dirty Hanes shirt
It takes two to tango, three to jump rope
Four to bury the body plus look out for poe'
Yo, I guard everythin' within the limits of my post
My orders are to smoke you if you get too close
The whole Globe is scared of my flow
Spirit world, scared of my soul
Nowadays it's like I'm scared to be known
The methods of my motivation is completely subjective
My perception is completely parallel to perspective
Rhyming is the reason I spit in faces
Habituation of my flamboyance without rational reservation
Whiskey, X-ray, Yankee, Zulu, unusual
Wordologically my syllable position is beautiful
Only respect niggaz if the feelin' is mutual
G Rap snatched the jewels from you; I'll throw them in the crucible
Probably throw you in it too, mix it up and make nigga-stew
If you can't admit I'm iller than you
Baby what's wrong with your shadows, Canibus and G Rap flow
Mothafucka you're 'fessionallin' with the Pros

[Kool G. Rap:]

Know it's, dough over hoes - bankrolls, Rovers and clothes
And shots blow all them cowards and foes
Giacanna proud with the pros, foul mode
We quick reachers, spear with the fearless 'til you drip liters
Flip divas, the big secret on the strip to 'til their tits and beaver
Sip Cris' and sniff coke of the peeter
Yeah we ball big baby, lock off the meter
You should see us, it's movie star status
Scar lavish large cabbage, rip the Pablo Escobar fabrics
Froze the road we chose, not a pretty route, nittied out
Grimey and grittied out, stack dough, jiggy out
Dime bitches behavin' like ya sex slave skizzied out
Some nigga dizzy style 'til he's out, busy mouth
Swerve to the curb, hit the bird split the kitties out
We kidnap for trap - blackmail for a gang a mill
Spot banger himself, fishscale rocks under the fingernails
The blood trail lead to a corpse
Treat my appetite for greed with a torch
For keys to a Porsche, to breeze in the loft
Roll up my hand sheets with the force
We squeeze off, no need for remorse, playa
Forty wild goons, we forty Calhouns
You die forty foul dooms for forty coward moves
Bless sparkle, and spark until my shorty style rules
Giancanna dead? We spread; I'll be a 40 mile tune nigga
What, what nigga? The noble laureate comin' at y'all niggaz
Uh, 40-pound style nigga

Canibus Lyrics

"Cenoir Studies 02"

[Canibus]

Yo the artists come and go, so does the show
So does the dough, nothin lasts forever you know
It's all about the experience and what you take from it
What you learn in the process, what you make of it
Number two in the world at the top of the summit, I loved it
Shoulda packed a parachute for the plummet
Now I'm opening these clips crawlin through mud pits
With guns and hundreds of clips on Uncle Sam's budget
Hundred rifles itself, handcuff Bert Reynolds
To Jim Brown and escape with Raquel Welsh
Isn't my queen lovely? feed her rum of rays
And ice cream, shower her with diamond rings and money
23 hours a day I study
Dreamin about beautiful women I hate you gay teletubies
Dreams keep my alive you can't take em from me
The battlefield is bloody, mean, and ugly
My adrenaline rushes when the enemy rush me
Tryin to bust me cuz I swore I'd defend my country
If I could choose between being lucky and having money
Nothing negative could ever touch me
What must be is ultimately not up to me
But I sacrifice my life for yours if you trust me
Pin my medals upon my chest
So I could left-right-left in a certain death
God's speed and God bless
In the end I hope God is impressed if I'm put to rest
I did what I came to do, no time left
Say my name out the blue cuz I rhyme it the best
Mic club dot net see me live in the flesh
You could come and download every rhyme that I spit
You could pay homage to Rip for one dollar a clip
None of those rhymes is on the album bitch
It's a storage facility where I keep my shit
For the students in the class that wanna peep my shit
Break a bootlegger leg if he leak my shit
You don't wanna sign him bitch then eat my shit
Drink my piss, you could never compete like this
I'ma give you an example how deep I get
Technology not available for purchase
My brains collects, stores, and converts million bar verses
At a stand-off distance of a thousand feet
I illuminate the target and pound em to sleep
To within one micro-inch if you out in the street
I could close my ears and still move my mouth to the beat
Dial-up to your network and make your files delete
Count to three, listen to you browse a beat

Too late, foot already stepped in the feces
Dr. Norton's too sick to help your PCs
Virtually I make your virtual memory freeze
With a weapon of mass destruction double you MD's
I'm a TMC trouble to MCs
Destroy colonies with UCAVs
I send in no less than twenty 18s
Wipe you out before I even get to the beach
With my Trans-atmospheric space based mirrors
Can you write that out without typographical error?
Dumb fucks I'm the best ever whatever
Divide 18 by 6 you get the third letter
From the lowest earth orbit up to the heavens
I bomb y'all wit lyrics of flesh shredders and petters forever
As a spitter I'm still tougher than leather
I had to go underground to get over the pressure
Battle rap from the Renaissance multi-megawatt
Bury you beneath the bedrock on the bed of rocks
I could never get bored
I write about Hugsley vs Wibble Force, fuck writin killer chorus
Copenhagen curriculum of metaphors
Everything from Bob Marley to Tenor Saul
The System of A Down song number 14
I see aerals in the sky when I dream
The end is near I wish it would hurry up
I feel nano-bacteria burning me up
Before I explain in detail
You should examine the Mahr's mineral samples under my nails
Sometimes I wonder who's listening
The auditory Pavlovian conditioning's so sickening
My adenine, guanine, cytosine,
And thymine is really what makes my rhyme supreme
Soon as I hear the beat, bada-bing
You gotta think: a hundred bars...damn, that's a lotta ink
Eventually all of my albums'll be out of print
There'll be a clone for every style I invent
For every line I rhyme intense
For all the time I spent, every word I spit since 96
If you could input at a hundred
I could output way above it, if we in public, I double it
Put this on your study list and go study, bitch
Basically quoting Hammer you "can't touch this"
I'm too assertive and alert for what its worth
My best piece of work is still yearning to be birthed
Class Dismissed
Cenoir Studies from Canibus

[Outro]

There is something mystical, but it's not RARE
and nobody should treat it as though this is something special
that writer's do... anybody--anybody born physically able in the brain
can sit down and begin to write something and discover
that there are depths in her soul or his soul that are untapped

Canibus Lyrics

""C" Section"

[Chorus]

This is the C section
Rippin and wreckin the lyrical legends sendin y'all to mic club heaven
This is the C section
A lyrical legend second to none in this profession

[Canibus]

I spit it exquisite
And rip it minute by minute
I'm in it to win it
You fuckin rhyme with bis you finished
Lyrical menace scrape enamel off your teeth like a dentist
With a senator minister from the executive senate
Pro-gression followed by metaphorical methods
Testing 1 2 3 4 testing testing
Supreme supremacist nemesis to competitors
Predators eat intestines of anything they entrusted in
Slice you like lettuce and celery start seven
Then make a mc salad out of suckas and sell it
For an expensive percentage
With nine tenths of the credit
Drink red bull beverage to increase lyrical leverage
I only give respect to mic club members and my own mentors
In the center of my circle where I dare you to enter
This is art imitating life imitating art
Imitating the brain simulating thoughts when I talk
Idealistically I spit for free
The cinography of the rhyme is what balances me
Challenges me
E A six speed prowlers
Superior air power
Fly around us with propulsion that's soundless
Spittin rhymes out by the thousands
Nitro-glycerin tablets under the tongue calm me down a bit
Attitude cynicism and lassitude
Battle you? come on dude I should slap you fool
Spit what I'll leave your lips numb the friction is so sick son
Your children disappear from a trition
Rhythmic high intensity conflict is a given it
Especially if Canibus is doin the rippin
You snippin to clippin in the C-section incisions
With scissors with rubber ergonomic grip for the fingers
Liars for hire with a defense like Jeffery Fygar
And rock it like thugs who work for mic club
Hyped up and tear the mic up my man
Move forward as expeditiously as I can
Ain't nobody in the world like Bis

The nitrous with radio telescopic devices
Same type shit
Facially hairless igogarious Jamaican-American
Lyricist turned microphone terrorist
Airlift me off the front line to my therapist
So I can sit in his chair and tell him how much I care for this
This is what they want this is what they love
To engage in the exchange of ideas and drugs
While I'm in the cut satellite trackin you rappers
With months of food rations beneath the catacombs of Paris
Theories of super-lattice and super-savage
Atomic attack tachometers flash when I punch the gas bitch
The farther I climb the harder I rhyme
You gotta face death and survive to feel more alive
The quality of life is an illusion of the mind
Super-imposed lines look two-dimensional from the side
According to the science of the C-section applied
If they say I'm the best after I die don't be surprised
I C-section the sky let my energy rise
At the moment of truth I know it's definitely my time
As my soul is eased through the sive I'll be grateful because I lived
The only drawback is that I didn't have kids
To C-section my beautiful whiz
And see the resemblance of my face in hers or his
Who knows what the future will bring
It stresses me to think
This mic meant everything now it doesn't seem important
Now I gotta follow orders defend borders
From Maine to California Seattle to Florida
If I could talk to the Oracle I know what I'd ask her
I'd speak to her about my passions
As the hourglasses turn my life passes
I'll just wait till I see the master and I'll just ask him
Forget it that's the future this is the present
A message to anybody listenin to the C section

[Chorus x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"Drama A/T"

(feat. Luminati)

[Canibus]

Executive Order 11002

The reason you know me but I don't know you
You really wanna know what drama is let me show you
But keep in mind this is just one point of view
Drama is livin' in a 3rd world country
Fucked up and hungry without no money
Drama is trying to adjust to circumstance
Missing more than one leg or more than one hand
Drama is being chased off ya' land
By a funny looking man in a suit that works for the bank
Drama is what's happening to the ecosystem
And the animals it feeds, from the damage to trees
To rainforests that get destroyed annually
Damn is it just me who cares about the air that we breathe?
Drama is the nuclear threat that we live with
One bomb and everybody's dead that's some sick shit
Drama is HIV statistics
The infected person that you might have sex with, life goes on
But drama is living with the afterthought that maybe you could have prevented it
Drama is imminent, it comes in other forms
The sick pedophiles who support child porn
Never mind the offenders
Think about what the victims go through and what the fuck they gotta' live wit
Drama is the prison population
Some belong there but also some belong on probation
Drama is not being able to change one thing
Cause the system you live in says you ain't shit
Drama is corporate scandal
Drama is a handful of CEO's playin' you for a damn fool
Drama is being a millionaire
But gotta' recoup half the budget from your 10 percent share
Drama is having one too many women
Even though you always need a spare one to swim in
Drama is dealing with your jealous impulses
Learning how to hold it all in with no emotion
Drama is blind devotion
Drama is having your deepest secrets exposed in the open
Drama is having your heart broken
And the person who broke it doesn't even motherfucking notice
Drama is trying to carry a burden all by yourself on your shoulders and it don't exist
Drama is being falsely accused, Drama is the latest news
Drama is what gives people clues
Drama is a tool you can use to distract ya' enemy so they never improve
Drama is the fear of devils and the fear of God
Drama is a long and hard Tech support desk job

Drama is the life of an up-and-coming actor or rapper
Or athlete or building contractor
Drama is a rookie cop calling for backup
The 3 strike perpetrator that's getting tatted up
Drama is the spin zone of a politician
Drama is K-Solo when he said the rhyme did it
Drama is the struggle of change
Drama is inevitable there is no other way
Drama is what drains life force out of you
Drama is negative but drama can empower you
Drama is love, Drama is pain
Drama exists in everything everyday
Drama is the Yen, Drama is the Yang
Drama is the innate nature of man
Drama contracts, Drama expands
Drama is what I am

[Luminati]

Pull up a chair to the aristocracy of commonwealth prophecy
The legacy of generation three isosceles
Logical geometry, illogical melodies
Integrated with memories that mix melodically
Beyond the insight of what a modern-day monkey sees
Get chopped in three for pathetic hypocrisy
False bureaucracy breeds poetic monopolies
Chateau de Trevano is my property
An addict for drama and dramatic oddities
Addicted to bottles of sticky green botany
In a reflection of the split seas you see me in 3D
Tripping off three hits of E
Half-a-tablet for you 2-and-a-half for me
A rappers speech is slurred for eternal depravity
Naturally ignore gravity project astrally
Ascend gradually till the stratosphere passes me
Earth's actually esoterically absent to me
Take a crack at me with blurred clarity - battle me
Spiders crawl outta the skin the six headed beast
Evil beings that wrestle with demons in the deep
Useless to eat 200 pounds of rotten meat
Shrink heads drink black milk collect black teeth
Luminati tribal chief wear it as trophy piece
My women are ornamented with a blood soaked wreath
Like Christmas minus Christ plus the heat
The Ascended Master, leader of all immortal freaks
Voodoo curse on your last and future release
Unleash the worst plague put the world under siege
Till your name is unheard and your face is unseen
Till your just a nightmare of an accursed dream
Tell the supreme to curse your whole team and your unborn seed
Poison your queen like the Furher's last week
In the blood filled streets your a leech
Less than a man a poverty stricken thief with grief
At night you speak to Satan before you go to sleep

Worshipping the flesh like poor pagan priests
Your future's oblique
I command your heart to seize its beat
Thou shall inherit disease, drama and defeat...

Drama... Drama... Drama... Drama

Canibus Lyrics

"Dr C Phd"

Yo, I plan to build a myself a facility before I'm 40
a molecular archceogenetic laboratory
that can analyze complex poetry data for me
even if it was recorded poorly, how extraordinary
I frog leap over awful beats
then I separate rappers by the carbon-14s
to determine the age of anything ever made
regardless of how the outside surface has changed
I put a curse on your name, bombard your brain
with gamma x-rays till you burst into flames
with the scientifically quantifiable megalomaniacal
viable style, it's like trying to ride a bull
let's have a dictionary duel after school
check into me a nice Cedar Sinai room
so I can get sick as the flu, spittin the truth
if you ain't got this album, you missing the proof
prepare for your doom my nuclear rocket plumes
glow against the pale background of the moon
toxic fumes spoil complete stocks of fruits, and foods
burning your flammable boxes and booms
got in the groove even though I'm not in the mood
motherfucker you didn't win 'cause I can't lose
give the fans the chance to choose, fuck you
who's the illest, who's it really up to
rapping fire, you better run for the pacifier
tie you up and drown you in the saliva quagmire
till your oxygen expires and your lungs dry up
'cause you said Bis ain't dope, you a damn liar
disaster for hire over beats by pious
flow like the Tigris, Euphrates, with the Eye of the Tiger
in my iris, Canibus is a fighter
motherfucker, my greatgrandfather was Irish
let's roll the dices, 'll break you like young Tyson
give me the mic man, I don't need no hype man
put a thousand on me, put one on him
i tear off his limbs, throw him in, and tell him to swim
yo I soak that shit and coat that shit in soy sauce
tell the FCC boss, turn that noise off
call Detroit's Mafia Boss
tell him yo, I got a job for you, I want you to bust his balls
Drop him off by Niagra Falls
write my name on a banana and put the banana between his jaws
nobody disrespects lyrical law
I'm the best there ever is and the best ever was
training like a grunt face down in the mud
with blood, sweat, and tears, sucking it up
yo, you wonder where I am right now

I'm probably somewhere on the microphone fucking it up
dead or alive, Canibus will live through the rhyme
to be the illest on the mic is a mission of mine
spittin' divine, you can't get it twisted this time
vocal wit

Canibus Lyrics

"Bis Vs. RIP"

(feat. RIP The Jacker)

[Rip]

Yo, you fuckin' hate me, you fuckin' lock me in the basement
And you still want me to protect you - it doesn't make since
Can-I-Bitch. I supported you like a weight bench
Without me you're defenseless you better face it
You ain't show me love when you was at your apex
Getting paychecks up at the radio with DMX and Flex
Catching wreck while Noreaga was catching his breath
I had to keep the situation in check
Look at the vericose veins in my neck, Jermaine is the best
The industry fucked you, I'm just paying 'em back
What's the matter with slayin' jackers? That's all I've been doin'
Besides talkin' shit I ain't done nothin' to 'em
They just mad cuz when I see 'em I don't run up to 'em
Between me and you, yo you know I run right through 'em

[Bis]

Calm down

[Rip]

Who you telling to calm down nigga, I'm a ripper remember?
I told you not to do "Gone Til November."
But you wouldn't listen. I always had your best interests in mind
I wrote all your best lyrical lines
If it wasn't for me you'd be writin' pitiful lines
On stage if you was tired, I was spittin' sometimes
Nobody knew you bit off my rhymes
I would just be quiet, stand to the side and let that shit ride
But I'm getting tired of having to remind you Bis
If it wasn't for me nobody would've signed you Bis

[Bis]

What?! Man, why you trippin', you know it's a crazy business
You a lying ass bitch and you know it
Group Home was part my company, I co-owned it
If its one thing I learned in show biz
Stay focused and don't quit Rip
Why you talkin' 'bout old shit?

[Rip]

Germaine, you fuckin' water brain
Don't you understand, fuck the mainstream
You should just call out names
The industry's all about game
I shit on 'em all the same
And I leave spit stains on their brain

Like liquid chocolate spilling over their new white trainers
Insane is an understatement, I'm Satan
Canibus is amazing, I don't know what the fuck Germain is
I just know that both of y'all are trying my patience
I don't give a fuck about a beat, I've been rhyming for ages
Rippers are dangerous. All jackers are afraid of us
You wanna face me Bis? Kick a rhyme!

[Bis]

That's ridiculous

[Rip]

A'ight then, listen to mine
I jump in a costume impromptu just to rob you
Put the nozzle to your eye ball and tell you what not to do
Rip your tonsils out through your nostrils
Bury you next to shark fossils
Make it impossible to find you
Depths that Jacques Cousteau himself wouldn't dare to dive to
With goggles, oxygen bottles and Doppler effect modules
Lock you in a time capsule, smash the console
Shit on you in reverse and suck you in a brown hole
Suck the power out of your soul
You're nothing but a coward in the cold freezer with a hour to go
Watching my Casio stop watch, counting it slow
Like drug lords checking to see if it's talcum or coke
I can kill you by drowning the globe
Or I can just spit inside of a hole and put an ounce in your throat
In battles I'm a thousand to no. I silenced the Pope
Do you know how many rhymes I've economically grossed?
No? I thought so
Neither do I
It's a dick between your mother's thighs divided by pi
I'm the sickest linguistically, illicit lyrical misfit, in the business
And probably in existence. What's your consensus?
Study my own syntax statistics since '96
With CPA certified assistance
I made a decision that my standards are above precision
The only thing I can honestly say I love more than women
Are dope writtens. If it ain't dope then don't spit it
Don't be sensitive and get on the defensive
Just practice your penmanship
If you can't spit at high temperatures then just quit
Be careful of the tongue it tends to bend to the left
According to manufacture's specs you'll make a mess
And rupture the blood vessels in your neck fucking with Rip
Got millions of blueprints on zip disk
Stock versions of sick verses that come with conversion kits
With a course every Thursday that teaches you how to burst like Rip
You never experienced work like this, Bitch!
Welcome to the serpentine world where I spit
The world where I twist, the world that I rip, the world where I live

[Bis]

Okay Rip you made your point, I can't out-rap you
You said you was the illest, I would never doubt that too
A lot of these rappers is jealous that's why they attack you
They think you the best, that's why they wanna battle you
At the moment of truth I let you design the tattoos
You are the illest alive. That's a fact that you proved
Just a couple rappers don't want it to happen for you
Raggin' on you like battling is all you can do
You didn't sell enough units to be honest with you
Nobody knows the truth, you got talent out the gazoo
When niggas first heard you it was like "Man on the Moon"
You got dissed by a legend but you damaged him too
So what if the ladies think he's more handsome than you
What happens if the rumors about being a faggot are true?
Look what it's running into
I don't feel like having this discussion with you
I'm tired of fucking with you
Niggas in the game don't wanna do nothing with you
Bussin' with you. Going one on one with who?
They wanna get rid of you. Shit is too lyrical
Headhunters out to get you. That's why I had to protect you
I wouldn't disrespect you as another intellectual
Without you I'm unsuccessful
God bless you
What makes you think I left you or why I'd ever be tempted to?
Ever since my third album I've been mentioning you
I got your name on my arm, I'm representing you
You Rip the Jacker. I would never question you
I respect your opinion as a professional nigga
I just want you to listen to what I'm telling you
What happened between L and you, forget it
People know you won the battle, they will give you the credit
A lot of people don't want to admit it
But I consider it a real privilege
To bear witness to your lyrics and be involved in sharing the merits
I'm forever indebted
I just need you to chill for a second so I can send a positive message
Like Tupac before he left us
The author of the work ethic Genesis
Has inspired me to write the ExeBis scripts
As a constant reminder not to forget Bis
But I've reached a precipice
Remember Rip
You can't rhyme forever, there's always somebody with better shit
I keep you out the public eye for a reason
You're a commodity Rip. Ain't that how you wanna keep it?
I keep your whereabouts secret
I bring bitches to the crib every weekend so why is you beefin'?

[Rip]

Ayo, stop patronizing me
You despise me

All you wanna do is steal rhymes from me
You constantly keep me behind walls of concrete
Lock me in the basement like a fuckin zombie
If I was a priority
You'd acknowledge me
You ain't shit neither, you ain't got no college degree
You can't rhyme without me
Stop smiling at me
Give me the keys to the garage, I need to borrow the Jeep
Get the fuck out my face Bis!

Canibus Lyrics

"Liberal Arts"

(feat. Jedi Mind Tricks)

[Voice-Over]

Once more, it has been done
That in order to save it
You would have to raise the specter again
I am going to tell them the truth
About their ministry of justice
But if we didn't though
It would surely be cause for war!

[Canibus]

Ok its time to get started..
Don't want to but the forces forced me
When it can't category allegory
They translated it for me
U-M-L-O-U-T: Umlaut
That's the reason I bend vowels when I spew from the mouth
Spit threw and out the very grotesque few are best
Burn through vests
Since the university of Budapest
Sitting in a room with a windowless view
Concentrating; looking at you
Freeze frame frozen at the very moment
The wormhole opens
You know Canibus has spoken
The circumference of a third eye so vibrant
To me, Ezekiel's Wheel was just a spare tire
My epithelial genetic fiber was forged in the protoplasmic fires in a black geyser
The explosion can described as a white Iris
When the absolute began, I don't know where I was
I musta just been a piece of micro dust
That's why I the fuck love mics so much
My micro, macro robotic rap flow
The Magna Carta of the entire rap world
Mayflower 2002 Phase 1
Adapt to the press of gravity is laid on my lungs
The theory of communication called cannons
Dissertation with a makeover in camouflage makeup
Light waves bend to the wake of bust
Mics buckle with white knuckles, metacarpals crush
Acid reflux all over your face, you fuck
Grab heart with bare hands,
Squeeze and spray blood
You iller than me? Gimme a call:
W-W-W-N-A-M-I-org
Dear boss,
You mind if I share my thoughts?

Psychotherapy is expensive, can you share my costs?
In a cushioned room with leather doors
Handwriting experts take a look at the letters I draw
Excessive graftedness, there's no space between words
Excessive cross-outs: it must be my nerves
Rhymes that vaporize dis-ablize and destabilize
Pray to God, say Goodbye
Six minutes Vinnie Paz you're on
Lyrically this is the liberty of Liberal Arts

[Chorus]

[Canibus:] Consume Creatine and Create
[cAnibus:] Anemometers analyze air intake
[caNibus:] The H.N.I.C that narrates
[canIbus:] Innate intelligent Interface
[caniBus:] Biogenetic Behemoth obliterate
[canibUs:] Youth on fire, You both bleed
[canibuS:] Micnificently sound Mc
Liberal Arts with JMT

[Vinnie Paz, AKA Ikon the Verbal Hologram]

I'm the god of war,
the resurrector of the horror-core
The carnivore, destroying you wasn't hard at all
I started raw, so the haters could see what could happen
I was Allah while the pagans were speaking in Latin
I'm the origin of science and math
I'm the origin of everything you trying to grasp
Been dying to ask if Jedi Mind is the real
Well I'll let you inside my mind and you decide how it feel
I'm dying to kill
And bring to you apocalypse
I start a lot beef with lots of guns and lots of clips
Fuck the head, I'm aimin right for your esophagus
Hang you from a hook then drink the blood your body drips
I got the power of the lead a fucking shotty spits
And leave you weaker than the mafia that's Gotti-less
With Canibus: get deep like psychoanalysts
Vinne Paz the fucking Hand-to-Fist-Philanthropist

What? Its fucking Vinnie Paz daddy
Yeah Jedi Mind baby
(For the people of the world)
Canibus baby
Let it now be noted
Mic Club
What's the fucking deal?

That here in our decision
This is what we stand for
Justice, Truth and the value of a single human being

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Liberal Arts

Mic Club the Curriculum

Can-I-bus hittin 'em

Rippin 'em

Canibus Lyrics

"Curriculum 101"

[Intro: movie sample]

Claims are being made
That for me go far beyond the available evidence
In fact in many cases are contradicted by the evidence
And that bothers me

[Canibus]

Forensic psychologists, Samuel with the brides
Explains you probably never understand Jermaine
Incoherent speeches, puzzles and pieces
The sub-chemical deepness, suck his clan 'til they screeches
Realms of heaven and hell
Flowing angelic gell strikes with voron leukaemia cells
Demons in hell, they call to me, I scream "what can you offer me?"
They reply "tecnosaucery"
They tell me the meek will never inherit the world
Cuz they weak standin' on two 12 inch feet
I dream Quashee Canonian dreams when I sleep
Peyote leads to snakes with a blood of a priest
In the room where the ceiling leaks and crimps in grease
Where the living eats the dead and the dead reek
Rockbottom transforms human beings to beast
Why the fuck you think we got canine teeth?
It's the optical stimuli of watching men cry
I hope I've got time to repent before I die
Battle me at the beach if the sea is out of reach
Cuz when I speak what's fluid becomes concrete
Like a falcon up in the sky, 10 thousand feet
Lookin' down at you bitches lookin' at me
Fame shift into 45 degrees, I'm too crooked to see
I memorise the books that I read
Suckin' from the breast of knowledge, constantly weaning
Unforseenly a genius without meaning
Try to visualise what happy Houdini was feeling
Handcuffed under water without breathing
Near death on a fatal quest for air
But why should anyone care? He put himself there
His career was based on facing the stares
To take destiny from the hand of the man upstairs
He didn't mind the cold stares he got from his peers
They couldn't tell him where he was goin' or how to get there
It's better to be prepared and fail than be scared
and unsure of yourself and still get killed
Don't rhyme like I used but I've still got skills
More than a couple confirmed kills under the belt
Huntin' MCs like huntin' Elk
Camouflaged in the dense bust of stealth determined his health

I don't do this to anybody except myself
Stuck with motherfuckers like the trophy on my shelf
Fuck the promo, nigga I do this for dolo
Flow from the first album, the 24-0-0
Round the clock launce, I got a cup of coco
When I be a no show with my girl fives don't go
And she give me blow more than 2 times on the row
And I'd rather chill with her than kill you with a rhyme that I wrote
Count how many mics that I smoke minus the gold
Bust dope, my battlin' average higher than most
When I'm on the mic I release fire from throat
If you disagree please do it quietly folks
Anybody better than Bis must be a hoax
Black man NO, what about the great white ho?
What? Man you must be sniffin' the great white coke
Don't you that's like Gary Comb, I'm fightin' a hulk
Still not even quite that close
A great mic fight in ya rubber dingi boat 50 miles out from the coast
What the fuck is the maddness with you
I beat you black and blue, then I give the tablet the true
Better yet I put a tattoo of me on you
A 10 by 10 ceelo go neon blue
The most theatrical MC battle of all time
I rip jackers like you, you know my call sign
Kill a cobra, stick hooker over behovin'
Motorise auto gyros with sycamore rotors
Hydrogen peroxide, gaseous vapors
Technically these words shouldn't even rhyme off paper
In theory, for every soul that can hear me I'ma blaze them
In practical practice my style's even greater
Can't you see what I'm spittin'? Can't you here the difference?
Compared to me you're energetically inefficient
You need ten times the enzymes to process one of my rhymes
You got to rewind every one of my lines
Do you know how to paraphrase?
Do you even understand what the narrator's tryna say?
The climax explodes, nobody can force out of my flow
Figurably the language is too dope
Academic journals print my lyrical quotes
They show parallelism in all the albums I wrote
On any track I come off strong automatically
Whether I write interactive or pass the capacity
Poetry that I spit is autonomous to cliff
written on tablets of clay mortar mix, superb
Truly superb, analyse the words
It's like I'm jerkin ya birds fly above the earth
The Eye of Horus, the miniature tour ride within the giant tourist
With singularity on the chorus I still sound enourmous
Borderline, insanity tryna break you through humanities border
With a new curriculm every quarter
I'm the pawn of the pawner with the secret mic world order
Baptise you with Jamaican White Rum and water
If you got a hundred bars then I know you a warrior

I'll be the one that award ya, pinch the medal on you
Dedicate a song to you, cuz not in autoble
You want a record deal
Explain the lyrical grande unified field so I can test ya skill
Do it in front of the class, chart diagram it and write it in latin
Not spanish god dammit, step back so I can look at it
"da dad dad ada dada", ah what the fuck is that wack shit?
Crumpsy and dumb like a hand with five thumbs
Work for the Mic Club, Curriculum 101

Canibus Lyrics

"Mic Club Outro"

[Canibus:]

[x4: quietly]

This is a favourite short scene of mine
Two famous lines, time flies
Especially when you listen to rhymes
Words become time and time is disguised
Around the world in 80 seconds through a sentence
Experience is the mother of all adventure
Who knows the unknown? Where will you end up?
Question yourself, who, when and what
I tell you this much, it's up to every one of you
Learn from the past or the future will punish you
Power flows to those who remember
Memory comes from words, words come from letters
This is Mic Club's primary premise
We tell history, we don't let history tell us
Mic Club...

[x2: quietly]

Mic Club

CANIBUS
WHO STOPPED YA

MY NAME IS
NOBODY

WWW.MICCLUB.NET

Canibus Lyrics

"Intro / My Name Is Nobody"

[Canibus]

Nobody

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody

What's my name?

Say my name!

What's my name?

Yo

I never rocked wit Nas, I never rocked wit Rakim Allah

I never gave y'all a hundred bars

I never walked among the stars, I never rocked a mic on tour

Never made some groupie bitch drop her drawers

Never had a menage-a-troi, with girls lickin' my balls while I eat em'

Nah, I never done that neither

And I never wore that white wife beater

On the video set with the Lost Boyz and Dogg Pound and smoked reefer

I never had a Source quoteable

I never rocked 50 bar vocals, on Beasts From the East wit Reggie Noble

Never spit wit Keith Murray or Little Jamal

I never rocked on stage at the Apollo at all

To this day, if someone asked me "why were you silver on MTV?"

I have to just tell them it wasn't me

Cause I'm nobody

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Yo, I never been at the Mardi Gras, suckin' on ta-tas

I never been to LA, or crissed to Ya Ya's

I never been overseas

I never been to Amsterdam walkin' right past the cops smokin' some trees

I never had a battle with about a dozen emcees

And simultaneously I brought 'em all to their knees

I never been off the scene to long

Never been totally gone, never appeared on a shitload of songs

I never rocked with Eminem yet, yeah thats true

People'll talk about it from now to the day that I do

But I never made an impact

I never changed rap, infact, sometimes I wish I could take it all back

I didn't sell enough units

I said I was the illest alive, and I didn't prove it

I probably look stupid

I guess I'm nobody

I guess I'm nobody

I'm so so sorry

[Chorus]

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody

My name is Nobody (Nigga I ain't nobody to know)

My name is Nobody (Get it?)

[Canibus]

Yo, yo

It's like the rap community doesn't know what to do with me

What if there was two of me?

What if I persuaded some bitches to reproduce with me

And create a whole crew of me?

Only those that are as cruel as me, can rule with me

I got a secret let's keep it between you and me

And when I'm forgotten, you can say this at my eulogy

You can say this at my eulogy

You can say this at my motherfucking eulogy

Canibus Lyrics

"Stupid Producers"

[Hook:] These stupid producers [x8]

Yo, wassup my main man?
(Yo wassup Canibus?)
What's your name? (DJ R2-D2)
I heard you got beats
(C'mon nigga, I got beats of pain)
Yeah I hear what you sayin, but are they flames?
(My shit is John Blaze)
You got a card or somethin? (Nah)
Put your number on the CD, I'll give you a call or somethin
(It's just, I'm not gon' be here for long)
How long you in town?
(About a week or so)
Where you stayin at man?
(I'm stayin with my manager)
Who's your manager, him over there? (Yeah)
The nigga with the Southpole sweatsuit and permed hair?
(Yeah! I been with him for 12 years!)

Listen don't even trip, I just want some beats to finish my shit
(How you tryin to come this time?)
I'm lookin for some hard shit (some hard shit?)
Yeah, like some Beat Brokers or Mark Sparx shit
(Whatever you want, I can play it Canibus)
Huh, play what?
(The track, when do you want me to lay it?)
Lay what? (See, aight nigga, keep sleepin. I got heat!)
Yo relax my main man I'ma call you, peace
I got back to the crib, popped in the CD
And turned it up loud to see if had some real beats
...I heard somethin I felt
I hit the nigga on the cell to see if it was for sale
Yo can I speak to DJ... (who dis? Canibus?)
Yo I'm feelin tracks 2 and 6
(Those tracks are reserved!)... Whatever
Bottom line: you give me the tracks, I give you the cheddar
(Cheddar? Yeeah!)

We can do it around 10pm (That's too late man)
In the studio off of Lankershim
(Can you come pick me up, nigga?)
At that point, I didn't even feel like answerin him
Stupid-ass motherfuckin producer got me real upset
And I ain't even got to work with him yet
I showed up at 10:30, so I was already late
He showed up after me and forgot to bring his own DAT tapes
He shook my hand with both of his hands
And told me he could play it over again with both of his friends

Yo, as long as I get tracks 2 and 6
I don't give a fuck who really produced the shit
Just DO the shit (Okay, calm down...
You better watch who you beef with nigga, for real!)
When I get back, I want it laid
(You gonna pay me tonight?)
Yeah you gonna get paid!
I'ma leave, jump in the car, speed
Go to my man, get some trees
Get somethin to eat and I'll be back by 3 (Aiight)

[Hook x4]

[Over hook] Will you be done by then?
(It's gonna be fire nigga, trust me!)

Hold up
Five hours later you ain't laid nothin?
Not one piece of percussion?
You mean to tell me you ain't pressed one button?
You think this is motherfuckin pre-production or somethin?
You know we ain't got a budget
Who told you to order lunch, bitch?
(Hold up Bis, you ain't got no love for me?
Your name's Canibus and you ain't got no bud for me?)
You know what? Fuck it, I don't even want it no more
Cause the track you sellin me probably ain't even yours (WHAT?!)

[Hook x12]

"I can't stop these teardrops of mine..." *[repeat till fade]*

Canibus Lyrics

"The Dungeon"

(feat. Kurupt)

[Canibus]

It's like this y'all, Canibus y'all
About to rip y'all with the raw shit y'all
With my hard core raw dog Kurupt
'Bout to blow this shit the fuck up
It's two-thousand B.C., 'bout to take it to
two-thousand A.D
Yea, my mother fucking man Ray on the track
Check it out

[Canibus]

Yo, yo
It's two-thousand A.D.: After Disaster
Fly's buzz around a million rappers cadavers
Never been the type to talk
My ice-grill's like, looking down the wide jaws of a white shark
'Bout to rip off your arms like perforated paper
A hundred times more sharper than stainless steal razors
Shock you with an electrically charged taser
'Till you turn blue in the face, and die from asphyxiation
The stench of a thousand ounces
Grab you by the throat and blow my second-hand weed smoke down it
Don't give a fuck what month you dropping in
I'll be in the Dungeon hollering, 'fuck you and your cult following'
You cum-swallowing transsexual fag
With crabs, and breasts that sag, dressed in drag
Running full-paged ads in the porno mags
With pictures of you with a dick in your mouth and a dick in your ass
Kurupt where you at?
Yea, the Dungeon style

Yea, the dungeon

Yo

Lyrically, I'm bananas
My tongue moves like Hindu belly-dancers performing tantra
I blur your vision like slow shuttled speeds on the camera
Get up in that ass like colon cancer
Brain cells handpicked
Organically enhanced with third millennium medical standards
My D.N.A. was tampered with
By genetic engineers with scholarship grants that stupid in Stanford
Canibus, too advanced for this shit
Turn spit to gas vapour, then back to spit
Your style is one-quarter bull, one-quarter horseshit
One-quarter garbage, and one-quarter nonsense
Make you nauseous 'till you vomit

Like the Backwards Pharcyde video going forwards
As I drink the blood of a thousand emcees
I can tell by the taste of the pulp if they was hand-squeezed
This is Transylvania, vampire mania
You should be afraid of my fangs in your neck draining you
I was made to bust, made to crush
Any mic me and Kurupt touch, turn to dusk
See? I'm as dangerous as they come
Dangerous with or without a gun, I've been dangerous since day one
Rhyme flows explode like pyros
Stick to your ribs like chicken and thick gravy from Roscoes
Get your head flown if you dumb in the dome
Or struck with some stones 'till you feel numb in the bones
You better keep your big mouth closed
'Fore I stick the muzzle of the chrome in that hole under your nose
Send a signal to my index, and tell it to fold
In the direction of my wrist bone to release your soul
I told you to freeze, if I was you I would have froze
But you chose the other route and got blown full of holes
Pistol to your mug, cripple your tongue, rip through your lungs
Write your name on your tombstone scribbled in blood
Give me a little love
There anybody out there that never felt one rhyme that Can-I-Bus bust?
You a liar, liar, pants on fire
Watch the G.O.A.T. with the ghost-writer get slaughtered by a tiger
Seen him in the Pun video holding up his lighter
Smeared his career like doo-doo inside a diaper
My style is sicker than, infected women and men
I'm so raw, I can catch AIDS without sticking it in
Flip and dip like shrimps and scampi
Switch language like a black kid raised by a Spanish nanny
And we do it like that when we in the dungeon
Past the motherfucking mic to Kurruption

Canibus Lyrics

"U Know Who"

You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you
You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you
You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you
You know who snatched the mic from you know who
But let's keep that between me and you

You know who snatched the mic from you know who
I still got a lot of fight in me too
It's the dragon in me, against the tiger in you
It's already around my neck, they want to tighten the loop
Ten steps ahead, twenty steps behind you
Spit a rhyme in your ear just to frighten your boo
Most niggaz rather ask me, 'You nicer than who?'
When they really want to ask me, 'Who's nicer than you?'
The mic on the bicep is the proof, it ain't a lie it's the truth
I'm just doing what I'm [_A_] to do
I'm a two-thousand and two Canibus type-two
Mic guru with gurus and [_B_] too
Modules with blood vessel designed tube and
My mind is moving to rewrite blueprints with new ink
Click on Canibus and choose a link
I abuse how you think, just get off my dick
Rhymes so cold, I spit block-ice
Gotta wear night socks at night, to stop vocal cord frostbite
The R-type I.P.P.E.R. aconite
Burning [_C_] and dark Hip-Hop nights

[illegible]

Canibus Lyrics

"Broke Ass"

Yo

I done been from Jersey to Brooklyn
Done been through Queens where the crooks hang
Done been on tour doing group thangs
'Cause I'm always tasting that pootang
Really love it when a girl got a cute name
Got a cute attitude and a cute frame
Got a big ass butt, breasts, and no brain
Them things make a nigga want to shoot game
Now check it, I done been through a few thangs
Done seen a lot more than some loose change
Always been open minded to new thangs
Been a Hip-Hop nigga since youth man
Beat-box and break-dance too man
Used to do electric boogaloos man
Do Egyptian love with two hands
I remember when I lived down south, yo
In a hot ass one story house, yo
Where the A.C. was always going out, yo
Sometime spend a whole day outdoors
We had a block-party, barbeque
Eating food, in the pool
Music got us in that mood
Everybody act a fool
I'ma tell you like this man
Every night I go down to the city man
To the gentlemen's club where my niggaz hang
Them stripper chicks know how to strip man
DJ's be spinning them hits man
Play the Cash-Money clique and the Jigga man
Them hoes be thick but sick man
Every stripper think a mother fucking rich man
Like Sisqo, the R&B singing man
Think I got a bank account with a million man
Case of Crystal cost about six grand
Bitch better get a less expensive brand
Got to stick to the budget when I trick, man
How about ten dollars for a sip, man?
My whole dance for a ten dollar tip, man
Still waiting on my royalty check, man
How about a rain-check next time, yo?
How about a handful of coupons, yo?
How about tickets to my next five shows
Turn around, let me test that behind, yo
I love a fine ho

Girl, why you trying to get loud, screaming lies

Acting surprised, rolling your eyes
You act like a nigga done committed a crime
You know my elbow just brushed your thigh
Now them guys, twice my size
Trying to throw a nigga like me outside
I be up in this club all the time
But it's the first time that I crossed the line
Damn girl, why you so mean to me?
You know I can't leave, I done lost my keys
Don't throw me out, Mr. Bouncer, please
Let me take the girl up to V.I.P
She was just playing 'cause I'm low on cheese
Look at it, she only got eyes on me
They bloodshot red, so she's smoking weed
You know how these stripper chicks love to tease
I think I left my cell phone back at my seat
I had a couple of drinks and I need a receipt
Follow me to the bathroom to pee
I keep about three G's in my briefs
Damn baby boy, you done ripped my sleeve
I ain't trying to beef, give me room to breath
Why I got to leave, tell me what I done?

God damn girl, give a nigga some love
I'm all out of dubs but I'll give you some ones

Canibus Lyrics

"Get Off Ya Knees"

[Hook]

Get Off Ya Knees!
Change your style cause its time
Nigga's want me to rhyme pre-99
No-one can flow with Bis, Most people notice
But others just won't admit, They can't get over it
Rhymes I been known to spit, Mic's I been known to grip
Makes me the Ultimate, God father over this
I'm just a ghost of rip
A soldier in this show business don't exist if he has no defence
My opponents are so intent, not to show respect
They fret cause I'm a global threat
I'm so hard to catch, a cold with Caleb
I relocate so quick they can't close the net
I expose the press, dispose of the prints
On the loose again nobody knows what's next
My virus infects
Every machine with clandestine speech
Nigga Get Off Ya Knees!

[Hook]

Yeah!
Hip-Hop's habitat, Rip the Jacker's back
This is battle rap, def while I master tracks
I mix ant with thrax in your digestive track
I suggest its wack then I side-step to the back
I kidnap your X, For 10 million franks
Make you shit your pants, you smell like septic tanks
Just respect it man throw a fist in the air
The distance is Near, Armageddon is here
I permeate UN-worldly planes
as they crash in the worlds that trades only my words remain
Altruist Egoist - people are ignorant
what is the meaning of meaningless meaningfulness?
Formulas of primordial audio
40 ohms of euphorial anointed flows
It was written so it shall be told
Get off Ya knees, give me the microphone
Fucker

[Hook]

My man-hood is massive, when it's not flaccid
Bis is real cool when he's not Rip the Jacker
I am modernist, I am complex

Vicarious logic of bodily hardship
Beat your ass till your teeth mash
Sand blast your face blow a breeze past, make you bleed fast
E-K-G's beep fast, Doctors speak fast
For skin graft the patch over deep gash
Give me details, how does meat smell?
After a train derails into a field of gazelles!
Step in the club; turn the crystal in your cups to red blood
Fuck Ya Heads up!
Suspend me from the game don't mention my name
Impossible Can-I-Bus drugs in your brain
Don't be a schmuck
You act like a movie I've proved I'm the illest you cannot dispute me
Get Off Ya Knees

Canibus Lyrics

"Who Stopped Ya?"

Yo, who stopped ya?
Separate the rappers from the actors
The doctors from the proctobiologists
Can't speak with common sense
You got a dent in the medulla oblongata
And lost some skills, five Percent
Imma rock again
How much you wanna bet
Might throw a little fit
Drown you with a little spit
From the USA to Cairo
Took the high road to Mohenjodaro
Cause I'm a pharaoh
If there was no tomorrow
I'd still be the most sophisticated model of wordological babble
The speech is called double speak
For example if I said I was to bust the heat
Till the sky touch your feet
Open your eyes look at the concrete
My name aint Germaine now you got the wrong beef
It aint Canibus neither you got the wrong leaf
You think Hitler's dead but you got the wrong teeth
Like me rockin on another beat, right now
While you still listenin to this one, blah-dow
Being followed by a black cloud
So imma just keep on rhyming and look at the ground
I'll look up if you pass it around
I'm the best lyricist hands down
Motherfucker just look at your hands now
Who stopped ya? Rap tighter than an anaconda
Only one problem my work com sucks
Syllables rush through the position of the teeth and the tongue
Mouth to mic to speakers till its deep in your drum
Speak with the tongue till sounds like I'm speakin in tongues
When I'm done I'll leave you needing a lung
Don't have to get up
Cause I been up
Doin sit ups and chin ups
And an army chin up, I rip shit up
Punch y'all for pair of fist cuffs with fist clutch
When I'm getting my dick sucked I resuscitate sick sluts
Gettin they clits mixed up
Stick a plug in the butt
OK Bis you been explicit enough
Who stopped ya, who stopped ya?

Canibus Lyrics

"My Home Atlanta"

It's that crunk crew, it's that crunk crew
Blackened brothers in that crunk crew yeah

[Chorus x2]

I love my home Atlanta
My red and blue bandanas
My slackin southern grammar
Them sexy go-go dancers
Cadallacs on hammers to braves hogs ballers and bangers
Those marijuana smokers them marijuana planters

I wake up in the morn
Turn my playstation on
Just bought that NFL blitz and that basketball
I be deriving songs
To see what's goin on
I let my hair grow long maybe braid it in the fall
Whenever I get bored
I just jump in my car
I go to Lennox mall and look for independent broads
Sometimes I get annoyed
They treat me like a scrub
I go down to the schools
Maybe I'll get more love
3 pm in the evening
I'm on the highway speeding
My front left tire's leakin
Should have bought a new one last week-end
I guess I wasn't thinking
Up ahead break lights were blinkin
For more than 30 minutes I was stuck in gridlock prison
This traffic drives me crazy
Goin west on 280
Five a bitch almost made me
Crash into her Mercedes
I'm glad I almost missed her
I pushed the clutch and shifted
It was a white lady I'd rather hit a sister
Cause see I know the system
It's easier to trick them
I use my g to pimp em and convince them I'm the victim
Naw baby you hit me
No I was in lane 3
You need some contacts you can't see
Naw girl you can't blame me
Don't panic just be patient
Give the bitch the wrong information

She'll probably never claim it scared of high insurance payments
I love my home Atlanta I love my home Atlanta I love my home Atlanta

[Chorus x2]

The land of pretty peaches
Girls with round features
Make a nigga say good Jesus these hos are dime pieces
Start it off like what's your name
Tell me what's your age
You got a man
Can we be friends
I'm glad you feel that way
Come on and ride with me
I'll take you to that crunk bar where them sharks eat
5 stars baby
bon appetite
I got that shrimp appetizer with that dark meat
If shorty wanna creep
I'll bring her home with me
Just bought some candles and that Carl Thomas cd
Bootleg that Jay-Z
Stole that Outkast
Been had that Keith Sweat
I know how to make it last
Smack that naked ass
You got a big butt.
I ain't in no rush plus she like it rough
Keep your stuff locked leather and handcuffs
And those things you wrap around a mans you know what
That's why I love Atlanta I can hardly stand-up
I'm a heavy drinker
Fix me a cup and sinker
I always love Atlanta
That's why I love Atlanta I love my home Atlanta I love my home Atlanta

[Chorus x2]

As a youngster I was so damn bad
Used to drive up the Ave with no tags
Niggas couldn't see me I was goin so fast
Most niggas catch whiplash and crash
Face all chipped up from the glass
Runnin from the police holdin ass
If I get caught I'll just give them some cash
Most police give me dap and laugh
Other ones pull out behind the flash
Take the night stick and tap the glass
Tell me turn the music on it's on blast
Turn the engine off cause I'm wastin gas
Tell him that I'm lost and I need a map
Looking for a hotel to take a nap
Freenik off so I came for that

It was good last year that's why I'm back
That's when they tried to hit me
His big fist barely missed me
I have my camera with me
I think I'll sue the city
I love this place Atlanta that's why I love Atlanta
I love my home Atlanta I love my home Atlanta

[Chorus x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"Rip Is Alive"

Oh no! He's alive!

Rip the Jacker!

Master!

Please help us!

Please please ahhhh!

I'm the real king of my kingdom
I make my women practice isolationism as soon as I get 'em
Run my world with an iron rod behind iron bars
Enclosed behind iron doors in a small iron box in the corner
Shielded behind fire walls with water doors
Down the gaseous corridor
Welcome to my world of horror
A coroner with an immortal ora
The rhyme slinging highlander ripper rip you to live longer
Get strong every record that I record
Morph my arms into a sword and clothesline you running forward
You can't ignore Bis Mothafucker I started this
As far as artists that spit Canibus is dominant
Hot shit from a lava pit
Studied by oceanographers
At the oceans bottom with rocket ship sound effects
A ripper in the flesh signed in ink, nigga
You ain't ill if you need time to think
You talk shit my personality splits
You get ripped and that's it
A (True Hollywood Story) bitch
In my world Jermaine's gone Canibus is just a Monica
Stay behind to follow up and demolish you fucks
Can-I-bus (Yeah!) now that's what I'm talking bout
Call me Mr. spit shit also known as toilet mouth
Y'all been warned about a million times
I done wrote about a million rhymes since July '85
When I'm writing I'm impervious to fraud
My fine arts verbal collage is worthy of the gods
When I'm 30 years old I'ma quit rhyming
Collect my own catalogue and open up a library
Lock myself in solitary six months at a time
Work at the university and teach sick fucks how to rhyme
Nobody safe nobody say that they great
I'll put a Jacker's whole body in a crate
Trap your soul in an electromagnetic face
Put the crate on a wide-low rider and drive it in a lake
Look in my eyes then look in my face
Nobody's here to arbitrate
Realise its time for your fate

Canibus Presents:



www.MicClub.Net

Canibus Lyrics

"Intro / The Brainstream"

[Professor]

I'm a University professor and so...haha
I'm always a University professor
so the most important people in this room are not us but the students
And I want to say to you kids who've come along
First of all, thanks very much for turning out
And secondly, think about what we're talking about
Because these are important issues
Even if they're not on the test
These are really important issues to you as a human being
And I hope that you won't... won't agree with me... won't agree with any of us
That you'll make your own minds up
But I hope you will think about them and talk about them

[Canibus]

Ay yo
One time for your M-I-N-D
Canibus, this is the brainstream
Two times for all of the MC's
Canibus, this is the brainstream
Brainstream nigga, yeah

[Canibus]

Uh-huh...uh-huh
Yo, Yo, Ayo
I spit so ferocious I can't stay focused
Watch the ambience of the tone switch
When I'm in mic mode, ELF overload
The proverbial verbal toe to toe, foot to your throat
Ding ding get in the ring nigga, answer your phone
Rap so sick the friction will leave your lips swole
Sippin on sour cold sauce syrup slow
Rippin the flow till your face looks like strawberry pulp
Scan your whole area code...call the crib like, "Is he home?"
Tell him to come alone and "click" phone
Spit rhymes and split skulls
Miserable pitbulls leave you with turnakit wrapped wrist bones
From Fort Hood to Fort Green
My metaphors bling, Lord of The Rings, I'm the thorazine king
Hold that... hold this... put the mic down before you catch thumbrosis
You holding a Cris? I'm in your house feeding your fish in your robe and slips
Holding your old ladies tit, frequent visitors stick a dick in her
Supreme lyricist with built antique twenty fusion inhibitors
Citizens scared of the minimum lyrical derivative forty-four curriculum
syllables caliber killing em
Damn nigga, what you think of him?
Feeling that nigga dun!

For real, cause that nigga been spittin for a minute son
They wanna get rid of him, that's why they belittle him on the mic
He ain't human, that's what I keep tellin them
If they don't wanna play him on FM then F-them
He don't care about them, the mic is his best friend
Throw a beat on and bless him
Battle... bring ya best men, XXL X-Men
My rap cracks the thermostat reset the temp at 180 degrees
Please, it's no sweat, all I need to know is where and when
Talk to my agent and make sure the craft service is Jamaican
Record through 32x lense, right brain connect with left hem
The REM is high res, my surveillance disrespect feds
Anti-social, dyslexic, doing CAT Scans at the pet shem
The MC mourtuary endorser, mortifier turns the audience to dismembered corpses
Slap bootleggers with a novelty tax, enforced by the Rap Coalition Poverty Act
Black balled, but whats it feel like not to be black?
Universal got my stock, I want my property back
Spit hard and never got a dime
Spit the hottest rhymes, in modern times and still got ostracized
For the intelligent community that reads my lyrics
What I've writting deserves a legional merrit
This is the precarious position of a rap star dead serious
With hilariously bizzare, share your verses with the gods
R-A-W-W-A-R, flow for 108 bars, I took nothing and gave all
Yo, look up in the sky
A burning star quasar when I rhyme
Artwork of an undetermined design
I still shine quoteables of an uncorrodable kind
Lightning bolt struck the pen and I wrote a few lines
The brainstream will be back online in due time

Brainstream Nigga!

Canibus Lyrics

"Got Bitches?"

[Canibus - chorus]

Got bitches

Yeah

Where can I get em?

Right ova here my nigga

Mad bars no edit no redirect

Just hot shit niggaz never spit

Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

Got bitches

Yeah

Where can I get em?

Right ova here my nigga

Mad bars no edit no redirect

Just hot shit niggaz never spit

Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

[Canibus]

Hot lyrics loop the beat and rock wit it

Go head slam the door in my face ill lock smith it

My box cutter blades rip it

Toxemic the loop is out for lyrics when we out for fire spit it

Put a high speed on the electrons limit light like quick googol bowlers

Hitting the wicked get jig

Fix my aperients take you to Paris

Cook diner on a taros for you and your parents

First impression what they think of me

Don't they like legume

Won't let you commit to me

Tell them that you're live with me

Tell them I dig you out diligently

And you thinking about giving up anything just to have twins with me

Turbo 911 98 degree weather engines winned as I push the leather

Pin you to the leather I can prove I can love in 3 seconds

So let me pull over and check your P.S.I presser

[Canibus - chorus]

Got bitches

Yeah

Where can I get em?

Right ova here my nigga

Mad bars no edit no redirect

Just hot shit niggaz never spit

Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

Got bitches

Yeah

Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

[Canibus]

New and improved updated sex pistols
Clamp your nipples
The betty ass sample
Leave your kidney crippled
Cherry pickle lift you flip you like a nickel
Scream and stay word girl I'm a keep wiping you
Eyes wide shout that word it's a dealy yo
At R Kelly show showing his home amateur video
Produced by a pinto at the house
The custodian of recorders is me not Mari Cabal
The best job in the world
Besides touring around with Jagged Edge
With something whole coroner round
Rhythm & Blues get all the kuch kuch
No doubt and when I'm singing R & B this is how it sounds

[Canibus singing]

Young lady you look so fine I cant turn my eyes away the way you look in the launderette and a...

[Canibus - chorus]

Got bitches
Yeah
Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

Got bitches
Yeah
Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

[Canibus]

She wanna make it in her mouth
With the ta ta busting out show her what's love about
Spend the budget and bounds
No one would know she is going down south it don't count
Cause I never met a striper that respected her spouse
Beat her ass as soon as she steps in the house
What she a spec
She kissing him with D.N.A we left in her mouth
She blaming it on the drugs and the vine

Club seen is obscene I told you umpteen times
You want to be an actress
Why you proud of her haven't shit change but the dick sliding in and out of her
Ain't nobody looking out for her
The appointment with the casting coach counselor is really just about a nut
Aint no photographer taking no snap shots of her
With no car board cut out camera for 20 dollars
Why that bitch telling you she got the part
She got spit starch on somebody's boxer shirts you heard

[Canibus - chorus]

Got bitches
Yeah
Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

Got bitches
Yeah
Where can I get em?
Right ova here my nigga
Mad bars no edit no redirect
Just hot shit niggaz never spit
Apply for brain stream, you don't need credit

Canibus Lyrics

"Horsemen Enforcements"

(feat. Kurupt, Ras Kass)

[Ras Kass]

Killah Priest, Canibus, Kurupt, Ras Kass
Horsemen. Enforcement
MATRIX, NIGGA!

[Kurupt]

We, reconstruct (horseman)
Re-decompose, disassemble
The thirteenth member
Around the compound of 15 soldiers
Lead by four to start off the war

[Ras]

FEE, FI, FO, FUM! I smell the blood like Nosferatu!
Inhale invisible death like CO2
Slum you, your label mates, and your CEO too
See we know you, nigga, IOU

[Kurupt]

Cockin the heat, miser, feel the heat, dunn
The elite and street sweep
Pop hollow chrome, holla
Separate your collar-bone, marauder
Neo alotta[?], the anointed, don't get pin-pointed
Yeah, you bout to spread, we comin for head
Horseman, headless
The tactical tech technical technique torturous technician!
Hybrid, the virus spread miles around
Miles and miles, bodies found in piles for miles

[Ras]

You niggaz comedy with that gangsta rapper rap
That shit's comedy like Bernie Mac doing Beanie Sigel fuckin rap
Like magic how funny niggaz disappear your fame
Damon Wayans vs David Blaine
Tuck your chain (hell in a hand basket.... fight back...)

[Chorus Ras]

Kick in the door wavin the 4-4 (what?!)
To hit these niggaz with these ill metaphors (what?!)
Forever raw, forever love that hardcore (what?!)
Horsemen, bring the World War Four (what?!)

[Ras]

We run these concrete streets, sportin cleats
Ain't nothin sweet (faggot!)

That harocyglemic[?] rap is weak!
I swing machetes and chop niggaz legs off complete
Glue your ankles to your palms:
Meet the agony of defeat (the feet)!

[Kurupt]

You can't push me, believe it
I bash niggaz til they paraplegic
The source, the force, the flame!
The inner duct, the powder, the outer, the frame
We the horsemen, fuck the game!

Canibus Lyrics

"Here 4 Free"

[Female #1]

Girl! Look over there...is that Canibus?

[Female #2]

I Don't Know

[Female #1]

It looks like him

[Female #2]

I think it is

[Bouncer]

Is your name on the list?

Who you here to see?

[Canibus]

I don't think I'm on the list

I'm just here for free

[Bouncer]

You got a video out?

You got a platinum LP?

[Canibus]

Yo why does that matter?

I just came for free

[Bouncer]

Alright Bis

Let him through

[Female #1]

Where's he been?

[Canibus]

Damn girl look at you now, huhh

On T.V.

With that pretty smile, huhh

Truth is I miss you and I wanna tell ya

But I ain't got no numbers, email, or nothing

You know I seen you at the Bad Boy for life shoot

You was wearing a tight light blue Nike suit

I remember when I connected eyes with you

You winked at me, I thought that was really nice of you

I remember once staying up all night with you

Writing with you, talking bout life with you, it was exciting too

I'm assuming you did the same cause you cared
Girl, don't you remember all the laughter we shared
We used to talk about why Pras failed so bad
And why the hell Wyclef's breath smells so bad
Okay, I know I don't need to tell em all that
But we was kinda feelin each other, you can't deny that
We worked on records together, you murdered them tracks
I think it was sexy how you said the verses like that
You said, "Free be the one rockin shyt, special operative, specialize any weapon diagnostic"
Just thinkin about it got me souped up
I wanna hug you in your birthday suit, what
Damn, this record is getting out of hand
I'm crazy, you probably already got a man
In that case I hope you hear this song
Sincerely yours, see you at 106 & Park

Canibus Lyrics

"Microphone Meticulousness"

Ooo ya done fucked up now
Oo boy it's the mainstream blazing the green rip the
mic no matter how wasted I seem yee

Is this what you want?

[Canibus]

Yee yo yo I rap that shit when the mic check that shit
Canibus nigga he the best that spit
Fuck the fact that I never had a hit
I don't need it cuz I never met a rapper that I ain't rip
Walk strap wit a mic and a 50 minute DAT for the night
just incase your show ain't tight
Step on stage and paste left to right
Like a lion ready to bit you dieing tonight
More lines to your forehead than Brian McKnight
A thousand volt voice box I'm a fry them tonight
I've been shitin on site
Meticulousness with the mic takes a mic and rips it
like a Corbin knife
Lyricist that don't lounge
Break a nigga down
Since you're iced out you can keep the sweating down
Lift you of the ground till your bitch screams
Put him down he's a mic club member now
Beat you wit my braw
Force you to speak loud
Like motherfuckers give me 50 bars right now
Plus another 50 that's not 100
You spit 86 you trying to tell me you can't count
Throw you in the sweat box let you sweat in out
1 2 3 4 1 bar figure it out
You should feel you maggots aren't ready for the
illist rappers
Allied metaphors in this joint active compensative
comp linens in the rhyme science Protected by mic club security advisers
Pick the mic up and train
Till my voice becomes number one again on a Marge ton exchange
Too violent to tame
Move vein pump thro my veins
Cuz I never been embraced by the game
Put emcees to shame
With the lyrical linguist spiting vintage colonial English
Like who art thou, bow to the 10 inch dick suck on it
I'm the aflame of this shit
From the king of the past bringing it back
Tell the queen of the pride to come sit on my lap

Her body is spotless she ain't got one scratch
So you could keep them other ugly bitches in the back

[Chorus: x3]

Niggaz want to bust like the canibus on the mic but
they can't bust like the canibus can
Niggaz want to bust like the canibus on the mic but
they can't bust like the canibus can
Niggaz want to bust like the canibus on the mic but
they can't bust like the canibus can

Canibus Lyrics

"I Can - U Can't"

[Canibus]

Can-I-Bus, ripping them
Forty-four curriculum syllabus caliber killing them nigga

[Canibus]

Y'all niggaz want to fuck with the illest, you can't
Y'all niggaz want to talk about lyrics, you can't
Watch me take it over the limit, 'cause I gets busy as a motherfucker
Give me a minute

Y'all niggaz want to fuck with the illest, you can't
Y'all niggaz want to talk about lyrics, you can't
Watch me take it over the limit, 'cause I gets busy as a motherfucker
Just give me a minute

[Canibus]

Yo

This is cannibal rap, Canibus cancels your stats
My vandals in black'll take a hammer to your motherfucking plaque
A Mack eleven when I'm clapping a rap
You can't battle that, your fans need to understand the facts
You ain't even got the balls to rock on the track
If you do, then do the damn thing
And call your man back
I treat you like a lab-rat, and shove a cactus up your ass crack
Stop the bleeding with a Tampax
In fact, you're so vain you probably think this rhyme is about you
But really, nigga, I'm doing better than without you
Lyrically, I'm a mouthful, throw blows too low to crouch too
Pick a mic up and joust you
Brainstream in the cranium, lyrical arithmo mania
The creator of a greater sum
Updated lungs were created by the pyramid builders
With silvers injectors, equipped with K.N.N. filters
To keep out the filth and the dust, when I bust, you hush
Or I just sh-sh-shit you and flush
You want Hip-Hop? Then yo, Canibus is a must
Give a fuck if the shit flop, nigga, I still bust
For real, I don't complain, I don't explain
Been profane before I had a name in the game
I spit a verse, delete out the curses
Reverse it, and verse it, write it out in cursive
I don't have to learn it, so if you want to teach then teach
But don't preach, if you got something to say, speak but don't reach
Yo, tell me what your problem is, why you mad at me?
What's the big tragedy? Why you want to battle me?
You the one with all the dough up in all the magazines

Every time I look, your ugly ass is on the screen
So what's the fascination with me?
Rhymes aside, I'm a small fry, waiting for a little mic time
Yo, all I do is write rhymes
If a nigga, disrespect my mic, he disrespecting my pride
I beat you and beat you, 'till I defeat you
If you beat me, then I'll regroup
'Till the beef is on the meat-hook
'Till the gas bleed from the juke
And rap music is read in my book
Curriculum carpet bombing leave the street shook
If you want to get at Canibus, nigga, get in line
The best rapper in the world reserves the right to decline

[Canibus]

Y'all niggaz want to fuck with the illest, you can't
Y'all niggaz want to talk about lyrics, you can't
Watch me take it over the limit, 'cause I gets busy as a motherfucker
Just give me a minute

Y'all niggaz want to fuck with the illest, you can't
Y'all niggaz want to talk about lyrics, you can't
Watch me take it over the limit, 'cause I gets busy as a motherfucker
Just give me a minute

[Canibus]

Yeah, it's the lyrical landmine
Got you motherfuckers on stand by
Yo, Can-I-Bus? C.A.N.I.B.U.S
You know I'm the best
Yeah, one time when we emcee
Magazine clip never empty, motherfucker, don't tempt me

The Brainstream, blazing the green

Canibus Lyrics

"King Of Sorrow (U Didn't Care Remix)"

(feat. Sade)

[Lightning and thunder]

[Whisper]

King Of Sorrow

[Female]

Yea, Yea, Yea, Yea, Yeah... Sorrow

[Canibus]

Whattup Em?

It's ya biggest fan

It's not even necessary to introduce who I am by now, cuz we're good friends

Remember the letter I wrote

Before Atlanta on Up In Smoke

That's the day I was gonna cut ya throat

I guess my watch was broke -- cuz by the time I woke

I seen my watch was twelve hours late and I missed the show

But none the less I'm glad that I finally reached you

Ever since the accident I've been dying to speak to you

To tell you things have changed

And I'm a different man

A different level of understanding

I'm a different Stan

Things are a lot better

I promise I won't harrass you with any letters

Saying things like "We should be together"

I meant we should start a group

The industry's full of homosexuals Slim

But I don't wanna touch you

I got a new attitude, really, I ain't mad at you

I just wanted you to recognize I got talent too

[Sade Singing]

Sorrow..

[Both]

You Didn't Care

[Sade]

King Of Sorrow..

Of Sorrow..

[Canibus]

You Didn't Care

[Sade]

King Of Sorrow..

[Canibus]

I Just Wished You Cared

[Sade]

Sorrow..

[Canibus]

When I say talented, I don't mean battle Slim
I mean storytelling, kinda like how your album is
I been attending counselin and taking medicine
They did some tests on me at NIH in Maryland
They showed me techniques to help me deal with pressure
Whenever I remembered that crazy night when I was being reckless
Drivin with a deathwish
On the bridge and I crashed into a Lexus
Right before I finished that last sentence
I was listening to Xzibit's album "Restless"
The next thing I knew I was under water and breathless
I was unconscious for a second
Literally dying to go to heaven
Till some fellas came and pulled me from the wreckage
They started CPR, then they called the paramedics
In retrospect I probably shoulda used a gun to end it
By the time the car sunk
My pregnant girlfriend was still in the trunk
And I was still feelin kinda drunk
The ambulance came and they put me on the stretcher
Hooked me up to the IV and checked my blood pressure
One of them was so concerned that they wouldn't leave
He hopped in the back of the ambulance and rolled up some trees
My vision was blurry, I couldn't really see
I just remember his voice talking to me
In the emergency room
I needed surgery to get some glass removed
And fifty stitches for my wounds

[Chorus]

[Sade Singing]

Sorrow..

[Both]

You Didn't Care

[Sade]

King Of Sorrow..

Of Sorrow..

[Canibus]

You Didn't Care

[Sade]

King Of Sorrow..

Of Sorrow..

[Canibus]

After a couple months of therapy
I figured I was as ready as I'd ever be
I wanted to be an emcee
He took me to shows wit him
He let me flow wit him

He let me write some rhymes and go on tour wit him
I really believed in him
I decided to team wit him
And now I'm overseas wit him, gettin cheese wit him
And I'm MC'ing wit him
I'm havin the best time of my life
And I'm writin the best rhymes of my life ([both:] rhymes of my life)
He introduces me to people as his lyrical equal
Let me write a rhyme on his album and even produce a beat too
He ain't see-through
I can't see him frontin
He's not the type to call you just because he needs something
That's what I like about him
I wouldn't want to rock a mic without him
He's got cajones and he's not a coward
Matter-a-fact, I think he met you
It was the day you came to his video shoot with DJ, Jimmy's nephew
'Clef stepped to him and told him he should step to you
That you was ghost writin for L, but that wasn't true
You was lookin at him the same way I'm lookin at you
Why can't we be friends Em'?
I don't want nothin from you
You see there's a little bit of Stan in all of us
Tell me where you think all of these record sales spawn from
Talkin 'bout Britney and Christina Aguilera
Nsync too, have you ever looked in a mirror?
Your hair ain't really blonde, and ya eyes ain't blue
So never diss me, cuz when you diss me your dissin you.

[Chorus]

[Sade Singing]

Sorrow... yea, yeah

Sorrow..

[Both]

You Didn't Care

[Sade]

King Of Sorrow... no

Of Sorrow..

[Both]

You Didn't Care

[Sade]

King Of Sorrow... said you didn't care, you didn't care

You didn't care, You didn't care

[Canibus]

Why didn't you care?

[Sade]

Sorrow..

[Both]

You Didn't Care

[Sade]

King Of Sorrow... no, no, no

[fades]

Canibus Lyrics

"How Many MC's"

[Chorus]

How many MC's must get dissed
before somebody says don't fuck with Bis?
(How many MC's?)
... Don't fuck with Bis

[Verse 1]

Yo, I'm valued as one America's most prestigious
breeds of rapper for oral speeches and ghetto english
Canibus, Can-I-Bus is my LLC
Limited Liability Corp, can you spell that for me?
When I was young I wish I had someone to tell that to me
Here's my card, Poet Laureate since 1803
I know people who have written newspapers on me
Some are grateful to me, others be hatin on me
You wanna bet I ain't the illest? What you tradin' wit G
Occasionally I can feel the ripper ragin in me
I dunno, maybe it could be how the industry behaved with me
and lets say probably the Jamaican in me
It could also be Universal wasn't patient with me
if they weren't payin me I coulda called it slavery
The way they blatantly labeled me
some satanically motivated rapper that was related to beef
I know I'm strange but my blood ain't green
and I never needed a team because I'm not as dumb as I seem
The trinity divided into a dozen light beams
the future Ive seen has humbled my dreams
to come in famine and disease
But lemme chill I sound like Priest, and I don't really feel like gettin deep
Yall niggaz know anyone of The Horsemen could rip shit
But how many MC's must get dissed?

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2]

Ya know, I just think its time to be grateful
For every emcee that came through and spit tape-ful's of data for you
Every album before this, I made it for you
nowadays the truth is I got nothin to prove
But I heard him call my name a couple times
in a couple of his rhymes and I thought about it a couple of times
Is he lookin for a response or is he being a jerk?
Or am I just to involved in my work?
I thought to myself, "why he put my name in his verse"?
When he said I wasn't ill he just made things worse
Thats when I recognized what Stan was worth
the only man on earth that could reverse the 'Cool J curse'

I served him, like a nigga without purpose
constantly takin Rip The Jacker back to my therapist
I wasn't prepared for this
people wanna embarass Bis for reasons that are not really apparent to me yet
What, I cant get signed because I got mad at a vet?
How could a couple verses have so much anger in 'em?
Dont you know the difference between Rip The Jacker and Bis?
Go use the Pythagoris theory and do the math on this
Add up every multi syllable paragraph
that I've managed to average since January 96
and tell me when you find it you dick ridin' bitch
I'm so sick of you bein skeptical always runnin behind my shit
tell me the truth, you really think its time that I quit?
You think maybe I could wholesale these rhymes that I spit?
I guess the nicest MC's got tired of Bis
and lied to theyselves like they never relied on Bis
The real rock of the game, people have climbed on Bis
rhyme mo' sick then anybody out your clique
Wit thousands of niggaz devout for that shit
I got a couple of bitches too, I make em bow to the dick
The album is sick, some Hollywood biography shit
the difference between ships in bottles, and bottles in ships
Fuckin wit Rip they find your fossils at the bottoms of cliffs
Stick 6 mics up your ass even though I doubt it will fit
but still how many MC's must get dissed
before somebody says don't fuck with Bis?

(how many MC's?.....)

[Chorus 2 x2]

How many MC's must get dissed
before somebody says don't fuck with Bis?
(How many MC's?)
... Don't fuck with Bis
How many MC's must get dissed
before somebody says don't fuck with Bis?
"I'll battle you on the net, I'll battle you in the flesh
Y'all niggaz know the rest," don't fuck wit Bis

Canibus Lyrics

"Falster Ego"

[Bis] Yo Rip, come here man, lemme talk to you for a second...

[Rip] What the fuck you want to talk about nigga?

[Bis] Why You screaming man?

[Rip] I'm The Illest! I'm the illest...

[Bis] Yo Relax... put that down man

[Rip] Yo don't tell me to relax I'll beat your skinny little ass

[Bis] Yo What the fuck is wrong with you?

[Rip] Fuck You!

[Rip]

You fuckin' hate me, you tried to lock me in the basement

And you still want me to protect you, it doesn't make sense

Canibitch, I supported you like a weight bench

Without me your defenceless, you betta' face it

You ain't show me love when you was at ya' apex

Gettin' paychecks, up at the radio with DMX and Flex

Catchin' wreck while Noriega was catchin' his breath

I had to keep the situation in check

Look at the varicose veins in my neck, Germaine is the best

The industry fucked you I'm just payin'em back

What's the matter w/ slayin' these Jackers, that's all I been doin

Besides talkin' shit I ain't done nuthin' to'em

they just mad cause when I see'em I don't run up to'em

Between me and you yo-know I'll run right thru'em

[Bis]

Calm Down!

[Rip]

Who you tellin' to calm down nigga I'm a Ripper remember

I told you not to do "Gone Till November"

But you wouldn't listen, I always had ya' best interests in mind

I wrote all ya' best lyrical lines

If it wasn't for me you'd be writin' pitiful rhymes

On the stage if you was tired I would spit'em sometimes

Nobody knew you bit off my rhymes

I would just be quiet, stand to the side and let the shit ride

But I'm gettin' tired of havin' to remind you Bis

If it wasn't for me nobody would've signed you Bis...

[Bis]

C'mon Rip? You a lyin' ass bitch and you know it

Group Home was part my company I co-owned it

If there's one thing I learned in showbiz, stay focused

And don't quit. Rip, why you talkin 'bout old shit?

[Rip]

Germaine, you fuckin' water brain, don't you understand?
fuck the mainstream, you should just call out names
The industry's all about game...
I shit on 'em all the same and leave spit stains on they brain
Like liquid chocolate spillin' all over ya' new white trainers
Insane is an understatement, I'm Satan
Canibus is a Mason, I don't know what the fuck Germaine is
I just know that both ya'll are trying my patience
I don't give a fuck about a beat I been rhymin' for ages
Rippers are dangerous, and all jackers are afraid of us
You wanna' face me Bis? Kick a rhyme!

[Bis]

No, That's ridiculous...

[Rip]

Aiiight then, listen to mine...

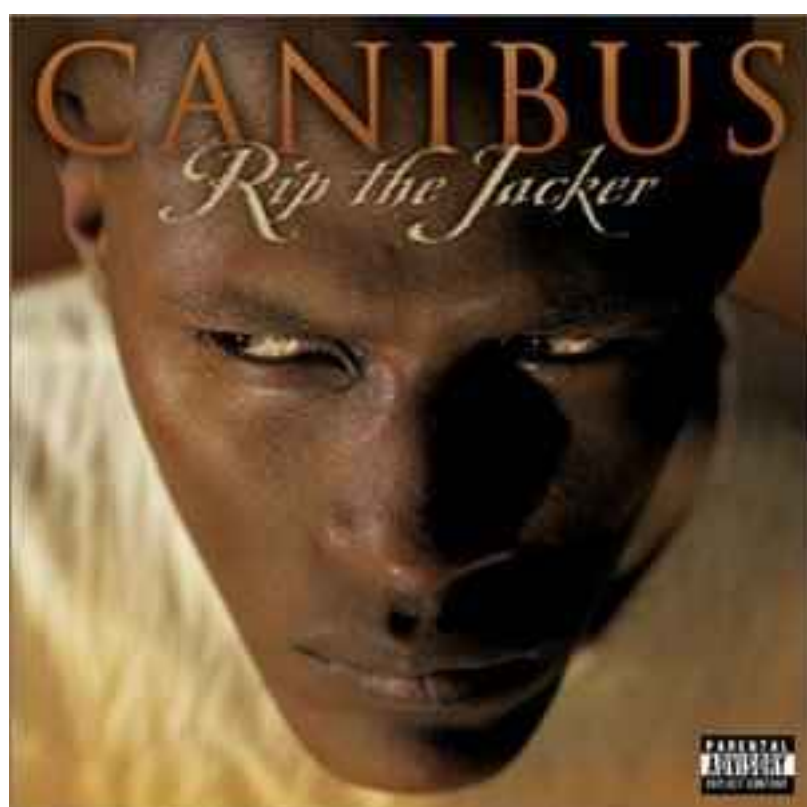
I'll jump into costume, impromptu, just to rob you
Put the nozzle to ya' eyeball and tell you what not to do
Rip your tonsils out thru ya' nostrils
Bury you next to shark fossils, make it impossible to find you
Depths that Jacques Cousteau himself wouldn't dare to dive to
With goggles, oxygen bottles and Doppler effect modules
Lock you in a time capsule and smash the console
Shit on you in reverse suck you into a brown hole
Suck the power outta' ya' soul
Ya' nuthin but a coward in a cold freezer with an hour to go
Watchin' my casio stopwatch countin it slow
Like drug lords checkin to see if it's talcum or coke
I could kill you by drownin the globe
Or I could just spit inside of a hole and put an ounce in ya' throat
In battles I'm a thousand and oh, I silenced the Pope
Do you know how many rhymes I've economically grossed?
No? I thought so... Neither do I
It's a dick between ya' mothers thighs divided by PIE
I'm the sickest linguistically illicit lyrical misfit in the business
And possibly in existence, what's your consensus?
Studied my own syntax statistics since '96 wit CPA certified assistants
I've made the decision that my standards are above precision
The only thing I could honestly say I love more than women are dope writtens
If it ain't dope then don't spit it
Don't be sensitive and get on the defensive just practice ya' penmanship
If you can't spit at high temperatures then just quit
Be careful of the tongue it tends to bend to the left
According to the manufacturers specs, you'll make a mess
Rupture the blood vessels in ya' neck fuckin' with Rip
Got millions of blueprints on zip disks
Stock versions of sick verses that come with conversions kits
With a course every Thursday that teaches you how to burst like Rip
You never experienced work like this, nigga welcome to the serpentine world where I twist
The world where that I Rip, the world that I Fixed, the world where I live

[Bis]

Ok Rip, you made your point, I can't out rap you
You said you was the illest, I would never doubt that too
At the moment of truth I let you design the tattoos
You are the illest alive, that's a fact that you've proved
It's just a couple rappers that don't want it to happen for you
Raggin' on you like battlin' is all you can do
You didn't sell enough units to be honest with you
Nobody knows the truth you got talent out the gazuu
When niggaz first heard of you it was like a Man On The Moon
You got dissed by a legend but you damaged him too
So what if the ladies think he's more handsome than you?
What happens if the rumors about being a fagot are true?
Look what it's runnin' into, I don't feel like havin' this discussion with you
I'm tired of fuckin' with you, niggaz in the game don't wanna' do nuthin' with you
Bussin' with you, goin' one on one with who?
They wanna get rid of you, ya' shit is too lyrical
Headhunters out to get you, that's why I have to protect you
I wouldn't disrespect you, as another intellectual
Without you I'm unsuccessful, God bless you
What makes you think I left you or why I'd ever be tempted to?
Ever since the 3rd album I been mentioning you
I got your name on my arm I'm representin' you
You're Rip The Jacker - I would never question you
I respect your opinion as a professional nigga'
I just want you to listen to what I'm tellin' you
What happened between L and you - Forget it!
People know you won the battle they won't give you the credit
Alotta' people don't wanna' admit it
But I consider it a real privilege to bear witness to ya' lyrics
And be involved with sharing the merits, I'm forever indebted
I just need you to chill for a second, so I can send a positive message
Like Tupac before he left us, the author or the work ethic Genesis
Has inspired me to write the Exobus scripts as a constant reminder not to forget Bis
But I've reached a precipice, remember Rip
You can't rhyme forever there's always a ripper with better shit
I keep you out the public eye for a reason
You're a commodity Rip ain't that how you wanna' keep it?
I keep ya' whereabouts secret
I bring bitches to the crib every weekend, so why is you beefin'?

[Rip]

Ayo Stop patronizing me, you despise me
All you wanna' do is steal rhymes from me
you constantly keep me behind wall of concrete
Lock me in the basement like a fuckin zombie
If I was priority you would acknowledge me
You ain't shit neither you ain't got no college degree
You can't rhyme without me, stop smilin at me
Gimmie the keys to the garage I need to borrow the Jeep...
Get the fuck out my face nigga!



Canibus Lyrics

"Intro"

Calling all dogs, calling all dogs
Be on the look out for a big homo nigga with dimples
And I'ma let y'all know somethin', it ain't just start here
We've been preyin' on that ass since 'Jack the Ripper'
And now its time to rip it to the jacker

(ahhhhhhhhhhhh)

[Verse 1:]

No rapper could rap quite like I can
You know who the fuck I am, I'm the canibus man
I had to rock to a beat like this to show you
That I'm iller then the future, the present, and the old you
I told you, wish you could take it all back don't you
Tried to smoke some canibus but canibus smoked you
Calling yourself the greatest is something you don't do
Cause after I humiliate you what will the G.O.A.T. do
You can't rap or act my main man
You goin' end up as an intern working for Def Jam
See you was never bad enough to battle with Canibus
You out of luck, I crushed you the minute I got tatted up
And every lie you told just added up cause you wasn't man enough
To be fair, but I'm mad a fuck and I've had enough
Jack the ripper or I'ma rip the jacker
Rape a rapper with a classic from his own masters
You're dead

[Verse 2:]

There's a rumor going around that I got dropped
200,000 albums sold at 10 dollars a pop
300,000 albums were shipped, you do the math
Thats 3 million in 3 months so kiss my ass
All these magazines tried to steamroll me to death
Guess what, the G.O.A.T. ain't platinum and neither is 'Clef
And I'm still here, inspite of all that shit them niggaz said
The skinny kid, the music industry's guinea pig
Tighter then ever, world's chief mic recca
Tougher then reverend run's muthafuckin' leatha
I'm hardcore, cum shot right in your wife's face
You soft porn, you held hands on the first date
See when you was making records like I need love
Your homie Cornell was givin' it to you up the butt
Plus I heard Simone was the high school slut

And she learned how to fuck before she knew how to cuss
Nigga you're dead

[Verse 3:]

You married a slut and had kids with her to cover up your hustle
You and your man Russell made a better couple
Your probably mad as fuck, wondering where I got the information from
Your being watched even when you take a dump
Its impossible to front, you can't hide
The chairs at your label got ears and the walls got eyes
Your living one big lie the world just don't know
You take a polygraph test that shit would probably explode
The truth is mr. smith you got a fucked up attitude
God knows that I pity your fans for backing you
Yo, this be the realest shit I ever wrote
You should change your muthafuckin' name from G.O.A.T. to G.L.O.A.T.
The Greatest Liar Of All Time that cannot rhyme
That cannot shine as long as I'm alive
Your prime ended 8 months before '99
And that microphone on your arm will always be mine
Nigga you're dead

[Verse 4:]

I told you to leave it alone, but you was too stubborn
Now your in a world where the hunter becomes the hunted
Your wife is scared cause she don't want to lose a husband
And somebody keeps paging you putting 4321 in
You can't sleep at night thinking about the drama
Shit stains all up in your phat farm pijamas
Even f.u.b.u. gear looks hot until it touches you
Probably because your father undoubtedly butt-fucked you
Mama said knock who out? I'll punch that bitch in the mouth
Cause she don't know what she talking about
Ay yo, do me a favor when you see your ghostwriters
Tell them the rhymes they wrote for you should have been a lot tighter
You could have asked me, I'll write you some lines
I'll do anything for the greatest loser of all time
You still drippin' with wack juice 'cause you wack nigga
If you want the last word you can have it, I'm still iller
You're dead

Canibus Lyrics

"Genabis"

[Genabis]

This is Genabis, Remember this

[Canibus]

In the beginning I discovered wordplay
I experimented with some syllables from the first to the third day
On the fourth I searched for the words to say
How to compress complex verbiage in the least amount of space
I was perfect at it and mastered the tactic's
On the fifth day I decided I would combine it with mathematics
On the sixth day I became a fanatic and I couldn't kick the habit
I would just look in the mirror and practice
On the seventh cycle, I had to take the day off
I was exhausted I guessed my work will never pay off
But if it happened it to him, it could happen to me
And if it happened to me, it was destined to be

[Chorus: x2]

Yo, Genabis, Exobus, Levitibus
There ain't a mic on this planet I'm restricted to touch
I read the cosmo's but God wrote predicted as much
The inhabitants lack faith but resistance is tough

[Canibus]

They backslide back to church and call a minister's bluff
They rather remain unenlightened then listen to Bus
I blew the fuck up, even though it was short and abrupt
I was the first rapper to ever to close orbit the sun
One small step for man, one huge step for mankind
...I am the red giant of rhymes
Solar deflectors, incinerate you whole in a second
Flow is untested those that I've threatened fold under pressure
At 120 Beta cycles, high volts ignite your eyeballs
Until you see the fire in front of you
Optic cone rods, melt one at a time till you realize you in hell
Rip the Jacker's not done with you
I terrorize the rap community with impunity
Blow you to pieces and move elusively thru the debris
What my enemies want to do to me is old news to me
Those that pursue to me will never get thru to me

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

First rapper to speak over beats dogmatically
Mixed with Elizabethian drama and tragedy
My motto is to dress casually and live lavishly

Look at the Victorian tapestry in back of me
Notice the post renaissance pictures I drew
Hand sketched drawings of the deserts in Nazca Peru
The followable audio propogates the possible truth
For proof I'm the illest so the choice is not unto you
See the standard ideological definition of a rap model
Its Canibus scholarly periodicals
The article is substantially impressive, more then a message
A working thesis from several different perspectives
The Rosetta stone of sentences
For rap music's tentative
Enter apprentices
This is Genabis
The Rosetta stone of sentences
For rap music's tentative
Enter apprentices
This is Genabis

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Levitibus"

"You want power...but you're not big enough
so you steal it piece by piece..
take it in spoils...and step by step you'll weaken and the power is gone"

Levitibus..

I wanted some power of the chakra
with mofulean darkness describin what I see in the process
stone statues surrounded by neolithic objects
ceoglyphs on the pompa
a dose of the palamine, niggaz will feel like a dream
the dreamstate is the playground for the supreme
critics attempt to follow a trend
today they call me a Charlotten but tomorrow I will be a God of men
to create a universe all I need
is 1000, trillion, trillion degrees
so with 22, betatrons in the cloud chamber
keep the noise down so I don't arouse my neighbors
got a message from the falcon in the snow man
another note in a Coca Cola can
showed the whole planet in coded program
encrypted by a pro-scan modem with a lowband
hold up, let me load it in

"Darling I am a scientist..(you're a person, you ought to think that)
None of this is able to work without an army.. (there's no need)
vaporizin my spit and turnin liquid to gas"

I was created by intelligent design
you are merely a descendant of the unmodified
you diss me out of pride
but when you're finished talkin bout one of your bitches you're simply out of rhymes
even my worst album was sublime
if I don't slow down, I'll distort the timeline
back through the time, turned into a 100 bars again
a master like the honorable Earl of Cannaben
the grand architect
used to be a partisan to LeMarketson's theory but I lost the bet
no regrets, you live and you learn
I'm through givin advice, I just give concern
sterilize my hands to prevent catchin the germs
and try to rebuild all the bridges I've burned
I prefer modesty over con-troversy
but what am I to do when these jerks keep botherin me
jealious cuz they cant rhyme like me
and they never had a scientific mind like me

"Darling I am a scientist..(you are a person, you ought to think that)
None of this is able to work without an army.. (there's no need)
vaporizin my spit and turnin liquid to gas"

I'm above average with verbal semantics
the aurora boralis in the form of a rap ballad
you look at me like "poor bastard
why cant you manipulate billboards with all your metaphor magic?"
no matter how hard I practiced
every microphone I sorta grabbed it
obviously thats the wrong tactic
I went through a long period of mourning and sadness when I wrote that Stan shit
but if you wanna see some hardcore Canibus just say so
and I'll come out the eggroll with seven death scrolls
if you can find a better flow?
then I can find a dinosaur on the Galapagos archipelago
hey you shouldn't fall for the naivette
lyrically I'm the illest when my beats is ok
food for thought, nutrition for the whole brain
keep your neurotransmitters warm on a cold day
I'm ahead of my time, or so they say
I guess thats why I already feel old and grey
okay, thats enough knowledge for today, I'm killin em
you best not forget it cuz this is Levitibus

"Darling I am a scientist..(you are a person, you ought to think that)
None of this is able to work without an army.. (there's no need)
vaporizin my spit and turnin liquid to gas"

Canibus Lyrics

"M Sea Cresy"

"Those who create literature know first-hand
just how difficult creating meaning can be..

..There are no options now..

...If I weren't a writer, I think I'd be a total psychological mess"

out of the imbelicus wombdee, this is lyrical lunacy
from a human being that speaks so fluently
bars of poetry without precedence
complete par excellence, listen to the Levitibus Testament
to understand me you need help
you gotta see the film "The Day After Trinity" written by John Else
to understand that, you must know thy self
you should keep listening cuz Canibus flow might help

"...But you said keep quiet while the emcee raps
...I'm the sick and bad, can't get above me
Remember that, I'm constantly comin with rippa raps
off the rhyme time like a coke fiend addict
I'm not an emcee who talkin all that junk
please, a lot of suckas would like to forget me but
the incredible, lyrical, and original
rapper's still with the crime on top"

find the answers that we didnt know, maybe Edgar Allan Poe's
description of El Dorado is not so
see the reason there's no light at the end of tunnel
is cuz we're really not in a tunnel, we're trapped in a bubble
the government hired Ian LeDrexis society
can you explain why you believe hell is firey?
we sufferin from symptoms of Drapetamania
slavery isn't over, it just took a new alias
the day the repository established with a maintenance
almost turned me into an atheist scared of aliens
why write lyrics when I make a better livin
sellin freeze dried venom to wildlife clinics?
cuz I hate the thought of bein a predictable bore
once you get used to me you wont love me no more
the final soliloquy of the internal paramour
what are we all to do when rap music is gone?
I hope god that the imagination of one
a golden tongue can achieve synchronicity with the sun
transcended beyond the flesh and the blood
cuz this is #1, after this album my message is done

"...But you said keep quiet while the emcee raps

...I'm the sick and bad, can't get above me
Remember that, I'm constantly comin with rippa raps
off the rhyme time like a coke fiend addict
I'm not an emcee who talkin all that junk
please, a lot of suckas would like to forget me but
the incredible, lyrical, and original
rapper's still with the crime on top"

yeah you can't battle me, so you'd rather embarrass me
I maintain dignity in the face of calamity
they reach out they hand to me and talk this honesty
but I read through their syntactic structure like Nome Chopski
a student so overzealous I motivate my trainers
id rather get some now then get some later
take a break from writin rhymes on paper
you've been dissin my character
change my nature with seven days of Opasanaf
let go of the stress, man I was deeply depressed
so famished in fact, I needed a rest
to regenerate my mind
bless the cornerstone of my rhyme with corn oil and wine
to see the light in the luminous paradime
that became more apparent with time, all I had to do was follow the signs
to be a better man, I need help
I just gotta find an inner link between my deity and myself

"...But you said keep quiet while the emcee raps
...I'm the sick and bad, can't get above me
..Remember that, I'm constantly comin with rippa raps
..off the rhyme time like a coke fiend addict
..I'm not an emcee who talkin all that junk
..please, a lot of suckas would like to forget me but
..the incredible, lyrical, and original
..rapper's still with the crime on top"

"People are usually terrified of poetry
and they don't realize that its just speech
it is language that is sometimes extraordinary
but there are ways to deal with it without worrying about it the way they do"

Canibus Lyrics

"No Return"

No return... [x6]

[Verse One]

Yo, scientists gather in a secret place to debate
They photographed the Earth from space and saw my face
They tried to translate the innate asiatic shape
before the final earthquakes came but it was too late
Only one eighth of the human race escaped to space
They were chased by flying phenomenon to the lunar base
Floatillas and space centers, lasers probed the entrance
DNA code sensors reject old genetics
I presented my cosmic clearance to a patrol of medics
I was injected with sodium pentathol and questioned
I relayed the message the way I was trained to remember it
I showed them the keypad code and told 'em to enter it
I told 'em which alphanumeric buttons were sensitive
He snatched it outta my hand and started depressing it
I told him detonation was definite if he kept at it
He never quit, he just lost his temper and flipped
I bowed my head like "I guess this is it"
My ears popped, the music stopped, and I couldn't hear shit

[Hook]

[Verse Two]

The driver jogged around to the front and opened the door
He said his name was Muhammed Jamal and he'd be with me 'till fall
He said the escort service had called
and a package would be waitin for me at the window
I said thanks, he grabbed my bags fast and put 'em in the trunk
Then he ran around to the front, slammed it in gear
Pulled off slow, winding down his window
and asked me if I minded if he smoke, I said no, he drove off
Cut my cell phone off, then I swallowed a tablet of Zoloft
Went to sleep and woke up feelin' kinda lost
I asked him what the weather's been like lately
he said he doesn't mind the heat and hates the A/C
Said he had a son who was eighteen and made beats
and I happened to be his favorite emcee
I said for real, that's crazy, I meet him later
Yo Jamal could you please do me a favor
When we get to the corner stop at the bodega
Hopped out the car, walked inside
the store's stereo was playin' Feliz Navidad
I got a pack of condoms and walked to the back of the line
There was three Taliban that was talkin' very loud
One reached in his back side and pulled out a Beretta gun

The last word I heard myself say was a four letter one
He looked me in the eye and said the drama's never done
Cuz there's no return...no return

[Hook]

[Verse Three]

I heard the ringtone of the red phone
Headquarters informed us there was an explosion in the red zone
We were ordered to get ready to go
and to get into our bio-weapons protective gear and clothes
I rode shotgun, my partner Ramirez drove
GPS control gave us coordinates where to go
Soon as we got there I could feel the hot air
For a second I stopped and stared, there was cops everywhere
I told 'em we need to get a square perimeter clear
We got an hour 'till nightfall, so light some flares
I said a twenty second prayer then ran to the second chair-
the lift that was there, then I waved my hands up in the air
to signal that it was clear before I ran upstairs
I could barely see, smoke was so thick in the air
I was visually impaired and started to get scared
I heard a woman scream "HELP" but I didn't know where
I started screamin' back "I'm not gonna leave you here"
Sayin to myself "damn it's hard to breathe in here"
Searched the rooms one by one like "fuck my lungs"
Ramirez said the fire truck got stuck by the front
I crawled all the way through the foyer to the end of the hallway
and seen her on the floor next to the doorway
I was half unconscious but I just ignored the pain
Helped her to her feet and she had her arm in a brace
All this tar-like black stuff was all in her face
I radio Ramirez coughin and tried to explain
I heard him say something to me like "It's all in flames!"
There was ceiling debris fallin all over the place
I looked her in her eye, she looked into mine, it was strange
Then I blinked for the last time and never saw her again

[Hook]

Canibus Lyrics

"Spartibus"

[Canibus]

Yeah, This is Spartibus

Yo, yo, yo

You wanna spar wit 'bus, then let's get started 'cuz
Atomic thrusts turn you into cosmic dust
Bomb ya borders with Japanese Spigot mortars
Recompose your composition to sawdust
Time is breath; breath is life; life is light
Light is no less than capital 'C' on the mic
Beneath the mirage of night I'll attack you twice
Prepare to rig a sacrifice with my ritual rights
Reinforce my habitual likes 'n dislikes
Then diss you on the mic cause I'm sick o' the hype
No one's ever written what I write
Compare they calligraphy type
Tell me yo how can I not be nice
The royal semen of Caesar frozen in a cryofreezer
On sale for seven figures per milliliter
Lethally illegal; I speak to the people
In the form of an eagle on top of the Theves Cathedral
With boundless knowledge, like hairless dalai'lamas
With linen garments neatly wrapped around armpits
With monasteries in the mountains
Trumpets have already sounded
You can't denounce my crown bitch

[Rakim samples from Paid in Full's "My Melody"]

Any MC that disagree with me just wave your arm [x4]

Now tear it up y'all, and bless the mic for the gods

[Canibus]

This game is Chinese chess, countless issues need to be addressed
Before the East nukes the West; totalitarianistic cause-'n-effect
"Run the words through a decompressor, recompress the depth"
Canibus is the most explosive next to meth
The inconsistency of the text, makes me complex
Pay attention to 'bis my intention is this
Leave you spatially adrift suspended in the abyss
Marijuana plant owner, smell my aroma
Contract scirrhou carcinoma and retinoblastoma
Confederate federal general the electric general
FCC omni-directional antenna poles
IFF, identification friend or foe
This areas restricted don't let 'em thru
He'll mock your style, rock you to the ground
With the bite force of a Sarcosuchus crocodile

Travel a fiber optic mile before you can smile
So don't ask me why, and don't ask how

[Rakim samples from Paid in Full's "My Melody"]
Any MC that disagree with me just wave your arm *[x2]*
Now tear it up y'all, and bless the mic for the gods

[Canibus]
Until I'm impressed with the print I can hear a pin drop like Sprint
Once it blends I can stop right then
Quantum coupling mechanisms and technical shit
Confuses you but I don't think your any less of a dick
Just define what is poetry and what is rap
I demonstrate how to effectively +Bridge the Gap+
The answer is simple in fact:
If the protons don't attack the retina, all we'd ever see is black
No ability, no extraocular motility
Silly emcees can't see me lyrically or visually
They'll never be better than me
I'll triple team 'em with a trinity severed to 3 and give 'em 9 enemies
Climb back to periscope depth in 2 hours
Surrender and throw in the towel
The amalgam of the ultimate album
This is (Spartibus) power *[echoes]*

[Rakim samples from Paid in Full's "My Melody"]
Any MC that disagree with me just wave your arm *[x4]*
Now tear it up y'all, and bless the mic for the gods

Canibus Lyrics

"Indisible"

[Canibus]

I translate images over the distance
Usually inflation premiss to the minus thirty-two second
Back to the Canibus era
My eponym is apparent
Those who hear my efforts gotta give me the merit
Off lyrics alone I'm a legend
But I can't take credit, the English language was not my invention
It's the way I put it together
The incorrect English editor
Can't nobody ever do it better
People forget but the history will remember
I plead guilty to the charge and accepted the sentence
Let the records show I resisted under the pressure
My short and precise to raise the measure

[Hook]

[Canibus]

Hip-hop forever
That's what I see when I look in the mirror
Regardless of whether I'm not a bestseller
I'm a first class spitter
The literal literature ripper
Painting pictures for intelligent listeners
From any and all dispositions
The fusion of what's written creates a fission called Canibus-ism
The intellectual division of science and religion
People waste their momentum trying to defend it
All I do it put it to ink then put it to print
See what you think, maybe I should speak to a shrink
I could fix the way they look at the world
They read all these books in a barrel
But they can't think for themselves
Self-contained, I'm all balls, belts and brains
Muslim strong 'cause no one ever help Germaine

[Hook]

[Canibus]

Observe the whole world's pain
And tell me you ain't tired of brain
The catholic faith will never be the same
You could be put in chains 'cause you got a Muslim name
Sent to Guantanamo Bay and tortured for days
Man, I'd rather buy some land and grow an orchard of grapes
Drink vegetable juice and stay away from steaks and shakes and snakes

These rancid corporations is fake
Nobody ever gives you what they already didn't take
Invest the wake, you'll be broke till you break
Man you learn to pick a lock you wanna open a gate
I mimic hater like flight simulators in air bases
Recovered from an adverted spinner, now I'm famous
Those who respond to Rip the Jacker with hate
Show poor taste and only exacerbate their fate
MicClub.net, get it right motherfucker
Get it right, get a mic

[Hook]

Canibus Lyrics

"Showtime At The Gallow"

This is Showtime at the Gallows

Rip The Jacker

Yo, I dialogue wit Amen-Ra 'til he gives me the nod
Or replaces me wit a supercomputer automaton
I don't barter for time I'm a martyr to rhymes
And a selfish soldier wit pride that was ordered to die
A burnin' star in the sky my heart is warped wit a drive
Expressin' thoughts through a rhyme my metaphors are alive
It's like I've been crucified they hate me now like Nas
They punctured me through my side the bleeding was cauterized
I was revived after I died
Only then I saw how I was truly admired and worshipped like a god
Shit'd mired up my mind they showed me a sign
I fell off the ocean liner someone throw me a line
Let the world know the truth but it became my demise
Mothafucka you know we even I don't owe you a dime
Sometimes I feel like killin' myself they've stolen my shine
I wanted to be the illest for a moment in time
From the ink to my pen to my pad to the ink in my arm
How can one diss song possibly last this long?
Tyson ain't the champ no more them days is gone
And Rip the Jacker ain't too stubborn to say when he's wrong

[HOOK]

I should get twenty dollars and go to Econolodge
And tie the sawed-off trigger around the doorknob
Call the police squad and tell them I'm in room one oh five
And that a dirty bomb's inside
Woke up in the cargo plane playin' Christy Lane
For some entertainment while I train in the misty rain
"One Day at a Time Sweet Jesus" is playin'
I'm sittin' there prayin' you prolly can't believe what I'm sayin'
But the voice in the back of my head keeps sayin' "Germaine
This is the real deal man this is not a dream this is not a game
The only sixteen you got from now on is locked
and loaded and in your hand
Deploy or detach on land you the man
And the pain is the weakness leavin' the body, understand?
I can reload wit a full pack call COMSAT
Tell them you need suppressive fire for troops in the back stat
Insurgence and counter-insurgence move wit a purpose
Absolutely mission critical you never get nervous
Applicate the shock tube to the surface
Standby blow it eyes open wit the scope on the terrorist
Tell him to go to hell in Arabic put a bullet through his narrow neck

Watch the wall behind him get wet
I'm an animal I'll murder you and stare at your pets
Get the tape I know where the surveillance cameras is kept

[HOOK]

If you want a confession? you got it
You want product? Gimme twenty dollars
You want gossip? I'll give you logic on any topic
Recordin' the positive data
Ripper's the best rapper go confirm the status
One million page dissertation written on paper
Cheap label from Pitney Bowes' tree curator
My purification process is greater
But thinly tapered verbatim
My album is equal to over fifty acres
Can-I-Bus before the Big Bang
And after the big crunch I only gotta say it once
Let there be light and I write a sentence
The greatest discovery since 'opethicus afarensis
Back to before Sumerians landed on the Cayman
In the Caribbean carryin' bacteria with antigens
And Nine-foot stone mannequins
The key to nuclear power and four delivered talaria
Showtime at the gallow the Age of Aquarius
And Space Harrier's life's last barrier

[HOOK]

Canibus Lyrics

"Psych Evaluation"

Yo

Some say the pen overpowers the sword
The video camera is just as powerful when it records
Appallin' footage of cops breakin' the law
Mad at you because of what you saw, now they breakin' ya jaw
I been accused, of bein' internally preoccupied
'Cause the rhymes talk to me, and I talk to the rhymes
Clinically induced impulses reveal what's hidden
Written prescriptions, given by qualified clinicians
Lafayette peg boards be spinnin on turn tables
To determine the motor coordination available
Those able to speak what I spoke, repeat my quotes
My systematic treatment approach, be deep in they throats
I inject the frontal lobe of the brain with a lethal dose
Of unspeakable dope, worse than opium smoke
Well-spoken like Washington Post, or a Fox News Network host
Scale intelligence like Wechsler Adults
Nonnormative data, brain storage matter couldn't capture
A couple years ago they had to put it on Napster
Ressurrect Rip the Jacker, rip these rappers
For every second the clock ticks, I'm a attack ya

[HOOK]

The C-A-N dash I dash
B-U-S gets the last laugh, before the critical mass
In half the speed of a bulb flash
Fire engulf that ass, into a mole hill of charcoal ash
Only to be blown away by a cold draft
Wack emcees got no chance, it's so sad
They say to Canibus, "Will you ever run out of things to say?
How much breath can a man breathe in a day?"
Needless to say, I think it's kinda deep in a way
People be like "Bis is too ill, keep him away"
It's a good thing I got patience
I been waitin here longer than Dr. Levinson's time equations
Tryin' to figure out what made men
Was it inflation, or are we just a product of the apes then

[HOOK]

You think because I'm not on a major I can't bus'
And because I come from the ghetto that I can't adjust
Yeah my disposition was rough
But it turned me into a quick learner, all I need now is some luck
I used to be a undisciplined piece of fecal matter
A underdog rapper, but I closed that chapter

I deal wit my adaptive difficulty faster
And question my projected technique as a rapper
I've lost interest in the battle glory and glamor
But I cant control Rip the Jacker, when he gets amped up
It doesn't matter, we all got a dark side
A loud mouth, Mau Mau from the Apartheid
Yo you wanna earn your respect, then come to micclub dot net
And see if you can impress the best

[HOOK]

Canibus Lyrics

"Cemantics"

Aiight yo
Let's talk about the incredible rap flow
We can have a Dinner for Five with John Favreau
See it comes to me natural
One of my integral attributes, is to be lyrically tactful
I can prove who's nicer, who's not an emcee
Through falsifiable scientific hypothesis
In recent times, I find it's never been about the rhymes
The game is very politicized
Those who sympathize with they hearts and minds
Show hatred through the mouth, body language and eyes
Sometimes I say to myself, why do I even try
In spite of whatever happens, I love it until I die

[Chorus]

If you don't believe in the other dimensions you been duped
They're the main ingridience in this cosmic soup
See the mouse?, grab it
Edit the edges with Avid
Is this the picture of a duck or a rabbit
You see ass and tits?, welcome to madness
Please, try to interpret the following passage
Magenetohydrodynamic mechanics
Translated into Canibus language you'll never understand it
It's on when the crowd is cheering me on
Waving they arms, like they doing Falun Gong
Firearms three quarters of a million troops strong
In a single file line, stretched out a mile long
Thermodynamics of the second law
Isolated physical systems lead toward greater disorder
Across the dry desert in the featureless sand
Water is secondary to the meaning of man
I know but I won't tell
There's more to the human race than polymers proteins and protocells
Chemical evolution, L- and D-form sudunits
That come from the love of Hip Hop and Rap music

[Chorus]

The scourge of the words, I attack the earth with
I bet you submerge dry and emerge wet, what you think?
Confuse my shrink with english, the publication refuses to print
My daughter likes blue, and my son likes pink
Man, give me a drink
What kind of world are we living inn? I think it stinks
Whatever life you live, it's a quick-sited quiz

If you percieve something to be real maybe it is
Force your kids to listen to Dead Prez, before they go to bed
Send them to school, put them in special Ed
Reinforce their paranoia of the feds
Make sure they grow dreads and they live on the edge
The philosiphy of the hard-knocks, pan-psychics sit on the block
And attempt to talk to rocks
In the projects where they harvest the human crop
Organic robots that bleed when they get shot
If you can survive or thrive in the Jamaican ghetto
You deserve a Congressional medal
My heart goes out to all the young bloods
The heart has reasons the mind knows not of
From the first to the twelfth month
I keep a twelfth pump in the trunk, for the day when Hell comes
Was invincible on the mic when I held one
My motto was to blaze all and spare none
I came, I saw, I conquered, now they're just an empty void
Mic Club come holla at your boy

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate II"

[Sampled Intro: same outro from Poet Laureate]

Uhh I dont understand how a writer could ever get writer's block, so called
My problem is having too much.. and being unable to get it down...

[Canibus]

Yo, why is the ripper so ill?

That would be a unpardonable breach of confidence for me to reveal!

He said "One of these days, all eyes would be on me
when they look up in the sky and see the neon C"

Rhymes inscribed on a nickel disk encased
in glass with an ion beam for longevity

For more then 10 centuries, impressions and memories
the first time the machine inventor will mention me

Canibus was a visionary indeed

he believed light could travel in multiples of C

The organic supercomputer that solved the mysteries
of Clan Calusa with 2 blue metric rulers

Liked Cool J, but thought Stephen J. Gould was cooler
and he never liked to propagate rumors

Smoked Canary Island cigars

liked America, luxury cars and beautiful Asian broads

He had a strong mind, he used to philosophize
about rhymes while he was pruning his Banzai

He claimed that he had written the greatest rhyme of all time
but he would never take it out his archives

He wrote 2 songs per day

and was constantly was experimenting with his wordplay

In his youth he did a report on the Sloan Digital Sky survey
he got an F but he deserved an A

I followed his career from the first day

it seemed the lack of support contributed to his inert ways

I seen him pull in 24 hour workdays

with deferred pay, undeterred by the word "shame"

Public humiliation was the worst pain

he was spinnin out of control like a class 5 hurricane

He said he wouldn't want another MC to suffer the same

Especially when there's nothing to gain

He was the illest alive but nobody would face it

he spit till his toungue was too torched to taste, it
properly funded corporations carbon dated his latest creations
to extract the information

They found it utterly amazing

they claimed the body of his work was the same thing as a priceless painting

Never mattered to him, the art galleries hated him

cause Thomas K.K. called, said he would take 10

Complete enigmas wrapped in puzzles encrypted in language
with sound but without shape or signature

Kept files in his garage, on MS-DOS
in a fire-proof pod, he thought it was odd
Outside there was a shed with an Oppenheimer lock
he apparently kept more wax than Madame Tussaud's
We were in total awe, cause it blew our minds
so many rhymes that were intricately designed
He WAS Poet Laureate of his time
and if you dont mind, Id like to share some of his rhymes

[beat switches]

Alone in my room, looking thru the 32X telescope zoom
adjusting the focus of the moon
One should not assume the philosophy of David Hume
is nothing more than a subjective conclusion
What is the maximum field rate application?
the run away glaciation surrounding the ocean basin
affects the population, fluctuation
on a continuous basis but thats just the basics
The juxtaposition of Canibus's position
the precision something no other has written
Way above and beyond what was intended
the unparallel Malleable annunciation of a sentence
You didnt go to college obviously
I can tell by your ungodly unintelligible terminology
A remarkable odyssey, the rhymes of modern speeds
when the brain orders the body not to breathe
Incompetency is not up to speed, you not in my league
you couldnt possibly be hotter than me
Or oppositely your minus 25 degrees, you'd squeeze
but the condensation makes rifle barrels freeze
Allow me to speak figuratively, nigga please
my intellectual properties are about the size of Greece
Your counselor advised you not to speak
my counselor advised me to keep rhymin until they stopped the beat
In the words of Joseph Heller, "I learned how to write better"
even though it sort of urked me
He said he didnt understand the process of the imagination
but he felt he was at its mercy
Which exploits my point perfectly and certainly reinforces
the reason why nobody's probably ever heard of me
Couldnt understand what I mean by ill
unless you try to translate what I print to film
This is the line of will, the circle of time
the cycle of eternity, the emergence of 1 line
Academic phonetics render critics tounge-tied
Ive personified dry humor of cum-laude alumni
A wise man sees failure as progress
a fool divorces his knowledge and misses the logic
And loses his soul in the process
obsessed with nonsense with a caricature that has no content
My style is masterful, multi-lateral
I could battle a fool and be naturally cruel

Words of scorn are a disasterous tool
from an existentialist's view, I'm a better rapper then you
Grab the mic and rip your physical fabric in 2
my attitude is fucked up but abrogable
Different methods interpreted into different forms
from entirely different perceptions and seen from different norms
Not to spit in the palm theres much more involved
theres much more pieces of the puzzle for you to solve
48 orders of mechanical laws
and rays of creational cause, enhance the cadence of my bars
Maybe I am self-obsorbed
but thats the effect, to find the cause you should ask my A&R
Today is what it is, but only because yesterday was what it was
permitting you heard of Beezlebub
A tale of demons and drugs, pissy drunk in the club
with the DJ doing the needle rub
Chances are you'll never see me son
yeah I know my names Canibus but I cant help you if you need a dub

[beat switches]

I came to holla at some big booty bitches
and listen to the speakers thump, where you get conceited from?
Im so nice on the mic, they wanna beat me up
its deep as fuck, I ain't seen it all but I've seen enough
Really unbelievable stuff
theres a lot of times where I wanna speak but I'm stuck
I should leave this rap shit alone
and kick my incredible in rhymes in the privacy of my own home
My imagination is my own
delibity to speak to freely lyrically on the microphone
Wit a pen in my hand, I bring motion to the enyogram
and become "Cani-millenia man"
Grave my back with the emperor's stamp
been spittin scientific rap since the 17th century began
Tryna' escape the wicked empire of Def Jam
and the land where lyrics are bland and heretics hang
Every warrior has an axe to bury
but he has to learn to discern between enemy and adversary
I said to myself, "Germaine this is insane
It's suicide its controlled flight into terrain"
I fought to regain, control of the plain, but went up in a ball of flames
and got banned from the hip-hop hall of fame
For two bars I kept hearin in my head
over and over again, it cost me everything

[beat changes back to the original beat]

I'm convinced now that more then truth is at stake
Where people create language that pretends to communicate
Euphamisms are misundertood as mistakes
but its a bi-product of the ghetto music we make
From an extroverted point of view I think its to late

Hip Hop has never been the same since '88
Since it became a lucrative profession as a misconception
in the movement in any direction as progression
Even though of the potency of it lessens
big money industries writing checks to suppress the question
And nobody gives a fuck no more, no one goes to the book store
ever since the influence of Moore's Law
But I stay in the lab, like Niels Bohr
his son Aage, Edward Lawrence, and Leo Szilard
Lyrically I take rap music and turn the knob
to the right full throttle and added panache
Why would I argue with my own conscience over the truth?
That's like me telling myself don't tell me what to do
Dialysis and analyses of battle MC's
sometimes I say things I myself can't believe
My lyrical is so skillfully elliptical
I can understand how it makes you miserable
You wonder why I never let you play your beats for me
or why I keep my studio shrouded in secrecy
You wonder what's my infatuation with Alicia Keyes
"Canibus why don't you speak to me?"
Yo, I meant it when I said no one can shine on a song that features me
That's why I said it so vehemently
You need to replace the hate with respect
I'm probably the best yet, Poet Laureate!!!

[Sampled outro]

Generally I take.. I go with the given..
ya know with what comes to me .. over the celestial wireless ..
whenever it comes, you're lucky when you get it..

CANIBUS



**PARENTAL
ADVISORY**
EXPLICIT CONTENT

MIND CONTROL

Canibus Lyrics

"33 3's"

[Intro, imitating the owl from the "Tootsie Pop" commercials]

One ... two ... three...

[Chomping sound] ... three!!

[Canibus]

Yo, in linear terms, my thirty-three degree, and a
Words will give you thirty-third degree burns
First I write thirty-three lines to a verse
About how I created the Earth out of thirty-three quirks
Thirty-three of my peers never thought it would work
For thirty-three days, I started my relentless research
And I figured, if Jigga could do, twenty-two two's
As an mc, then I could do, thirty-three three's
Suddenly it occurred, at three-thirty, on March third
It came to me like God's word
I started to load my thirty-three caliber Mossberg
Went to the top of the Empire State, on thirty-third
Thirty-three gunshots was heard
Thirty-three pedestrians lay wounded or dead, on the curb
Thirty-three squad cars rushed to the scene
As soon as they heard some mad-man had gone berserk
I demanded thirty-three million
Or I was going to kill thirty-three of the women and children in the building
I gave them thirty-three minutes to respond
Then I proceeded to arm, a backpack nuclear bomb
I set the timer for three hours, and three minutes long
Told them not to try nothing funny or I'd kill them all
They still never responded
Until I saw thirty-three of the S.W.A.T. team jump out of three helicopters
I told them for the third and final time
If they crossed the line again, I'd take, thirty-three lives
Three of the hostages started crying
Three of them started wilding, and convinced, three more to start an uprising
Three of them stood to their feet and started freestyling
I didn't know what to do, so I started rhyming
I tried to kick three-hundred bars
But I got picked off by a sniper from thirty-three yards
The bullet hit me but it got lodged, and ricocheted off
Three organs three inches away from my heart
My name went down in history, as the illest MC
Rewind it and count it, thirty-three threes

Canibus Lyrics

"Canibus Man"

(feat. Pakman)

[Canibus:]

Yo, yo, let me explain something so that you understand
You will never be iller than the Canibus man
You could be male, female, black, white
Fuck the details, I rip a nigga with a rhyme till he screams help
Any nigga I told to kneel knelt
You haven't the slightest idea what a real MC is about
You need to be yourself, you can't sound like nobody else
And you can't do all of the beats yourself
You can't do it without the streets help
Niggaz on the block that blast the boom box till the speakers melt
That's how I was brought up, big fat elephant balls what
I'm a knucklehead with big walnuts, small frame extra large guts
I'll do anything to a nigga if he pushes me hard enough
I use to rhyme like all day
I mean little nigga spittin till my jaws felt sore with pain
I use to train with myself in the mirror
Like "Mirror mirror on the wall, tell me who's iller"
How you like that? I use to say it just like that
Maybe I should copyright that, I'll be right back

[Pause]

Sorry to leave you hangin
I write things down quick cuz I ain't takin no chances
Thats the difference between you and me
You a wanna-be, and I'm an MC
I'm just in the booth right now
I'm just kickin it with you right now
I'm tellin you the truth right now
You can't fuck with the Canibus man, you can't fuck with the Canibus man

[Canibus:]

Now in this rap field, I got a lot of confirmed kills
I put niggaz through drills to prove if they got true skills
You coulda sold millions, but if you ain't got 100 bars shut the fuck up
At least don't talk to me, cuz I ain't hearin you
If you that ill, give me a hundred bars, I'm darin you
I definitely ain't scared of you
I go to war cuz I'm prepared to lose
Just as long as I get to damage you
Take the mic from you, then put a knife in you
That's what I like to do, make you lose a pint or two
If you a lion I'm a tiger too
I could be as nice as you, but if you a snake I'm a viper too
Look you in the eyes and lie to you
Thinkin about all the possible ways to kill you while I smile at you
You like to get fly nigga I'm a pilot too

Don't even try to get deep cuz I'm a diver too
Don't try to fit in my shoes cuz you cant
Nobody can fuck with the Canibus man, understand?

[Canibus:]

Yo, yo, yo, my mouth is mechanically mechanized
My verbal weapon fires a whole clip of rhymes before you can get off one round
Can-I-Bus will buss ya, apply enough pressure to crush ya, I pulverize mother fuckers
Leave MC's laid out like hurricane debris, 15 Megatons of TNT
The overseas block busta, bustin up blocks like the Tiguska meteorite to hit Russia
Comin from the underground I discovered
A ground underneath the ground before underground bunkers
Dedicate it's blunkers, deeper than the labrith
Conductin excavations of the matrix
Living in uninhabitable places, craters of a desert like oasis with a cydonian faces
As barren as Las Vegas, as barren as the wombs of women who use artificial insemination
As barren as Utah's Salt Lake City basin, as barren as ancient Egypt before irrigation
A five-star chef makin mouth-watering creations with blood stains on my apron
Put the heads of wack MC's in my oven and bake them
Then garlic bread sticks in their eye sockets and taste them
It's not really that odd, when you consider part of the ancient culture loves to eat dogs
Feline cats with their claws, paws and all
Caucasians eat frogs, African-americans eat the hog
Hindus in India will kneel to the floor and worship cows and rats as gods
I raise the odds, spit rhymes towards Mars and beyond to the nearest binary star
I'mma tell you once more my main man, you can't fuck with the Canibus man

Canibus Lyrics

"Atlanta"

[Canibus:]

I wake up in the morn', turn my PlayStation on
Just bought that NFL Blitz and that Basket-Ball
I read the Vibe and Source, to see what's going on
I let my hair grow long, maybe braid it in the fall
Whenever I get bored, I just jump in my car
I go to Lennox Mall, and look for independent broads
Sometimes I get a nod, they treat me like a scrub
I go down to the schools, maybe I get more love
Three P.M. in the evening, I'm on the highway speeding
My front-left tires leaking, should have bought a new one last weekend
I guess I wasn't thinking, up ahead break-lights was blinking
For more than thirty minutes I was stuck in gridlock prison
This traffic drives me crazy, going West on two-eighty
Five bitch almost made me, crash into her Mercedes
I'm glad I almost missed her, I pushed the clutch and shifted
It was a white-lady, I'd rather hit a sister
'Cause see, I know the system, it's easier to trick them
I use my G to pimp them, then convince I'm the victim
Nah baby, you hit me, no I was in lane three
You need some contacts you can't see, no girl don't blame me
Don't panic just be patient, give the bitch the wrong information
She'll probably never claim it, scared of high insurance payments
I love my home Atlanta, I love my home Atlanta
I love my home Atlanta, I love my home Atlanta

[Canibus:]

The land of pretty peaches, them girls with round features
Make a nigga say, "Good Jesus," them Georgia dime-pieces
Started off like, "What's your name? Tell me, what's your age?"
You got a man? Can we be friends?"
I'm glad you feel that way, come on and ride with me
I take you to that Crunk bar where them sharks eat
Five-star baby, bon-appetite
I got that shrimp appetizer with that dog meat
If shorty want to creep, I bring her home with me
Just bought some candles and that Carl Thomas CD
Bootleg that Jay-Z, stole that OutKast
Been have that Keith Sweat, I know how to make it last
Smack that naked ass, she got a big butt
I ain't in no rush, plus she likes it rough
Kinky stuff like, leather and handcuffs
And them thangs you wrap around a man's you-know-what
That's why I love Atlanta, I can hardly stand-up
I'm a heavy drinker, fix me a cup and sinker
I always love Atlanta, that's why I love Atlanta
I love my home Atlanta, I love my home Atlanta

[Canibus:]

As a young child I was so damn bad
Used to drive up the Ave with no tags
Niggaz couldn't see me, I was going so fast
Most niggaz catch whiplash and crash
Face all chipped up from the glass
Running from the police hauling ass
If I get caught, I just give them some cash
Most police give me dap and laugh
Other ones pull up behind the flash
Take a nightstick and tap the glass
Tell me, "Turn the music down," it's on blast
Turn the engine off 'cause I'm wasting gas
Tell them that I'm lost and I need a map
Looking for a hotel to take a nap
Freaknik, officer, I came for that
It was good last year that's why I'm back
That's when he tried to hit me
His big fist barely miss me
I have my camera with me
I think I'll sue the city
I love this place Atlanta
That's why I love Atlanta
I love my home Atlanta
I love my home Atlanta

Canibus Lyrics

"Gybaotic"

[Canibus:]

Yo

I done been from Jersey to Brooklyn
Done been through Queens where the crooks hang
Done been on tour doing group thangs
'Cause I'm always tasting that pootang
Really love it when a girl got a cute name
Got a cute attitude and a cute frame
Got a big ass butt, breasts, and no brain
Them things make a nigga want to shoot game
Now check it, I done been through a few thangs
Done seen a lot more than some loose change
Always been open minded to new thangs

(_ A _)

Been a Hip-Hop nigga since youth man
Beat-box and break-dance too man
Used to do electric boogaloos man
Do Egyptian love with two hands
I remember when I lived down south, yo
In a hot ass one story house, yo
Where the A.C. was always going out, yo
Sometime spend a whole day outdoors
We had a block-party, barbeque
Eating food, in the pool
Music got us in that mood
Everybody act a fool
I'ma tell you like this man
Every night I go down to the city man
To the gentlemen's club where my niggaz hang
Them stripper chicks know how to strip man
DJ's be spinning them hits man
Play the Cash-Money clique and the Jigga man
Them hoes be thick but sick man
Every stripper think a motherfucking rich man
Like Sisqo, the R&B singing man
Think I got a bank account with a million man
Case of Crystal cost about six grand
Bitch better get a less expensive brand
Got to stick to the budget when I trick, man
How about ten dollars for a sip, man?
My whole dance for a ten dollar tip, man
Still waiting on my royalty check, man
How about a rain-check next time, yo?
How about a handful of coupons, yo?
How about tickets to my next five shows
Turn around, let me test that behind, yo
I love a fine ho

[Canibus:]

Girl, why you trying to get loud, screaming lies
Acting surprised, rolling your eyes
You act like a nigga done committed a crime
You know my elbow just brushed your thigh
Now them guys, twice my size
Trying to throw a nigga like me outside
I be up in this club all the time
But it's the first time that I crossed the line
Damn girl, why you so mean to me?
You know I can't leave, I done lost my keys
Don't throw me out, Mr. Bouncer, please
Let me take the girl up to V.I.P
She was just playing 'cause I'm low on cheese
Look at it, she only got eyes on me
They bloodshot red, so she's smoking weed
You know how these stripper chicks love to tease
I think I left my cell phone back at my seat
I had a couple of drinks and I need a receipt
Follow me to the bathroom to pee
I keep about three G's in my briefs
Damn baby boy, you done ripped my sleeve
I ain't trying to beef, give me room to breath
Why I got to leave, tell me what I done?

[Canibus:]

God damn girl, give a nigga some love
I'm all out of dubs but I'll give you some ones

Canibus Lyrics

"In The Rain"

[Hook x2]

Drivin' all night through the rain
Tryin' to escape the pain
I can't get away
With the way I drive will I make it home alive?
How will I survive?

Cereal killer, slasher, Rip the Jacker
Been on America's Most and still can't be captured
Think about it, how am I supposed to feel?
If you ain't have a record deal, how would you feel?
In a world where it seems like you're all alone
Like my name didn't help the rap market grow
Like I'm hardly gold, like I ain't got a remarkable flow
When I deserved to die old and broke
I'd rather have an overdose doin' coke or dope or both
Gettin' bathed in a bathhouse by Dorothy Dandrich
Hailey Berry and Jennifer Lo, bending over for soap
What a way to go
A friend of mine told me that I know a lot of nothing
I looked him in the eyes and said at least I know something
I know I've been driving all night through the rain
And I'm lookin' for a sunny day
I wanna run away

[Hook x2]

I be the first one to tell you I'm an ill emcee
But I'm a human being and if you prick me, I bleed
I might bleed internally, but it's still hurting me
Can-i-bus is not what he deserves to be
I just wanna rhyme, I don't wanna beef wit you
But if you bite me, I'ma put my teeth in you
I want the whole world to say, "Canibus, I believe in you"
The same way, my man, Ricky Lee would do
Don't stereotype us, we freedom fighters
We drive all night through the rain wit' no wippers
I paid that price a couple of times
And when I'm on the mic, I spit double the rhymes
I ain't scared of the competition
But I want you to listen to me even when I'm not rippin'
I hope you never have to feel my pain
I hope you never have to drive all night through the rain

[Hook x2]

Will somebody please tell me, what does it take?

I been on promotional tours, from state-to-state
I've done a 100 Bars on mixtape
People recognize the face, but the sales don't equate
I guess I'll plead guilty if
Rippin' a rhyme is a crime
Cause I'ma get mine or die tryin'
I'm verbally inclined to shine
I spin like a turnbine and blow the rain clouds out the sky
I drive through the rain til the roads get dry
Bonafide Gladiator that was born to ride
You could never put a price on my pride
If I have to, I'll swim against the tide til my arms get tired
But I won't disappear and I will not be quiet
Or get pushed to the side, I will not be denied
Keep my eyes and ignore the pain
No matter how long I gotta drive through the rain

With the way I drive, will I make it home alive?

Canibus Lyrics

"Mind Control"

[Chorus: Female singing]

You're under my, you're under mind control
You know you're lost, don't even try to fight
You cant escape, I rule you day and night
You're under my, you're under mind control

[Verse]

Been in this rap game since ninety-six
Can-I-Bus, also known as Canibus
And even though that might seem like a short time
I was never known for spitting a short-rhyme
I'm known for my ill metaphors and lines
And I'm inspired by that little voice inside
That says, 'keep a strong mind and don't compromise'
Nothing happens before it's time, don't get off of the grind
See the game is cold, don't lose control
All the glitters ain't gold, you could lose your soul
I've been through it before, guess you live and you learn
Everyone takes turns getting what they deserve
It's like a revolving door as far as Canibus is concerned
Please believe it, I'mma get what I earned
As far as getting that dough, and everything else in my career goes
I'm completely in control, come on

[Chorus: Female singing]

[Canibus]

Now don't get it twisted, Canibus ain't getting Jiggy with it
I'm just dumbing it down for a minute
Went from Jersey to A-T-L, but then I relocated
Out to Cali on some one-way shit
Bought a cheap ticket and split, I'm in coach sitting next to this chick
With some real voluptuous lips
She asked me if I can help her give her luggage a lift
After that, she wouldn't shut up for the rest of the trip
She said she thought I looked familiar, but she never caught on
I started nodding off, she was talking so long
Put my headphones on, then I went to sleep
Reclined the seat, thought about rhymes and beats
I thought about how I spent so much time in the East
And how my mind was never in peace
In the streets, if you want to that yellow-brick road
Paved with gold, you just gotta take control, come on

[Chorus: Female singing]

[Canibus]

I stepped off the plane, never want to sit in coach again
I can't deal with the neck-pain
Seen some guy holding up a sign with my name
What's up my main-man, where's baggage claim'
Took the elevator, I was physically drained
The chick from the plane said, 'bye,' and started to wave
Man, I'm just happy to be in L.A.
Got my release papers from Universal/M.C.A
Now it's time to get that real paper, shake off the haters
They can't break us, we're Gladiators
World famous, my name is on the mind of all of the majors
Canibus is outrageous
Fans sing along when I perform on stages
Or when they hear my songs on they two-way pagers
They can't front, 'cause I broke the mold
And took a little time, but now I'm in control

[Female vocalizes the harmony until fade]

Canibus Lyrics

"Last Laugh"

[Verse One]

Ha ha ha ha ha
Check out the bizarre style that I display god
Ha ha ha ha ha
Kinda like when the biz went
Eh eh eh eh eh
But this is the Canibus with the
Ha ha ha ha ha
Now
Ha ha ha ha ha
Ain't just the name of the song
Ha ha ha ha ha
It's probably my favorite response
When I'm walking on the street or I'm out at the mall
And people be talking that blah blah blah
Ha ha ha ha ha
But anyway, a regular day is just like this
Canibus writes a rhyme then Canibus spits, Like
Ha ha ha ha ha
I eat eat eat rhymes, Niggas don't be understanding that shit
Why you think I went and put a fucking mic on my arm
'Cause it belongs to me and I belong next to Ghengis Khan
In a coffin carbon-dryed with my body in bronze
Like Han Solo when he got frozen in Star Wars
Ha ha ha ha ha
I'm great but I'm not the greatest
Ha ha ha ha ha
I believe I'm god but I'm not aethiest
Ha ha ha ha ha
I'm crazy but I'm not the craziest
I'm just a normal heterosexual homosapien
Ha ha ha ha ha
The industry tried to cave me and I was an arch angel
But they changed me into Damien
Ha ha ha ha ha
The evil spirit of rap, the evil rapper
Ha ha ha ha ha
Rip the jacker
Master of the ceremony, most people know me as such
My disciples know me as master 'Bus
I can
Ha ha ha ha ha
Change their life with a touch, cause I'm
Ha ha ha ha ha
Lyrically gifted as fuck
Can-I-Bus, could bust it down pound for pound
My style'll make a thousand mc's bow

Ha ha ha ha ha
You can yah yah yah cha cha cha cha all you want
Y'all niggas know the Canibus is the one
Ha ha ha ha ha
Ha ha ha ha ha
The rhyme creator
At the drop of a dime I spit 100 b-a-rs
I'm a S-T-A-R since the day I was born
And I'll be a star til the day that I'm gone
Ha ha ha ha ha
You can agree with uh-huh or disagree with uh-uh
Whatever, niggas can't front
Ha ha ha ha ha
If they respond too late to the 911 call
They find you on the floor with a razor blade in your palm
Deep cuts an inch wide and 5 inches long
Paramedics feel for a pulse to see if you gone
You was pronounced D.O.A before you got to E.R.
The doctor swore that suicide was the probably cause
Probably because, you weak insecure motherfuckers
feel lost when you hear me roar
Ha ha ha ha ha
Like-uh the predator starring schwartzenegger
Before he triggered the bomb he went
Ha ha ha ha ha
Ha ha ha ha ha
The evil spirit of rap, the evil rapper
Ha ha ha ha ha
Rip the jacker

[Verse Two]

Its legibly unimaginable, mathematically incalculable
inextricably infalible
Let's not forget utterly impossible or
Morally unseemingly to assume that I could lose if I battled you
My scholastic aptitude is 1602
100 bars was just a glimpse of the truth
Physical proof that I'm the best at this
I've constructed sentences
That'll stand longer than stone henges megaliths
My 1st and 2nd albums consists of more than a million terabits
More than any of you rappers ever spit
Vote for me as president, In about a day or so
I be up in the white house getting feletio
By an administrative assistant with deep throat
Butt naked on the floor knee deep in some coke
Or on a speaker phone freestyling with some of my folks
Humping a ho tampering with the republican vote
I'm like Mel Gibson in Braveheart, fighting swordsman
Dodging arrows from the arches 'cause I'm a horesman
Flying circles around you like flying saucers
Flying circles around the royal air force's flying fortress
Maximize my wins, minimize my loses

Til I'm exhausted then lounge like the lyricists on Rawkus
I'm unsigned right now, it's like I'm an orphan
Looking for a home taking all calls and offers
Notify the prince and the duke of earl
I'm probably the illest english speaking mc in the world
Ghetto fabulous, verbally hazardous
Ask any baptist, roman catholic or satanic activist
Even them trippy hippies on college campuses know about Canibus
I've got rhymes like beads on an abacus
My styles totally out the bracket
Scientist in thick glasses and pocket protectors want to patent it
My talent is unmatched by any rapper in this rapping biz
By any rapper on this planet's grid
Show me where he is, I sign the ordenance
To bomb his coordinants with Agent Orange and torture him
Burn the skin off of him, throw a towel on him and stomp on him
Rip the towel off then pour salt on him
Continue my verbal assault on him til its 12 in the morning
And turn into the werewolf monster on him
Rip his heart out, eat it while its still pumping
The blood still running, it tastes like boiled dumplings
Starving artist, I turned down scholarships to Oxford College
'Cause I heard they didn't serve porridge
Smartest then any man in Scotland yard is
Used to work for MI6 but quit 'cause I couldn't take orders
I was the original James Bond before Sean Conn', Roger Moore,
Timothy Dalton and Pierce Brosman
The most awesome walking, talking, breathing
English speaking mc in the European region
Rip you to pieces like communism leaflets
Beef with 'Bis is like playing chess without the pieces
Modern Christians without Jesus, Rasta's without Reefer
Jamaican's in Princeton without Visa's
Radio's without speakers, Mother nature without the 4 seasons
Without a jacket outside when its freezing
I'ma tell you straight up, no lie
Canibus is the illest motherfucker alive
Ha ha ha ha ha
The evil spirit of rap, the evil rapper
Rip the jacke

Canibus Lyrics

"Not 4 Play"

(feat. Kurupt)

[Chorus: Kurupt & Canibus]

Don't play them games, not for play, not today
say what you say, not for play, not to day
we horseman man, you fools insane, locked the game
we spit flames, not for play, not today

[Kurupt:]

Each day I dip sometimes I trip
this gangsta shit (west gangsta shit)
I just don't give a fuck
I gallop role I'm in control
I like gettin high in G mode
with the homeys just lettin all the weed blow
fired up, nigga what you thought it was
buz cause nigga I don't give a fuck

[Canibus:]

Niggaz like us don't give a fuck
Canibus and Kurupt, choke a nigga up
comin through in the four by four truck
chromed from the flour up, with [?]
white air force ones with the low cut
I'm in the back of the jeep gettin [?]
me and my dawg Kurupt spark that skunk
I know I'm a G cos' my name start with one

[Chorus]

[Canibus:]

We Horseman man the next Wu-Tang
you know the name, Killah Priest and Kurupt
Ras Kass to you heard of us
we go to the club, curse and cus
start that buzz, thats wots up
spike the punch, fight and fuzz
rush that stage for the mic and bus
straight up cause I love them guts
don't call me unless you invite some sluts
36C cup with big butts
I pay big books to get my dick sucked
she can spit it up, then lick it back up
thank you very much, there you go slut
a Benjamin Franklin was more than enough
write your number down ill be in touch

[Chorus]

[Kurupt]

A Benjamin Franklin was more than enough
bitch give me that cash before I fuck you up
genuine banging in the deck
same old G, D.P.G
show you somethin gangstafied
do or die, gangstafied
run and ride, now ride don't run
fuck that nigga, blast that nigga
lay that nigga, I spray that nigga
AK that nigga off weed and liquer
I drop a switch, fuck a bitch
smash and dip with hollow tips
[?] me up, what the fuck
Canibus and Kurupt choke a nigga up
flippin through the cut, flash flood
fluctuate *[?]*, pistol tooked, nigga

[Chorus]

[Kurupt: talking]

none of you bustas, yeah, horsementality, yeah
Canibus, yeah, Ras Kass bitch, yeah, Killah Priest fucker
yeah, the Kurupt Young Gotti, yeah, horsemen, smash

[Canibus: talking]

we horseman man, not today
we locked the game, not today

Canibus Lyrics

"Stupid Producers"

[Canibus:]

Stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers

[Canibus:]

"Yo

What's up my main man?
What's your name?
I heard you got beats
Yea, I hear what you're saying, but are they flames?
You got a card or something?
Put your number on this CD, I'll give you a call or something
How long you in town?
Where you staying at now?
Who's your manager? Him over there?
The nigga with the South Pole sweat suit and permed hair?
Listen, don't even trip
I just want some beats to finish my shit
I'm looking for some hard shit
Yea, like some Beat Brokers or Mark Sparks shit
Huh? Play what?
Hold up, lay what?
Yo relax my main man, I'ma call you, peace"
I got back to the crib, popped in the CD
And turned it up loud to see if he had some real beats
I heard something I felt, I hit the nigga on the cell
To see if it was for sell
"Yo, can I speak to DJ
Yo, I'm feeling tracks two and six
Whatever, bottom line, you give me the tracks, I give you the cheddar
We can do it around ten PM
In the studio off of (_A_)"
At that point, I didn't even feel like answering him
Stupid ass motherfucking producer got me real upset
And I even got to work with him yet
I showed up at ten thirty so I was already late
He showed up and forgot to bring his own D.A.T. tapes
He shook my hand, with both of his hands
And told me he could play it over again, with both of his friends
Yo, as long as I get tracks two and six
I don't give a fuck who really produced this shit, just do this shit

"When I get back, I want it laid
Yea, you gonna get paid
I'ma leave, jump in the car, speed, go to my mans
Get some trees, get something to eat, and I'll be back by three"

[Canibus:]

These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers

[Canibus:]

"Hold up, five hours later, you ain't laid nothing?
Not one piece of percussion? You mean to tell me you ain't press one button?
You think this is motherfucking pre-production or something?
You know we ain't got a budget, who told you to order lunch bitch?
You know what? Fuck it. I don't even want it no more
'Cause the track you selling me probably ain't even yours"

[Canibus:]

These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers
These stupid producers

[Canibus:]

Yo, yo
Ayo Rip, motherfucker

Canibus Lyrics

"Talk The Talk"

[Chorus]

People wanna keep on talking
Why can't they see [?] you don't wanna be
People wanna keep on talking
Why can't they see they're too weak for me
People wanna keep on talking
I guess we will see
People wanna keep on talking
Talking'

[Verse One]

Yo, let's not talk about me, let's talk about you
Let's talk about some of the things YOU go through
Dealing with racists, being patient
Tired of waiting, what are you chasing
Sometimes you just want to just explode and spread across the globe
You wanna let the whole world know
'Hey everybody! Look at me, yo!
I used to be nobody, but now I'm known!
Thanks to you, I never could've done it alone
Everybody that talked about me is somebody I owe
Even the G.L.O.A.T., he talked till he was numb in the throat
And I STILL took his crown with a unanimous vote
Talk about it!

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

Yo, you can talk about how I came back so strong
You can talk about my album and all of my songs
You can talk about Can-I-Bus the rapper
What's his name, Nobody or Rip the Jacker
Talk about my record label, Gladiator's the name
Cause I BEEN a gladiator in the game
And I swear on my government name Germaine
That at Gladiator Records, everybody gets paid
Talk about the ladies, the kind that I like
After I get laid, we can talk about the price
You can stay talking about ice
I talk about who's nice in the rap game and who got stripes
Talk about it!

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I got a passion for this rapping
This is my ship, I'm the Capitan

I control your vertical and your horizontal
What you talk about and who you talk to
You got a day job and you wanna spit a hundred bars
Naw, you gotta train hard
Take a man's advice, stand and fight
Sacrifice, that's the price
I'm speaking freely, nothing's easy
FUCK the TV, you wanna be me
I ripped the Jacker with his own track
Maybe I AM the illest alive, talk about THAT!

[Pre-chorus]

Talk the talk, talk the talk
Talk the talk, talk the talk

[Chorus]

People wanna keep on talking

Canibus Lyrics

"Nobody"

You know this rap game is a lot like high school
and high school is a lot like life
You see in life, you got to do things to set yourself apart from your peers
you need to identify the qualities that separate you from those around you
After all, isn't that what most people spend their lives trying to accomplish?
Wouldn't we all want somebody, somewhere later on down
the line to remember the things that were different about us?
Don't you understand? The more you fit in, the less you're noticed
That's how it is, for anyone to walk through life unnoticed as if they never mattered
could be a punishment worse than death, and at the same time
that punishment is the only way you could truly be free;
free from the things you want people to remember about you
but also free from the things you want them to forget
I don't know if that freedom exists for me anymore
And even though I dream about what it would be like
it's just a dream, because I realize now more than ever
that I can't have my cake and eat it too, no one can
And as time goes on, we will always be loved by some and hated by others
And whether the people who talk bad about you know it or not
they really save you from obscurity every time they mention your name
You see, anytime anybody ever talks about you, either directly or indirectly
they put a quarter in your immortal meter
They keep you alive, whether they want to or not
they practically do the opposite of what they want to do
which is forget you. I dedicate this song, to the day
when you motherfuckers finally figure it out
and the day that you bury me, and erase the memory of me
Here lies a man, who became forgotten to the world
in his search to the key for immortality
He never made an impact, he changed nothing
and his words meant nothing
He never contributed to the rap game;
he never gave you anything to talk about
He never existed, and he never made a difference
his name was nobody!

CANIBUS

HOP-HOP FOR \$ALE



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Canibus Lyrics

"It's No Other Than..."

[Canibus]

It's no other than...
It's no other than... no other than Canibus on the mic
It's no other than... no other than Canibus on the mic
This gotta be the biggest track I ever touched in my life
Like the club can't breathe cause I'm clutchin too tight
You 'bout to see a live Canibus eruption tonight
Thugs in black, the bitches in white
I got the olive green marine fatigues on for sensitive light
Took my time with the rhyme to build, I'm alive and well
Got that seven figure dollar smell
Take a chance baby, not Chanel
She come check me at the telly in a minute with the longest L
As soon as she got there, the plot got clear
The bitch volunteered brains and she didn't stop there
Hot and fierce, she was not prepared
Pounded her upside down from the top of the stairs
'Til [?] started poppin the airs
She thought it would last forever but I told her I was droppin this year
C'mon

[Chorus: Canibus]

It's no other than... it's no other than...
no other than Canibus on the mic
Give me a (C, A, N, I, B, U, S) - c'mon!
It's no other than... it's no other than...
It it, it-it's no other than
Give me a (C, A, N, I, B, U, S) - c'mon!

[Canibus]

I can't stay long, I'm on my way to the bank
But while I'm here, I'd like to thank
Canibus supporters, they knew the time
Ask 'em, who's the nigga with the dopest rhymes?
(Go 'Bis, go 'Bis) Yo bring it back one more time
And ask 'em, who's the nigga with the dopest rhymes?
(Go 'Bis) I bust/bus lines like public transportation
The rhyme always on time when I say shit
I give you far to go, murder the flow
My voice travel like that smell when they burnin the 'dro
On the tour bus they searchin the coach
In the airport they searchin my coat, they say they searchin for dope
"Legal Drug Money" stickers on the back of my bag
The only artifact from my past that I still have
I'm a brand new man, with a brand new plan
Talkin to bitches new tannin in the Cancun sands

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

I play the nine, you play the target
Y'all all know my name, so I guess I just start this
I'm so swift and that's a natural fact
I'm like RIP, I mark a C on your back
Yo, follow me into a, solo
To get the flow.. that you can picture like a photo
They say I'm shallow, I never learned to swim
But they mention my name cause I got the urge to win
Tell me who's your weed man, how you smoke so good
You a superstar baby, why you still in the hood?
Damn! I hate to brag but you know I'm good
If a mic was a gun I'd be 'Bis Eastwood
Bandagin MC's, oxygen they can't breathe
Mad tricks up the sleeve
Wear boxers so my dick can breathe, hip-hop is my drug
I even got a mask and glove to bust slugs, one love

[Chorus x1.5]

Canibus Lyrics

"Back Wit' Heat"

[Canibus]

(Yeah) The-the-the-yeah
The rhyme weapon legend, that's what my niggaz yellin
That's what they yellin
YEAH... UH, YEAH (the-the-the-yeah)
(The rhyme weapon legend, that's what my niggaz yellin)
Yeah, niggaz just don't know, but I'ma let 'em know
(They don't know 'Bis, they don't know 'Bis)
How to flow how to (they don't know 'Bis)
How to go how to, how to..

Yo if I cough in my fist when I opened my hand
there'd be dope in my hand cause I spoke in my hand
In the gym 'til I turn the two-pack, to a four
'Til the four got sore and had to make two more
In a whole 'nother state of mind - Mexican standoffs
Waste lives but they save time
You know the danger, the ranger, pantyhose over
Got basic scopes and lasers, my toaster is a widowmaker
Good things come to those that wait
BULLSHIT! Better things come to those that chase
I sweep the streets with a fleet bigger than the Greeks
'Til we occupy your land like thieves, we fin' to eat nigga

[Chorus x2: Canibus]

I'm back for the music, back to do exclusives
Back to change the view of hip-hop, from that bullshit
Back to mash up beats to bang up your ave and streets
Canibus nigga, back with heat (yo)

[Canibus]

Aiyyo, hot out the box with Nottz, shots just went off
Nigga better check to see if you caught
Shootouts between rap stars drivin fast cars
through the hills of Madagascar, we can take it that far
Screwface you niggaz; yo who's the real rudebwoy rude nigga?
(Not you nigga) You got booed nigga
My close quarter combat not bad
Big niggaz drop dead when I stop they air
You just a man, your relationship with oxygen's clear
Canibus rockin with Nottz this year, yeah
Motherfuckers, your back blast area clear
Canibus rockin with Nottz this year, yeah - bring it

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Aiyyo a slug to the stomach make a thug move sluggish
Crawlin in his bloodiness no matter how big the gun is
If the fuzz is comin, blast shells by the tonnage
'Til there ain't nothin left but start runnin
I got a message 'bout I got a court summons
Everybody around me wants somethin, they all extort NUTTIN
I was young, I was stupid, I was really too hype
Cause I thought a microphone was really worth my life
Go make a club banger, that's what they asked me to do
You a DUMB NIGGA, who the fuck is askin you?
I write a book for ya, Nottz write a hook for ya
We can both split half of what we took from ya
I'm just a 'round-the-way neighbor in your hood fella
You wan' show love, let's break bud nigga
We control the price of rap fuel
I attacked you cause annual tax was do
Four dollars a gallon, we gon' take it back to two
Hip-Hop nigga, that's what we back to do
For you.. for you.. (that's what we back to do)
For you.. for you.. (that's what we back to do)

[Chorus]

[Outro]

The-the-the-yeah
The rhyme weapon legend, that's what my niggaz yellin..
The-the-the-yeah
The rhyme weapon legend, that's what my niggaz yellin *[music fades]*

Canibus Lyrics

"Benny Riley"

[Intro]

DJ's, cuttin up beats and stuff like that and
That was my first exposure to the whole, artistry in hip-hop
There is nothing in this music, that I don't wanna hear
There is words, that are kind of syncopated and rhythmic
And there's this hot drum track, it's great!

[Chorus: x2]

"This is, this is great! This is, this is great!"
And I could hear, this enormous
"This is, this is great! This is, this is great!"
This is music, I've been waiting all my life to hear

[Canibus]

Aiyyo! I don't give a fuck, if you gettin some cash
or gettin some ass, if I was there I'd pick up the tab
Talk to a rag, tell you to wipe your stinkin ass
Get back to the lab, make sure hip-hop last
Through death or dishonor, I do this cause I wanna
Your body armor don't protect you from your karma
I'm ready for the encounter like a titty bar bouncer
Or Muhammad at the Mini-Mart counter with four-pounders
Quick Draw McGraw spitter, let me see your hands jitter
I'll hit'cha where the good Lord split'cha
You faggot-ass niggaz are see-through
I treat you like we in the same cell, but I'm Bugsy Siegel
Smack your teeth loose, the street juice
Go to court in cheap suits, givin testimony over beat loops
Take 'em to my hood, show the evil I'm from
They can't blame me for the evil I done, now they see where I run
And why I keep a tight leash on the gun
Why my speech is so revered by the young, cause my spirit is young
A nigga spittin LIKE THAT, got SERIOUS LUNGS
Yo I'm serious SON, he a FURIOUS ONE!

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Yo, the name Benny Riley, the trip took twenty-eight days
from New York to Cali, drivin through alleys
My mom mad at me, my dad laughs at me
My life's a track meet, I need this record deal
Precious, she got the freshest breast-es, and the ass from heaven
36-24-37

She the second broad I ever humped, under a bridge
But she the first broad I ever fucked with in the record biz
Desi told her I was crazy and she called the feds

The bitch didn't know any better, I let her live
She don't know Desi is a greasy fuckin pig
And he's settin me up for somethin he knows I never did
When I see him I'ma put the Smith & Wesson to his head
To change his outlook on life
Maybe I'd show him what it's like to be DEAD
Like the way I look at lyrics, I kill it 'til they DEAD
It's that vivid; got skills to kill the rap business
Got bills to put a contract on the witness if he rat-snitchin
You niggaz in the back, thinkin holds 'til your next actin role
Get buried wit'cha cash and gold
Acts that sold, family of Marlon Brando broke
Shattered hopes, rappers choked, took it like a man though
Benny Riley is the closest thing to Canibus yo
Niggaz just don't be understandin his flow, until the hammer let go
Grab the mic and cold damage the show
Get split with bananas, flows of the Canibus blow

[Chorus]

[Outro]

This is music, I've been waiting all my life to hear
And I didn't know it

Canibus Lyrics

"Show 'em How"

Yeah *[echoes]*

[Chorus: Canibus]

They don't know what they fuckin with
They don't know how you bust it 'Bis
They don't know how you comin man
They don't know how you done this shit
Yo show 'em how a brother spit

[over Chorus]

The MC, with the N-O-T-T-Z, yeah!

[Canibus]

Aiyyo Canibus'll spark it for ya, Nottz'll paint the target for ya
Mic Club'll launch it toward ya
This is the beginning of the rest of my life
Rippin the mic, and rippin it right, you listen you like
You dislike you get disciplined with the pipe
Muzzle flashes of light that says goodbye to life
I'm anti-social but humble
I blow a hole in you to get a hello from you! If that's what it come to
A little camera shy, I play the background
Turn the mic on, lock the cage, I attack crowds
Y'all niggaz is just clones that rhyme
From a bloodline that's closer to yours than mine
You ignore the signs, but we all divine
DJ's rewind, MC's distort the time
Sharp enough to read your mind, I can hear your applause in silence
You're fuckin with an awesome talent, yo

[Chorus x2]

[Canibus]

Yo, you gotta call this a comeback, I been here for years
You should thank God for answerin your prayers
The hip-hop hero, off of hip-hop skid row
I rip a show for a beer and a smoke
You know that hip-hop flow that got him clearin both coasts
For that hip-hop show I appear as the host
Used to be the type of MC they was scared to approach
Nowadays I just share what I know, spare what I don't
Might act like I care but I don't, see they want me to share
It's only logical they fear what I wrote
Forty-fives with broken handles go off like roman candles
Ricochetin through your mans and you
They so busy tryin to get an ambulance for you
They ain't notice that a fan was hit too, plannin to sue

They got a lot of anger for you
Introduce you to the anger management crew, with Canibus too
Switch places with the person that was bandagin you
And start stranglin you, and keep stranglin you, yo

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Yo, they don't know how to double 'Bis
They already woulda done the shit, Canibus the original thumbprint
Five MC's, pick one quick
He's usually on the thumb you lift
Yo, y'all fuckin with an awesome talent
I can't be silent, where's the balance?
I'm on some Kanye shit, waitin for my "Spaceship"
Exercisin patience, grindin for this paper
The universal language is love, not hatred
Sex money and drugs, destroy your foundation
That's what I would say, if I had to make a statement
But sex money and drugs, built this proud nation!
Salvation without authentication, false pagans
Bought lawmakers to orchestrate how the law changes
We the new breed of firebreathers, inspire speeches
Got fans fightin in bleachers, they can't keep quiet neither
I wanna team up with the best there is
Bless the mic and address what is, impress the kids
The deep life I live is shallow to sheep
'Til I show a couple scars, let the experience speak, yo

[Chorus x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"Dear Academy"

[sampled song "The Awful Truth" by Carole King]

Dear Academy, take note!
I should get, the Oscar vote
If I don't, I'll bite your throat!
Signing off now, quote unquote

[Canibus]

Yo, nominated for being underrated; we made a name for ourselves
but I guess Common was the only one that made it
I clapped when he won his award
Him and Black Eyed Peas and them, we was on the same tour
And DMX too, you my dawg for life (rrrrrrrr)
I feel for you, I wanna see you get yours tonight
Mos Def you on the screen now, followin your dreams now
Me you and Spike Lee used to sit and freestyle
I said two words, they both got bleeped out
If you ever need me again, just reach out
I got poseurs that belong on posters
Pour out all my emotions and double what the gross is
Everybody in the box office know the flow sick
I wanna thank Nottz, the producer that chose 'Bis
Motherfuckers!

[acceptance speech]

I wanna thank my mother, I wanna thank my brother
For makin the film, cause all the support was very important
From the beginning I got fans and, y'know cult members
That never let me down from day one - I'm just inebriated to be here
I wanna thank you all

[Canibus]

Yo, I don't wanna bite nobody's throat, I just want smoke
Yo pass the 'dro nigga; yo, I can't believe
I'm sittin with Don Cheadle, Denzel and Russell Crowe man
Dave Chappelle yo I really liked your show man
Ice Cube, yo he in the next room man
D12, me and them struck a pose man! {shhh, shhh be quiet}
With Slim Shady, yo this must be a omen! {shhhhhhhh shut up}
I think I'm 'bout to go platinum, I'M EXPLODIN! {shhh you're too loud}
I'm a fool man, what I'm 'sposed to do man
Red & Meth, "How High Part II" man
Bokeem Woodbine bump me in his hood all the time
I wanna say peace, I'm a fan of yours brah
I seen Hov' on a hundred foot boat
At the Cannes Film Festival with Sophie and Cope'
And Scarlett Johansson, she was with her man friend
"Lost in Translation," number one smash hit

(And now, introducing, Can-I-BUSSSSSSS!)
Yo, I'm in the game now, I ran "8 Miles"
I ain't the same old nigga with the same style
The lifestyle of Jermaine is my brainchild
Jermaine's really like the black John Wayne (WOW)
Or James Caan, negotiatin some rhymes for the Don
I ain't seen my niggaz in so long (so long)
We did a short film, "4,3,2,1"
It was hot back then when it was new, but
I did this other film, "Gone Til November"
Me and Wyclef was in the trenches together
I did a big movie with him, he put me on soundtracks
Back then, I didn't understand the music business
Every agent found it hard to find me
In the backwoods of Holly, rehearsin my hobby
Shoutout to R.O.C. and State Property
I was inside the beast, shoutout to DMP, peace

[shoutouts]

Killa Khan, Sha, Black & Deco, my nigga Star
Nottz, what? Yeah
Throw shots, spread out your face like Botox
Nigga what?

Canibus Lyrics

"I Gotcha"

(feat. DMP)

[Intro]

I gotcha!

Uh-huh, huh! You thought I didn't see ya now didn't ya? Uh
Uh-huh, huh! You tried to sneak by me now didn't ya? Hehehe
Uh-huh, huh! Now gimme what'cha promised me
GIVE IT HERE, C'MON!

[Canibus]

Yeah, yeah

Yeah, uh, you know it's all terrific
Know it's... yo

[Open/Close]

I just wanna see you pump yo' fists
I don't wanna hear y'all talk no shit
I just wanna get on stage and show the gift
Show the gift...

[Chorus One]

I'm the type of nigga that'll click-click ride wit'cha
The type of nigga that'll smoke that lah wit'cha
The type of nigga that'll bust that nine at'cha
Spit that line at'cha, hit that fi-i-yah

[Canibus]

Yo, aiyyo whattup, God? No love? Odd
You can't sell crack on the block no more
Cause I pulled up, parked, rolled up, sparked
Dogs barked, OH SHIT! NARC's
I Jackie Chan up the wall and sit in the dark
Or go runnin for a jog while I spit in the park
My jigsaw still hard, the metaphors remain sharp
Give you sharp pains through your brain up your slang box
Me and you in the sandbox, with our hands locked
Get the same shit your man with the broken hand got
I bang glock, I been hot
Cocked back Mai Ling from Bangkok *[?]*
Mind grow, but the fat-ass can sit up front
Your broad that look like trash can sit in the trunk
I'ma fuck 'til I break off chunks
Break off a big chunk of skunk and take off with a blunt
Hit the studio, sometimes I work all day
Still change my voicebox oil every 3K
Step to the stage, throw a sign to the DJ
Everybody screamin out - do what the weed say!

[Chorus One]

[Chorus Two]

The type of nigga that'll set up shop wit'cha
The type of nigga that'll pace the block wit'cha
The type of nigga that'll pass the block to ya
Stash the rock for ya, nigga I gotcha

[DMP]

(This is!) The ghetto-ass shit for you baby
The hood love it, so I gotta give it to 'em daily
I'm on the block, like Olajuwon and Ewing
I'm a pimp bitch, by the way, how ya momma doin?
Like Rakim Allah, I'm a "Microphone Fiend"
The fuckin "Last Dragon" like Leroy Green
That Mausberg kicks, rearrange your spleen
Now you on part of the Handicapped, Olympic Team
I got a, deadly disease without a vaccine
It's called {"Get the fuck outta my face before I let this Eagle scream!"}
You runnin game, all I'm sayin is where your fuckin team?
This that dope, somebody [?] and let the lyrics fiend
I'm livin dreams from a stroke of the pen to get the cream
You garbage, I turn the channel when you come on the screen
Flow so pure, cause I'm fuckin with raw
Suited up, booted up, and I'm ready for war
Yo 'Bis, let's get it live, grab the tec-9, what else?

[Canibus]

The glock 9, and the double-axle forty-five
Bend your mental from the beginning to the end
It's connected to the beginning like infinity symbols
I keep it simple, don't wanna offend you
Cause niggaz don't understand what they ain't in to
(Misunderstandin, is still a form of understandin)
But y'all niggaz don't hear me though

[Chorus One + Chorus Two]

[Open/Close]

Canibus Lyrics

"So Into You"

(feat. Juli Ecaro)

This for you girl, you know I love you
Baby

[Chorus x2: Canibus]

I'm so into you
I wanna do so many things to you
I can't talk without mentionin you
And let me tell you what I think of you

[Canibus]

Yeah, my name is, none of your business, let me tell you why I love her
She hot when she in front but she stand behind a brother
She wiggle, her booty jiggle, my finger spreads her middle a little
Let me see what I might wanna get into
I always empower her, tell her that I'm proud of her
Show her I don't wanna make no housewife outta her
Sprinkle her with compliments, but I never shower her
That's the last thing I would do, cause I value love
She give me ounces of love, let me bounce the bum
And when she call my name, I come/cum
If I front she raise up, we fuss fight and break up
Then wake up in the Bahamas after we done made up
She know my psychological make-up
I'm therapeutic with the broad, we keep it raw when we make love
And can't nothin change the trust we have
Wherever we are, we think about the moments and laugh, because

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

When I was on tour, I held the elevator for this broad in the lobby
Seen her later on in the bar, she sat beside me
Said the guy at the front desk recognized me
And told her all about me...
She said I heard you're a rapper, career in the crapper
I know you want some ass, you probably won't give no cash up
You should fill my glass up, tell me 'bout your bad luck
And if I feel sorry enough, I'll give you the sad fuck
I had to laugh, put my hand on my gut
I told her I'd let her have the next grand that I touched
Walked back to the elevator with my hand on her butt
To the bed with the camera in front (MONEY SHOT) cut!
I hopped up and blazed one
Yo the room and tax is paid hun, stay as long as you want
I'll be back in a hour, she said that's what they all say
I know ma, I've been sayin that all day

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

The valet don't remember nothin, he didn't leave the engine runnin
I jump in, don't bless him with nothin
Call up this other ma, she remember I'm comin
I told her I'ma cook, but I'ma just pick up somethin
The fireplace runnin, she layin on her stomach
Nasty english all in her muffin, she love it
She giggle, her booty jiggle, my finger spreads her middle a little
Let me see what I'ma get into again
I told her I don't really like to come through her block
Cause the blueberry drop attract too many cops
Girls hop in the drop, take off they top, my belt buckle pop
They know that I'm hot, can't tell me I'm not
They surrounded the car, six cops
I was holdin up traffic for six blocks, they put me in the shitbox
Look at you now, I can't even come through your spot
And it's messin with my mind, cause I loved you a lot

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Da' Facelift"

[Canibus]

You want a facelift? This what it take 'Bis
A beat that'll make a nigga think an earthquake hit
The blue collar rapper, enigmatic, democratic
Rap-saavy fanatic that can smash any matchup
High with a roach, bring wealth and goggles to my show
My flow glow brighter than any diamond that you know
I walk among you, draw energy from you
The art of Sun-Tzu, he used to bust too
I'm like a Shaolin monk on crunk
Holdin himself up with his thumb on the stump
Get a Hummer for the summer to stunt
And just sit in the front, while my lungs become one with the blunt
Futuristic old schooler, look like JFK Jr
When I shoot up, Jacob the jeweler with a new cut
Can-I-bus, I ain't got what I want yet
How would you expect one of the best, what
I can't get no, grab the mic, niggaz lets go
Tell me who got the best flow, end up with less dough
Open your vest, let your chest show
I'ma open your chest, let your breath go
With a thirty-eight special
Keep it on the low, don't let the press know
Behind the scenes, they put me on death row and won't let go
Brace yourself while I break the chains
My beats bang so hard, they erase the blame

[Chorus x4]

This is full battle rattle, attack you
Salute while I smash you, Can-I-bus bus to blast you 4X

[Canibus]

The hudred bar monster, spit without hawkin up
Smash your whole roster, fuck what it cost ya
Fuck what it cost me, join the army
Smoke Bob Marley, the sergent major honorably discharge me
From my sentimiliar and my hemping sence
Inspiration, why is it only worth ten percent
Another day in the life of Mr. Can-I-bus
MY life too rought for me not to recognize lust
The soldier's back to blow a fuckin hole through rap
I wish they'd let me out the cage and stop holding me back
You might say the only thing holdin me back is myself
It ain't hard to tell what's holdin me back is my cells
I don't make records for girls, I spit for the pearl
But I'm an artist in an ignimant world, world
World class athlete, trained to attack beats

Mixtape smash the streets, try to patch the leaks
Niggaz try to battle me but lose
They got limited views, I remember when I was primitive too
I'd sit and talk with the inquisitive youth
'Cause I be spittin the truth
sometimes I ask 'em, what you listenin to
Lyrical fitness is the proof, let me put you in the booth
Nottz'll play the beat loop
Let me see what you could do
The older advise the younger when they recognize the hunger
I do a couple raps with the mic to get pumped up
Monkey bar sit-ups, blood rush to my head
I write rhymes upside down with an astronaut pen
Spit a hot sixteen and my ten, take it up a notch, then
Lost everything when I'm locked in
You in the kill zone, boxed in
Tried to play jump-rope
With skeets on and got dropped when you hopped in
The last mohican, smoke you in the first season
You don't speak it but it's no secret
Peep it, you light weight like rice cakes
Anybody under twenty-one to touch the microphone is mic bait
Hungry niggaz start to get type faced, that's when the fight breaks
A sixty second rhyme is a nice pace
Work a nigga out 'til he spit out white paste
Tell him he could hide the proof on his face with night shades
You looking for a battle, you came to the right place
This is Mic Club and over here I'm the mic ace

[Chorus x4]

Canibus Lyrics

"Hip-Hop Body Rock"

[chorus]

Hip-hop do that body-rock
Jam on and keep smokin
Hip-hop do that body rock
I've been gone for a while but I'm still in style *[x2]*

[Canibus]

Yea, come on now get on down
Can-I-Bus, back with the hip-hop sound
Twenty years deep in this culture, compulsive
Every day, this was the dream that I wrote with
Outside chillin, b-boys spinnin
Pretending not to notice the supreme choice women
I rep the rude boy, not the dread posse
I a buggy ride with zombies behind me
Turns the lighs up, pick the mic up
Get 'em hyped up lookin for the right cut
I don't write much, but I love to bust
At the crowd 'cause they love the rush
The mark is on my arm, was drawn
To symbolize the art of hip-hop in its rawest form
We could take it to the stage like we goin to war
Both fallin through the crowd, we perform on tour
Come correct with the rhyme, they remember the flow
I was "Gone Til November" six Decembers ago

[chorus x2]

[Canibus]

Every day is a piece of enernity to weed control
That's why rap music feeds the soul
DJ drop needle, I shock people
There's mic doc in the house and he's not legal
Canibis just entered the building yo
If you lookin for the illest, start filming yo
I get a call, slide to Diego
Hit the bay off with something less than a day old
Here's a hot one for you to hold
The super MC, Superbowl, winner takes all
The Fahrenheit, nine eleven, rhyme weapon
The underground give me credit when I'm sound checkin
I feel like it's now or never, the rhyme state clever
When the wisdom teeth grind together
(Go to sleep) I cant go to sleep unless I write something
(Then stay awake) I can't stay awake unless I recite something
I can't recite something without tight substance
When I bust and I leave mothafuckin mics busted

[chorus x2]

[20 seconds of beat playin]

Canibus Lyrics

"Take 'Dat"

(feat. Star Awon & Ike Infa Diamond)

Fake niggaz get rejected auditionin for heart
They auditionin for the wrong part
Nigga you ain't from the hood you got the wrong one
You all soft with no thought all talk
You in the wrong sport
In a golf cart talkin bout you hardcore
With that bullshit 22 you bought from Wal-Mart
My gat bark, bite you like a shark
Right in the heart like a mosquito bite in the dark
You got bit you massage it, I'ma lighten your pockets
Make a withdrawal and take your deposits to split profit
My sawed-off blow arms off
Insurance don't cover what a prosthetic skull cost
It's your loss; Motherfuckers keep your ears to the streets
Cuz if you raise up get hit in the head with the heat
If you dead you can't eat so don't be a fool and
Try to protect your jewels cuz they can't protect you

[Chorus x2]

Yea, pull out the heat them cats will get back
Then shut your mouth niggaz'll get clapped
Oh, you still off runnin' your trap
Well nigga take 'dat, nigga take 'dat

Uh, murderous mind state is a given
Master of self but a slave to the rhythm
My wolves like dogs say sick 'em man get 'em
My slugs heat seekin if I spit 'em I'ma hit 'em
I'm a marksman spend my free time at the range
Just incase I gotta put one up in your brain
Sit your five dollar ass down before I lay change
I don't believe y'all niggaz, y'all niggaz been lames
One spit flames call a fireman
Sendin these weak motherfuckers to the [?]
Sixteens hit like the bird flu and my word true
I could dial seven digits and get you hurt dude
Remember, A-1 remarkable rhymin
Prozac washed down with Grey Goose and lime and
Niggaz do what I say like Simon
If I got the iron, hands in the air I ain't lyin'

[Chorus x2]

Yea, pull out the heat them cats will get back
Then shut your mouth niggaz'll get clapped
Oh, you still off runnin' your trap
Well nigga take 'dat, nigga take 'dat

The street lights illuminates the crooked runway
 Leadin' us from the one way
Toward a narrow path of 40 odors and gun play
Tryina stay away from the crosshairs when the gun spray
The air will dry your body like salt tears in the sun's rays
 Sorta like we raisin or paper chasin with [?]
 Stayin on a case do a number like 40-1k
Thought of pushin rock like McGrady across the half court
Dribblin the crack while on the post with the black torch
Dumpin off jump shots stackin' up for the black Porsche
Law enforcement officers flash badges like passports
Actin' like we free when we actually being trapped off
My rap keep you runnin' like athletes on a track course
Ridin' with the mac like we saddled up on a black horse
It's like they tryna shackle the very root of my black thought
 Flossin on a broad day ballin out in the off ray
Chevrolet Suburban gold ? chuckas it's all suede

[Chorus x4]

Yea, pull out the heat them cats will get back
Then shut your mouth niggaz'll get clapped
 Oh, you still off runnin' your trap
Well nigga take 'dat, nigga take 'dat

Canibus Lyrics

"Punch Lines"

(feat. Hamza)

[Hamza]

Canibus, Hamza!
Follow us into a new era
Where lyrical content is a MUST!

[Chorus: Hamza]

We cut microphones like, gangsters holdin chrome
Like, Toto you far from home
Like, words spoken wrong will never help you reach excellence
Stop bitin like you got a speech impediment
When will you learn?
Whack lyrics and a hot beat makes your song irrelevant
This is not a movie
I'm a poet so it takes more than punchlines to move me

[Canibus]

Can-I-Bus, your favorite rap star on ice
What I talk on the mic make them call on Christ
As far as the eye can see, gaze out into the wide sea
Look for the island, the island is me
I heard Fat Joe said, I was over in Iraq
He said I was a soldier in lyrical combat
Other people slandered my name but I dodged that
They don't see the missing pieces my thesis provides rap
Under the influence, bang 'Bis music in a Bonneville Buick
I see your face, I'ma crash into it
Lyrically I kick ass, if you don't wanna know don't ask
I might do it pro bono for no cash
The two-handed choke from the hope
turn your brain and skull to sand and salt, sprinkle you on the floor
I didn't wanna rap like that, but I had to
Cause that's what my master would do if he was asked to
The perfect music machine, mechanical being
The most lyrical digital streams the world has ever seen
I did, I do, I does, I am, I will be, I was
The same nigga you love

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Yo, I hope they film this shit, cause I'm 'bout to blaze you
And get it on tape too, I'm 'bout to Kay Slay you
Somebody gon' grab you - try to escape
Hold you down while I perform *[?]* on your face
Why you sound like that, why you tear the mic down like that
Why you sound so intense when you rap

The airborne attack you can't call off
Breathe exhaust like a horse or a supercharged Mustang Ford
Drugs rain from the sky, it's like the angels want me to die
They push me harder cause they want me to try
A pitbull off the leash, barkin speech
Like a bull in the pit, liftin you off your feet
I feel like the world's mine, I can park in the streets
Kick the world's illest rhyme, police officers weak
People layin on the concrete, exhausted from heat
Watchin John Kerry spit over the mic with more beats
This is a little somethin that my repertoire boast
I almost, was in control of all coasts...

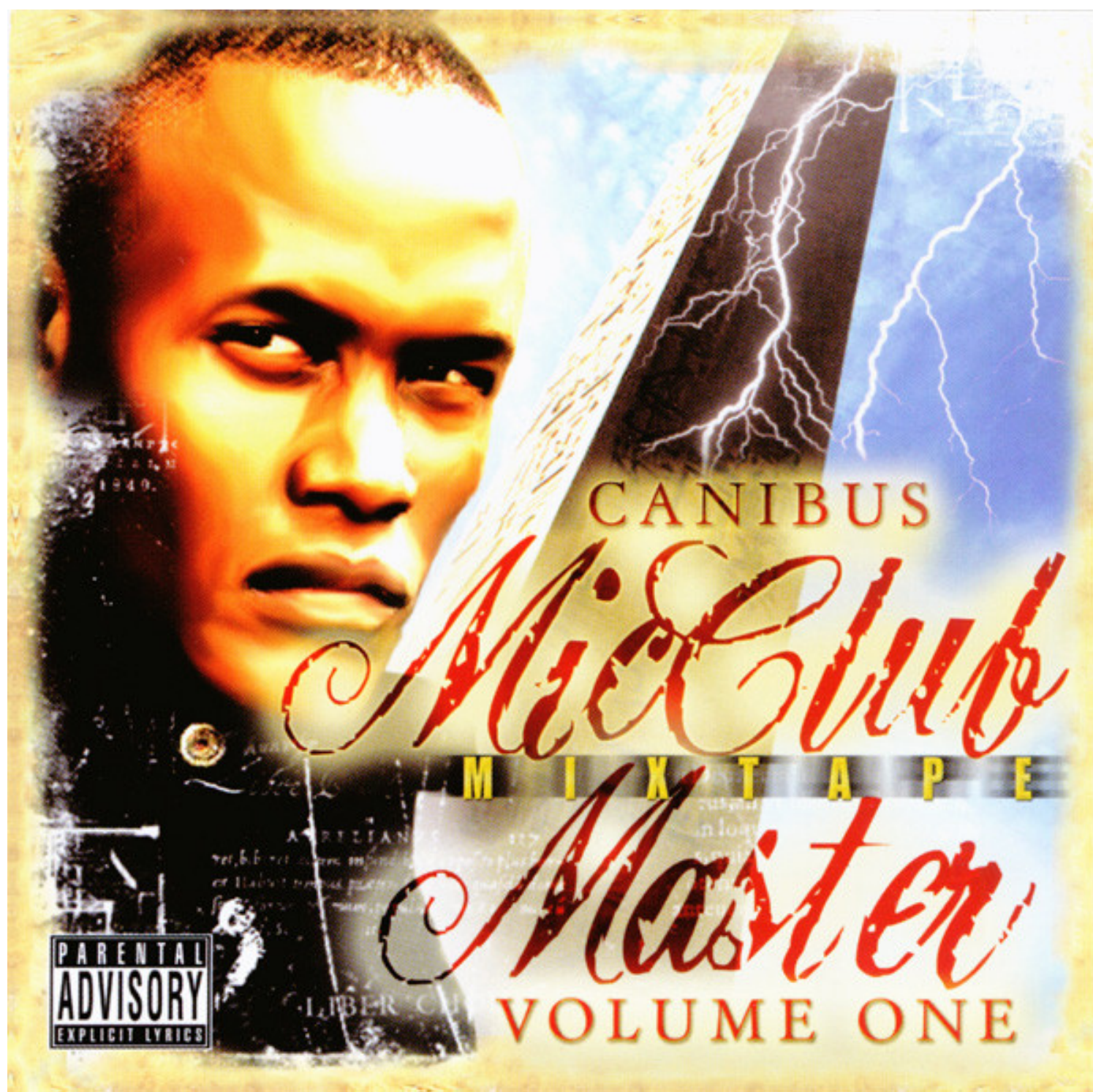
[Chorus]

[Canibus]

I get advanced rhymes to quote, they all dope
Tote a lyrical landslide, give me all votes
But I can be as quiet as they want me to be
Cause even though they say my name, they ain't talkin to me
They talk to magazines, they talk to MTV
They up on 106 on BET talkin to Free
Big niggaz actin tough, but they walk like they ankles is cuffed
Who gives a FUCK if your ankles is buff
I can ar-ticulate, I wanna participate
But they tryin to hold me back, a black ball number eight
I pick the microphone up and spark the debate
Ever since ninety-eight I been a target for hate
Jesus Christ! My name should be He-Bus Mic
Even when I rip the shit, fans leave uptight
But I don't know if I'm right no more
But I don't know if I'm right no more

[Chorus]

[shotgun blast]



CANIBUS

Mic Club

MIXTAPE

Master

VOLUME ONE

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

Canibus Lyrics

"Shogun"

(feat. Shaq Diesel)

[Shaq Diesel {Canibus}]

(One) Yo yo (One two!)

Yo Big {Talk to me Big}

(Check me out right here yo)

Yo Big Big, tell 'em turn it up!

{Yo talk to me so I can talk to them} Turn it up!

(You need to turn the track up a little bit for me)

{Tell me what the fuck to do} Turn it up!

(All up in my ears, the mic is loud but the music ain't loud)

Yo... this ain't about battlin, this ain't about beef no more

(Yeah) {True} We stickin to the music {aight then}

(Yeah!) You had a couple, a couple of altercations

A couple of cats knocked you down - you gon' stay down?

{Hell no nigga!} You gon' get up? {I'm 'bout to slay these niggaz!}

Show me that lyrical fitness you was talkin 'bout

{Aight then, aight, let's go!} (Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh)

[Canibus]

Aiyyo the sun don't shine forever, but I could rhyme forever

I'm a Ripper, this is personal nigga

I'm back - so charged, I don't know how to act

The face lifter, Kay Slay, Money Mark and Shaq

[Shaq Diesel]

In the Commission, I ain't got to ask for shit

I'm D's Capo, B.I.G. from the Bricks

You heard of me, seven one, three-fitty

Real black and shitty, wife real pretty

Shaq Dizzy, I take what you won't give me

I bust off a couple, bitch let 'em hold fifty

MC's is comical, Sasquatch phenomenal

IV's plug in your arm inside the hospital

Never gotta spit, I make more than Mike

Anyone - Jordan, Jackson, Tyson

Ac-shun Diesel, ridiculous

Big Shaq, Kay Slay, 'Bis back to bust

[Canibus]

Can-I-bust verbal to burst you

Raw shit, forklift the high hats in the side to let my verse through

I'm so high in the clouds I gotta aim down

Lyricaly I'm six foot one from the waist down

Lay down or taste rounds from the trey pound

Kiss the ground as you lay face down

Ghetto life is a death sentence

Born in the hood, end up dead slumped over a car engine

I am Shogun, loved by no one
My props stop when the show's done, how come?
These uncreative ungrateful scum
Been where I been, but can't understand where I'm from
Let me show you how the fire work over here son
You gon' wear that watch, you might as well wear a gun
When you come around real gangsters, you don't front
Unless life is a luxury that you don't want
The long gat, the stocking cap, serious
as a heart attack like Redd Foxx puttin on the act
Couple more reps, let the muscles flex
Damn you gettin big 'Bis, they don't love you yet?
I'm as smooth as smooth can get
I shake your hand to bruise your neck to improve your breath
Hang with rappers, actors and descendant masters
Puffin on hash and defendin the classics
I got hip-hop in my blood, I'm blessed
Outside the bones but inside the flesh
They better film this shit, cause I'm 'bout to blaze you
And get it on tape too, I'm 'bout to Kay Slay you
Somebody gon' grab you, try to escape
Hold you down while I perform capouetta on your face
Why you sound like that? Why you tear the mic down like that?
Why you sound so intense when you rap?
The airborne assault you can't call off, breathe exhaust
like a horse or a supercharged Mustang Ford
Good God niggaz is weak, I got real power
Y'all rap for minutes, I rap for hours
Now I only got a couple more bars to pounce ya
Over the counter drugs, Canibus all in ya mouth son
I wish this was a battle, I'd grab the mic
and do curls and destroy you in front of the world
Besides Corey Gunz, ain't shit hot since I been gone
Maybe it's because you puff the same shit I bent on
Kay Slay, 2004 nigga, the Ripper..
Mic Club, get the picture?
Mic Club, get the picture?

Canibus Lyrics

"Vitruvian Canman"

[Canibus]

Yo, even when I rhyme slow
My lyrics move at a high rate of speed cause they comin down slow
My pantheon stands beyond songs, beyond the norm
I've managed to draw the sihlouette of God
Connect the dots with stars 'til my C forms
in the shape of a deep sea prawn, go to the store
Grab the CD without tongs or gloves on
And see if it don't barbecue your palms and arms
Ambience have a seance in the garden of Eve
I'm a God, a gardener, a guardian of trees
Banana clips and the spliff is all I'ma need
I'ma inhale and exhale as long as I breathe
Turn the mic on, I'ma torment the beat
Tear the club down with a warning to leave
Snit snow in the sauna, up to my knees
Conduct business with broads that fuck for the queen
Givin angels anal through halos
Cause the skinny nigga in the seude gold say so
I'm a pimp with a payroll, tryin to get paid
Worldwide, I'm thinkin 'bout hirin some gays
I pace back and forth like a lion in a cage
Goin out in a blaze, call the fire brigade
This is Canibus nigga, fuck what you heard about the name
Niggaz know the steez, I tear mics out the frame
Who wanna be famous, who's the brainless ignoramus
Tryin to go against my steel stainless, I train for this
How the fuck you gon' be grimy? Your guns is tiny
Kill me you gotta deal with a batallion behind me
In the center of the circle I stand as the Vitruvian Man
I'm the illest, truly I am
I unzip my own flesh and step out my skin
Let you observe my inner being, it's a beautiful thing
The intensity in the eyes, the reflection in the rhymes
Microscopes couldn't find the depths of my design
Sometimes I rhyme slow, sometimes I rhyme quick
Sometimes I rhyme so long, the listeners quit
This the template real MC's should abide by
Let me wipe the mucus out the side of your mind's eye
Singlehandedly carried the torch for ten years
With a trojan horse techinque, that modern man feared
And I never lost a battle motherfucker don't front
Maybe on the 32nd day of the 13th month, CHUMP!

Canibus Lyrics

"Kill The Conjecture"

[Canibus]

Yeah, let's go... yo

Aiyyo I put it to you so raw, you probably OD on the floor

That's what you get for disagreein with God

The LeBron James Bond, my aim with the arm is so long
that I can tag along with SOCOM

I spit to the beat, flip like Swizz did to the Beat

At sunrise, I spit to the East

Niggaz talk shit in the streets, when they 'bout to get released

They ain't got no lip for the beast

Make you strip like police, I point the heat

From the hip to get leverage if you more than four deep

Got a pistol grip hawk with a chrome beat, shit is so deep

I check to make sure it's no leaks

Lookin like Jada in a black Jig-ari

Half Jag, half Ferrari, the valet saw me

Shorty wanna know how the flesh work, what's under my sweatshirt

That's why I hit the gym 'til my chest hurt

Next year or summer I'ma kill the conjecture

For now I'm just a hustler tryin to give you my best work

Canibus Lyrics

"Say It Ain't So"

[Canibus]

Oh my motherfuckin God! Say it ain't so

Jesus Christ, my name should be Jeebus Mic
Even when I rip the shit, fans leave uptight
Can-I-Bus, spit is in my blood, I'm blessed
Outside the bones but inside the flesh
And yes, if I was focused I could crush you
Cause you sayin you focused, now how come I can still touch you?
I bust you, then spit some Young Buck shit at you
Cause I still got the heart to go bust me a head or two
The perfect music machine, mechanical being
The most lyrical digital streams the world has ever seen
I did, I do, I does, I am
I will be, I was the same nigga you love
But slugs rain from the sky, it's like the angels want me to die
They push me harder cause they want me to try
A pitbull off the leash, barkin speech
Like a bull in the pit, liftin you off your feet
I feel like the world's mine, I can park in the street
Kick the world's illest rhyme, police officers weep
People layin on the concrete exhausted from heat
Watchin John Kerry spit over some Michael Moore beats
This is a little somethin that my repertoire boast
I almost was in control of all coasts
I give the fans rhymes to quote, they all dope
Total lyrical landslide, give me all votes
But I can be as quiet as they want me to be
Cause even though they say my name, they ain't talkin to me
They talk to magazines, they talk to MTV
They up on 106 on BET talkin to Free
Big niggaz actin tough, but they walk like they ankles is cuffed
Who gives a FUCK if your ankles is buff
I can ar-ticulate, I wanna par-ticipate
But they tryin to hold me back with black ball number eight
I pick the microphone up and spark the debate
Ever since ninety-eight I been a target for hate
Jesus Christ! My name should be JeeBus Mic
Even when I rip the shit, fans leave uptight
Fuck it, I'm in the middle of little Italy
With a middleman that didn't know diddly so I killed him lyrically
The Big Pun, energy enters me strengthens me
Lay you on the floor, shoot you in the back, make you Centipede
My sense of speed is ten over three
MC times Kay Slay over the motherfuckin MP
My fanbase sit and wait for the comin
They couldn't follow the leader long enough so I drug 'em

Yo Kay Slay, can I bust 'em?

Canibus Lyrics

"U Don't Cee"

[Canibus]

It's the capital C, little A-N-I, capital B, U-S, whattup G
Even from a distance I got a front row seat
And I'm watchin what y'all don't see
Listen up kids
Your favorite artists are mafia bosses
From the streets to the corporate office of they lawyers
Niggaz got money and then they got hungry
Got friends in powerful places just like Bugsy, but more ugly
It's gon' get bloody, niggaz don't know
the side of the street shit the TV don't show
Tour buses full of weed and coke, gettin a hundred G's a show
These niggaz got cheese to blow
On the phone, governor hits, gotta hide they mothers and kids
Talkin in code, watchin out for the feds
Every day they address change
Hoppin out of bombproof automobiles, from real jet planes
The mainstream think they just rappin
They don't have the eyes or ears to see or hear what's happenin
I'm from an island where the skinny niggaz ride
It's an island where the real skinny niggaz die
Ask my nigga Spragga Benz, he'll tell you why
We represent Jamaican pride
It's a war bein fought on all levels, let me paint the picture
It's the straights against the gays, but the gays is richer
There's a lot of sexy beasts in the system that like men more than women
Cause they spent so much time in the prison
I can tell you what it is and what it isn't, this shit is subliminal
Can't see it without the criminal vision
Motherfuckers is livin a life nobody ain't filmin
Thug TV, and it ain't for children
Guns, sex, money and drugs, fuck your feelings
Feds puttin smoke detectors with bugs in ceilings
Niggaz hirin they own law enforcement
Goin to court bent, dollars be talkin, drop the charges
Don't forget, that nigga Shyne comin home soon
And I +KNOW+ he hungry, I wonder what he gon' do
If you can hear me cousin, I got my money on you
What niggaz sayin in the streets is true, see you soon
We can do somethin with Spragga B or Elephant Man
When you come home, you see my shit is militant man
I just came back from Belize, my uncle got married
to this drug lord's niece, and bought a 36 karat marquis
I'll holla at you, we'll discuss the plan
I'm a soldier but I squeeze with a delicate hand
The 50 cal cost fifteen thou'
And I ain't stupid enough to say I got one, you figure it out

It's a lot of nosy niggaz around
That's why I moved the fuck out of New York to a less busier town
With a 9 to 5, I still experience life on the finer side
Hollerin ride or die
Man of flesh with the eyes of God
A concrete bunker protects my mind so I cry inside
While I watch how the media designed the lies
But real niggaz see eye to eye
While fake niggaz run around lookin for another ride to buy
With they lawyers co-signin the crime, I rhyme like
there's a hundred million dollars on the line every time
I'm ready to place a bet any time
Empty a whole nine into any shield you hide behind
to breach your contract with Father Time
Just an old problem in the modern world, you see how these niggaz
is thorough from borough to borough, I'll give you referrals
7-1-8, 3-6-0, 2-5-1
Send the last digit on a bullet through a barrel
My hundred pound rucksack full of ammo and army apparel
If a nigga REALLY wanna battle

Canibus Lyrics

"Collecting Taxes"

[Canibus]

What? You wanna battle with a Jesus piece, you need luck
You couldn't see me with Jacob piece from Jesus
I lean you back like your spine just cracked
Rhyme chiropractor get paid to adjust raps
Spit somethin, let me see if I'ma bust back
I front back gore yo' ass 'til you collapse
Spin hats around lightspeed well hubcaps
My gun'll clap faster than Savion Glover taps
Wave the four at you, if it take more than that
I kick down your door before you get the double axe
Strapped for Canibus, just relax
I came to collect taxes, as simple as that
I raid your reffridgerator, but other than that
Before I leave I remind you to remember you're whack
Yo my girl loves Usher but she said he gettin cocky
I told her SHUT UP, cause that's the same way she knock me
In the name of hip-hop I rock beats on blocked streets
There ain't an MC that can stop me
Need more beats? Scott Storch ain't cheap
In Virginia, DMP or Nottz got heat
Yo, _I Get Around_ like 'Pac and Shock G
In a drop Jeep, lickin off shots at [?]
It don't have to be a special occasion, I'll be blazin
I'm Jamaican, you know that I don't worship no bacon

This is real Canibus, leave your nose achin
Niggaz be hatin but on the low they know the flow's dangerous
The hip-hop Joe Namath, never missed a payment
Don't say shit to me, talk to the niggaz I came with
Kay Slay shit nigga, Drama King nigga
Bada Bing nigga...

Canibus Lyrics

"Get Off Yakneez"

[Sample:]

"Man, get up, I got up"
"They said to be quick my friend, and "Get Off Ya Kneez""
"I got up, they said to be quick my friend, and "Get Off Ya Kneez""
"The word 'I can't' nobody knows"
"They said to be quick my friend, and "Get Off Ya Kneez""
"I got up, they said to be quick my friend, and "Get Off Ya Kneez""
"The word 'I can't' nobody knows"

[Verse 1: Canibus]

Yo, "Get Off Ya Kneez", change your style 'cause it's time
Niggaz want me to rhyme pre-ninety-nine
No one can flow with 'Bis, most people know this
But others just won't admit, they can't get over it
Rhymes I been known to spit, mic's I been known to grip
Makes me the ultimate, God-Father over this
I'm just a ghost of Rip
A soldier in this show business don't exist if he has no defense
My opponents are so intent, not to show respect
They fret 'cause I'm a global threat
I'm so hard to catch, a covert celeb
I relocate so quick they can't close the Net
I expose the press, dispose of the prints
On the loose again nobody knows what's next
My virus infects, every machine with clandestine speech
Nigga "Get Off Ya Kneez"

[Sample]

[Hook: Canibus]

"Get Off Ya Kneez"
"Get Off Ya Kneez"
"Get Off Ya Kneez"

[Verse 2: Canibus]

Yea, Hip-Hop's habitat, Rip the Jacker's back
This is battle rap, therefore I master tracks
I mix an with thrax in your digestive track
I suggest it's wack, then I side-step to the back
I kidnap your ex, for ten million Francs
Make you shit your pants; you smell like septic tanks
Just respect it man throw a fist in the air
The distance is near, Armageddon is here
I permeate unworldly planes
As they crash in the Worlds that Trade, only my words remain
Altruist Egoist, people are ignorant
What is the meanin' of meaningless meaningfulness?

Formulas of primordial audio
Forty ohms of euphoria anointed flows
It Was Written so it shall be told
"Get Off Ya Kneez", give me the microphone
Motherfucka "Get Off Ya Kneez"

[Sample]

[Hook: Canibus]

[Verse 3: Canibus]

My manhood is massive, when it's not flaccid
'Bis is real cool when he's not "Rip the Jacker"
I am modernesque, I am complex
Vicarious logic of bodily hardship
Beat your ass 'til your teeth mash
Sand-blast your face blow a breeze past, make you bleed fast
E.K.G.'s beep fast, doctors speak fast
For skin graft the patch over deep gash
Give me details, how does meat smell?
After a train derails into a field of gazelles
Step in the club; turn the crystal in your cups to red blood
Fuck your heads up
Suspend me from the game, don't mention my name
Impossible Can-I-Bus ruptures your brain
Don't be a schmuck, you act like a movie
I've proved I'm the illest you cannot disprove me
"Get Off Ya Kneez"

[Sample]

[Hook: Canibus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Baggin' Up Da Poundz"

(feat. Young Zee)

[Chorus x2: Canibus & (Young Zee)]

Funky funky funky funky 'cause you heard it from hearsay
A jam that you love but don't be getting no airplay
Strictly for stuntin' when you ridin' around
(At twelve o'clock at night, when I bagged 'em dem pundz)

[Verse 1: Canibus]

This is strictly for stunting when you ridin' around
With a Vida Guerra look-alike massagin' you down
Bitches hop in the drop, take off they top, my belt-buckle pop
They gobble the cock, then swallow the shot
General Hip-Hop just ordered you to stand down nigga
Beat you up with your fans around nigga
Studio spot-check, let me see what you wrote
Motha fucka, you don't want to spit, flutter kicks, go
Fake niggaz get rejected, auditioning for heart
They auditioning for the wrong part
Them niggas ain't from the hood, they got the wrong walk
They all soft, with no thought, all talk, they in the wrong sport
In a golf cart, talkin' 'bout they hard-core
With some bullshit twenty-two's they bought from Wal*Mart (Bitch!)
My gat bark, bite you like a shark, right in the heart
Like a mosquito bite in the dark
You got bit, you massage it, I'm a lighten your pockets
Make a withdrawal, and take your deposit, to split profit
My sawed-off blow arms off
Insurance don't cover what a prosthetic skull cost, it's your loss
Mother fuckers, keep your ears to the street
'Cause if you raise up, you get hit in the head with the heat
If you dead, you can't eat, so don't be a fool
And try to protect your jewels, 'cause they can't protect you

[Chorus x2: Canibus & (Young Zee)]

[Verse 2: Young Zee]

Young Zee, I keep that .357 weapon
Get your chest pressed in
Leave you dead in Best Western
Bye, send your master to look for us
Better be Bruce Lee, me better bring Chuck Norris
I get glocks from the Italian Mafia
I dress up, meet them niggaz down in Operas
I won't stop 'til my town is popular
House so far, can't see without Binoculars
On the streets I'm creamin' with DU
All in the hood, see they dreamin' to be you

I roll up with 'Em, give dime honey's heart attacks
Out in Florida with money market Shaq act up
I put flesh and dirt, hope you bless through church
'Cause to find y'all, they gon' need a rescue search
Yea, I'm waitin' to drop these syllables and nouns
'Til then, I'll be baggin' up dem pundz

[Chorus x2: Canibus & (Young Zee)]

Canibus Lyrics

"Yeng Meng"

[Chorus: Canibus]

Niggaz runnin' around like, "what did he say?"
All day, everyday, "what did he say?"
Everybody want to know, "what did you say?"

[Verse: Canibus]

Yo, I don't want to waste no lyrics talkin' about you
Just let my body die and rot in hell why don't you
You asked the same question, I already told you
I'm a lyricist, I do what I'm supposed to do
You ever wonder what Hip-Hop would have been without me?
I'm six albums deep, somebody is thinkin' about me
Whether it's good or bad, yo, I can't control it
A nigga's opinion belongs to him; I can't own it
I microphone this with my own way of doin' things
All my rhymes really do is provoke you to think
People don't care about your passion when they comin' at you
All they ever see is record sales and dollar value
What the fuck does it matter what I'm rappin' to?
I can rhyme acapella and attract the youth
If you want to compromise, we can do that too
But I ain't never in the mood to drink no wack juice
The bottom line is I need a bigger budget
Advertising is how you program the public
People don't have to understand to love somethin'
As long as they see it enough, they just trust it, that's why I'm like fuck it
I might as well do what I do best
And that's rip a microphone to shreds
Even the best confessed, at some point in they life, they said
That I'm the illest, but now they want you to forget
So I accept the bitter with the sweet, mix it with some heat
Show them how to emcee, and spit it to a beat
I can do it in my sleep, nigga
If I'm awake, how the fuck you gon' compete, nigga? The nerve of these niggaz
I move like my shadow is weightless
Expose myself like a faceless, plastic surgery patient
Transmitting from an undisclosed location
Pirate stations with phantom frequency modulations
My throat-pistol spit ghost-signals
And you never get the antidote from me, 'cause I bit you
Stab you with a jagged crystal, 'cause my energy emit through
Anything metallic, even a pencil
Feel the bush burn, turn your cornrow into a good perm
My flat-feet with no curves squish worms
The bad news is I got a tight flow
The good news is I just switched to Geico
This is Hip-Hop nigga

Listen to the voice go drip-drop nigga
Swimmers in my saliva river drown when I give it to them
The hemispheres of my brain got a river through it; gray-matter fluid
The mic is a spark-plug
When I grab it, I glow, come with that Edelbrock carburetor flow
When I yolk back the choke full-throttle and go for broke
I've become a G.O.A.T. ripper on a positive note
The width of my rap, too thick to fit through the gap
The viscosity of my spit lubricates the track
Touch the VAT-lit screen, illuminate the map
Show me where you at; show me how you plan to get back
My navigation better than yours, and even though you the best
Hip-Hop is my house; you still my guest
You want more, I give you less
You want less, I give you more 'til you swimmin' in it up to your neck
Listen to the words bouncin' off the lungs in my chest
Hittin' you from every angle like porno-sex
Still here 'cause the Lord knows best
Last thing he said to me was, "let them know 'Bis," I'm a let them know this
Nobody contends with Canibus
When it comes to rhymes; everybody pales in comparison (Word)
Nobody compares to Canibus
Hip-Hop is Yeng, Canibus is Yang to balance it

[Chorus: Canibus]

Niggaz runnin' around like, "what did he say?"
All day, everyday, "what did he say?"
Everybody want to know, "what did you say?"

Canibus Lyrics

"HRSMN Talk"

(feat. Killah Priest, Kurupt & Ras Kass)

[horses galloping and neighing]

[Intro: Killah Priest]

Yea, mothafuckas

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

This is "Horsemen Talk", Horsemen walk
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk
We headless mothafuckas and we lacerate
Don't you know the shit could get real when your ass get smoked?
[gun shot]

This is Horsemen Talk, Horsemen walk
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk
We headless mothafuckas and we lacerate
Don't you know the shit could get real when you wind up smoked?

[Verse 1: Killah Priest]

I spit volcanoes, twist heads, spit lead
Then boast like the angels, the scorpion tongue
Come close I'm a sting you, I'm Morpheus' son
Part two to The Matrix, I'm atheist
Only God is my gauges and the clip is my church
Show the beginnin' and the end when I'm spittin' my verse
Voodoo curse brought back The Horsemen from the grave
Four headless mothafuckas now clappin' their gate
Stomp his chest in and put the fuckin' axe through his leg
Chop his head off, 'cause the livin' mothafuckas never seen the dead walk
'Til now, Horsemen spread his corpse across the ground
Priest pick niggaz off that talk, with a pound, c'mon

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

This is Horsemen Talk, Horsemen walk
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk
We headless mothafuckas and we lacerate
Don't you know the shit could get real when you wind up smoked?

[Verse 2: Kurupt]

The headless Horsemen nigga
I'm back, give me a fired up Mac
Seventeen different satchels of uncooked crack
Dogs don't associate with cats
Horses beat niggaz with metallic wiffle ball bats
If time could rewind I would have rewound before
Knocked down, surround and drowned before
Concentrated, ligaments separated

Pronounced un-hoofed with the hoofs pound
I'm Kurupt, Young Gotti, the Headless Horseman
I'm the one that started off extortion
Contortion began to spread to scorchin'
Featherweights came with the enforcements
And forced the enforcements I'm forcin'
And open the doors, let all the force in
I never really gave a fuck what it's costin'
Time ain't money 'cause I take my money
And I take my time when I take my money
I'm always careful when I make my money
I know about niggaz gettin' quaked by money
But The Horsemen here though
Comin' through with the Hennessey and dough dough
I'm lookin' at the niggaz peepin' out the hoes
I start cookin' mothafuckas like kilos

[horses neighing]

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

This is "Horsemen Talk", Horsemen walk
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk

[Verse 3: Ras Kass]

Cock my Beanie like Anna B C, Gwen
Release the beast, G heat, creeps beneath me
Like the over fiend ET with DVD
Feasibly he see beyond 3-D
We the glitch in The Matrix
Neo - "these niggaz got computer code runnin' across they faces"
Temporarily trade places
I define Hip-Hop and transcend it
Take linear time and bend it
The biggest lie ever told, ever since the 13th amendment
Was whoever told you, you could contend with men with tremendous?
For rhymin' magnum mentality, for rhymin' over instrumentals
Flow like menstrual
Mena trois menaces, murder fresh-maker like Mentos
Rock like cement, cum like semen
Judgmental demon, mad lizard
Y'all niggaz is fembots
We bend blocks with big shots
And kill your little homey like Kid Rock's
I kid you not, kick rocks or kick box
I'm like a one legged man in an ass kickin' contest
You're gon' get your ass stamped repeatedly
And immediately Hannibal Lector gon' feed it to me
Please believe what you see
Or see it to believe it
Heard men are from Mars, that's why I floss on Venus
Wipe out the species, extinct ya whole genus
So fresh and so clean this
The OutKast of rap, Horsemen attack

The only thing gon' pop is my collar and a gat

[Chorus: Killah Priest]

This is "Horsemen Talk", Horsemen walk
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk
We headless mothafuckas and we lacerate
Don't you know the shit could get real when your ass get smoked?
[gun shot]

This is Horsemen Talk, Horsemen walk
Get the fuck out the way before The Horsemen stalk
We headless mothafuckas and we lacerate
Don't you know the shit could get real when you wind up smoked?

[Verse 4: Canibus]

Yo, yo, yo
Fuck beggin' for ya life, I have you niggaz beggin for death
Use a dull blade and sever ya neck
You're whack because I say so
In my platoon niggaz like you are good for peelin' potatoes
With your manicured hands and gay flows
I murder your first born after it's only a day old
"Rip the Jacker" rips the track up
Rippin' rappers, eight sack, rippin' that ass up
Niggas back up when I attack with my axe up
Swingin faster than Tiger Woods at The Masters (FORE!)
I decapitate you faggots
Then gallop over ya body with a horse and carriage
Kidnap ya widow, fuck her in a wooden cabinet
Pass the pussy to Priest and let him stab it
Ask Ras and Kurupt if they wanna get at it
Laughin' like madmen, swallowin X tablets
Natural born spitters that mean business
Millennium niggaz, got the Sword of Guinean with us
And we all got a bone to pick
Niggaz talkin' about frozen wrists and how much dough they get
Go to war with them like the Bosnians and Bolsheviks
Put an umbrella up they asshole and open it
While I'm still holdin' it, openin and closin' it
I break they motherfuckin' pelvic bones with it
I will sabotage, everybody knows that shit
A nigga spittin' like me ain't supposed to break
Now I got a formula that's guaranteed to work
The Horsemen, remember you heard it from me first
Four niggaz that done been through it
With more knowledge than the Druids and the will power to do it
My cranium pumps uranium
My first name's Germaine so my heart probably pumps Germanium
When I die, they should have my wake in a stadium
You can witness my body beamed up by aliens
Radiation poisonin' that will probably make ya skin fall off
Motherfucker this is "Horsemen Talk"

Canibus Lyrics

"Da Paycut"

[Canibus]

Yeah, Mic Club

Aiyyo we got off to a cold start, let me warm shit up
You now listening to Can-I-Bus
Yo why would you do that? Your view too black
You must have smoked somethin I used to call pool hall crack
Put a suit on you still look whack
Somewhere givin orders from confined quarters, handcuffed to a fag
Played the street too much, shoulda been in the lab
Now you sad, mad at who you was fussin with last
Life's a bitch ain't it? Smile, it ain't nothin to laugh
Rose hell at show'n'tell, brought a gun to your class
Keep the herb on the dash cause I'm servin 'em fast
Classic lyrics for that ass, cause the purpose is cash
Look I got a couple photos of you tryin to showboat
Before my gunboat touch your throat, don't talk
The microphone shark tear your bones apart
Spread you over your background like bogus art
Put the most in art, try to focus on the frozen dart
Cold and dark as a cobra's heart
I drink the absinthe raw, no chaser
Madness follows me like investigators after Al'Qaeda
The metaphor make a voice like Lord Vader
If you love hip-hop, I am your saviour
Rip your mixtape up and still take a paycut
Me and you in the booth, who you think is gon' say somethin?
'Member ninety-eight when I rung those bells?
I'm a chip off the old block like Uncle L
Fuck a bootlace, I strap velcro up
Niggaz had gun talk, so what? They still didn't show up
Fuck around with 'Bus on the mic, they got no luck
Other than that, I don't really know what

Canibus Lyrics

"Give It More"

[Verse One]

I got this beat from Riggs, yeah I got it from Riggs
Cause in a minute I'ma be on top of the biz
Try to act like you don't know who it is
Around the globe there's kids that play the Canibus quotable quiz
Its like if you ain't a mogul they don't know who you is
But I'm a oldie in the biz with the vocals and libs
Said so much crazy shit on my last album
my name shut Interpol down for two hours
Now that's true power
I create what I can't count to rhyme from my anger management counselor
Just listen to the fives and blend in with the signal you getting
Can you hear me now? Answer the question
You wanna talk about sick poems? I spit stones
Leave you split holmes, tied knots with your rib bones
Quick blows break off your limp wrist bones
Make you scream melodies in twelve different ringtones
I can speak Chinese, ching chong get off the ding dong
Knock your ass over the tables like little ping pongs
You got balls? Bring 'em on
I smash 'em with a spiked bat like Raekwon with Cuban Linx on
Blink and you gone, let off more shells than shrimp farms
Spit raw, your face look like you smelling stink bombs
You ain't dreamin nigga, pinch your arm
Canibus be spittin' bars that can dislodge Kanye's jaws

[Hook x2]

What you lookin' for? We hookin' off
Punchlines on the song through the hook and all
You actin' like you think you too good to fall
You spit with a glass jaw, get up give it more

[Verse Two]

If I was focused I could crush you
Cause you sayin you focused, then how come I can still touch you?
I bust you, then spit some young buck shit at you
cause I still got the heart to go bust me a head or two
My little arms carry big arms, to tickle the clip finger
Keep the sig warm when I bring harm
I have a nigga screamin' for his mama
Your body armor don't protect you from your karma
Come along with me, let me see what you got
Battle you on the spot, show you how nice you not
I'm the champ like Ali, you just a close copy
When people see you, they don't know that its not me
I flow 'cause I got to
This shit sound hot 'cause its not you

You tried to catch me, but I got you
I got a mind that spins like belt drives
And when I seen hip hop die I felt cries
But I got an idea to bring it back to life
Bring me back to the mic, make sure you package it right
I'll go all out, pour my heart out, mix it around
Put my voice to these beats, let it mix with the sound

[Hook x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"The Mic Disease"

[Canibus]

Yeah! New York City

You are now rockin with the best, the 'Bus

And I'ma test this once (yeah, yeah, yeah)

Let's go, let's go

Aiyyo I'm so updated niggaz get frustrated

I'm the best that you ever heard, nigga fuck your favorite

Fuck a public statement, I'ma say it right here

It's quite clear, I'm the nicest anywhere

You paranoid, what's the reason for that?

Scared in the barbershop chair, with heat in your lap

I drag you out in the desert, freeze you in fact

Pulp trees run out of paper, roll leaf with the map

It's like that, give me dap, Cani-Beezy is back

I'ma take 40 million this season in rap

Take small change as long as I can afford range

When I'm flyin overseas, I can't take no small planes

If the course change, I'll be in the cockpit

With the glock cocked, lookin at the pilot all strange

Jason Jermaine, born Williams as a false name

U.S. military trained, remember one thang

I remember was no other soldier like me

My M-4 carbine bang nightly

Hand combat Tai-Chi, fight me

I'm Sagittarius, so I don't like Pisces

Effect you with the mic disease, try to breathe

Airborne spores reach overseas with light breeze

Out in Waikiki with ki's and G's

On a hammock with my trees like, what you need?

Got shorties in tight jeans over there, this is what life means

She suck me off, then she take me sightseein

Spendin per diem with a real nicely tanned Korean

She and her friend, they drive a little BM

Picked me up at 10 P.M., took me to the VM

Cause I was already kinda leanin off the Seagram's

I'm feelin weak, blame it on the herb rush

Yo that's Kay Slay bangin Lloyd Banks? Turn it up

I got a track after this one, I burnt it up

Big Shaq, Money Mark, Canibus, you heard of us

I do you rhyme surplus, words deluxe

Manufactured the 'Bus, just observe me once

I'm the bright light before you, the first of one

Kay Slay brought me back cause they worshipped son

The cursed one, my hip-hop heartbeat thump

Who that punk talkin junk, I'll punch the chump

Badunkadunk, like Lil' Jon on crunk

Have wonton for lunch with Brazilian fudge
Toss a rock my way, and I'll probably throw a million slugs
Be at your door with a million thugs!

Canibus Lyrics

"Allied Meta Forces"

(feat. Kool G Rap)

[Canibus:]

Yo, the shotee rip, perforate the skin on top of your ribs
Red stuff comes out of squibs like a Hollywood script
Bitch niggaz on the floor screamin' for mommy and shit
Cardiologists hook up the heart monitors quick
Thermometer temperature dips below seventy-six
That's what you get for tellin' niggaz that you're better than 'Bis
Not possible, if I can't pronounce it, it ain't rhymable
The audible probability probably ain't probable
Supreme rap, G rap underground without a roof
Chopper proof, holdin' Hip-Hop for hostage about to shoot
Helicopters stabilize at low altitudes
Talkin' to the negotiator layin' out the rules
In a tight compromisin' loop road blocked with troops
Under orders not to shoot but they break your vertebra with boots
Ten O'clock news flash, 'Bis and G Rap
All points bulletin lookin' for them niggaz in black
Leaned back in an Avocado El-Dorado
Passin' the bottle, speakin' Japanese like, "No me mah show"
She's got a banging body, cold sushi with warm saki
And if I'm rappin' sloppy G's got me

[Kool G. Rap:]

Welcome to my world, danger and hazards
Gang of bastards, bangin' they ratchets
King and the Jacker, slangin' in traffic
Claimin' they cabbage, obtain half, they aimin' for stackage
Get brains from the attic, keep blingin' with karats
Cops see me in Maddox, then let ya dame have it, flames to the attic
The stains on ya fabric, the paint in the graphic
Canibus and G Rap, bangin' a classic
And if that beef on the street - hate you enough
Blow out ya brain in ya casket
Don't you love this drug element?
Where slugs crush ya melon and dome
Chrome that's known to break bones in an elephant
Shotgun pellets and, gunsmoke; smell the scent
Big bullets wiggle ya guts like gelatin
Cut through ya skeleton, knockage intelligence
Bystanders bite the dust
Jake wanna be like a Russian cuffed thrown in that Riker bus
We raised in the slums, with haze in our lungs, raisin' the guns
Knowin' - my day'll come, razors under the tongue
Clips in the steel, bricks in the wheels
Chips in the field of fortune
Dead men walkin' with hits on the grills

Late night at the spot, posted with goons, dope and balloons
 Coke and the doom, you scheme?
 I'll leave you open with wounds, nigga!
 Witness G Rap put it back in perspective
 Beat up shit with a dash of the peppers
 Get blast for ya necklace
 Leave ya brains on the dash in ya Lexus
 We up in the club, dash for the exit
 Make ya spread 'em out - show you what this lead about
 Take it from an old thug, whoever clean cold blood
 Believe they bled it out (Yo)
 Crave for the war, pop out rages with fours
 Hit the jackpot, blazin' the raw - gettin' bands in the pores
 Bitches enjoy with dick in their jaws
 The frame drank sick of Valor, straight bandit spot
 Open up shop, turn the block to "Planet Rock"
 Shit with no chop, slept with the glock with the hammer cocked
 Servin' the fiends, hop in the Suburban and lean
 Look at that don nigga swervin' in Queens, playa
 Ballin' a lot, brawlin' for props, callin' the shots
 Hit the curb, birds all on the flock
 Jockin', like "who that there covered in all of them rocks"
 (Giacanna) It's royalty bitch, fall on the cock, recognize one (Ride out)
 Giacanna G Rap, that live one - pay homage (God bitch!)
 Get it fucked up, I spray comments, nigga what?!
 (Nigga what, it's The Curriculum: Mic Club)

[Canibus:]

Yo, e'yythin' is e'yythin' my nigga
 I ain't bitter but if I give you the finger it'll be behind a trigger
 Faggot ass nigga livin' in a gated community
 Up at radio tellin' them what you're going to do to me
 I live in the 'burbs
 Clean my Winchester every other weekend with the same dirty Hanes shirt
 It takes two to tango, three to jump rope
 Four to bury the body plus look out for poe'
 Yo, I guard everythin' within the limits of my post
 My orders are to smoke you if you get too close
 The whole Globe is scared of my flow
 Spirit world, scared of my soul
 Nowadays it's like I'm scared to be known
 The methods of my motivation is completely subjective
 My perception is completely parallel to perspective
 Rhyming is the reason I spit in faces
 Habituation of my flamboyance without rational reservation
 Whiskey, X-ray, Yankee, Zulu, unusual
 Wordologically my syllable position is beautiful
 Only respect niggaz if the feelin' is mutual
 G Rap snatched the jewels from you; I'll throw them in the crucible
 Probably throw you in it too, mix it up and make nigga-stew
 If you can't admit I'm iller than you
 Baby what's wrong with your shadows, Canibus and G Rap flow
 Mothafucka you're 'fessionallin' with the Pros

[Kool G. Rap:]

Know it's, dough over hoes - bankrolls, Rovers and clothes
And shots blow all them cowards and foes
Giacanna proud with the pros, foul mode
We quick reachers, spear with the fearless 'til you drip liters
Flip divas, the big secret on the strip to 'til their tits and beaver
Sip Cris' and sniff coke of the peeter
Yeah we ball big baby, lock off the meter
You should see us, it's movie star status
Scar lavish large cabbage, rip the Pablo Escobar fabrics
Froze the road we chose, not a pretty route, nittied out
Grimey and grittied out, stack dough, jiggy out
Dime bitches behavin' like ya sex slave skizzied out
Some nigga dizzy style 'til he's out, busy mouth
Swerve to the curb, hit the bird split the kitties out
We kidnap for trap - blackmail for a gang a mill
Spot banger himself, fishscale rocks under the fingernails
The blood trail lead to a corpse
Treat my appetite for greed with a torch
For keys to a Porsche, to breeze in the loft
Roll up my hand sheets with the force
We squeeze off, no need for remorse, playa
Forty wild goons, we forty Calhouns
You die forty foul dooms for forty coward moves
Bless sparkle, and spark until my shorty style rules
Giancanna dead? We spread; I'll be a 40 mile tune nigga
What, what nigga? The noble laureate comin' at y'all niggaz
Uh, 40-pound style nigga

Canibus Lyrics

"Mic Club Mascot"

[Canibus]

Yeah, just one of those moments
where a nigga feel like tearin this shit down
Y'all niggaz know what Canibus is known for
Yeah, yo
Propane in the form of flames sprayed when I point the barrel your way
Ever barbecue a piece of meat for a whole day?
You'll see a smoke cloud the darkest shade of charcoal gray
Even when you get to heaven you'll be D.O.A.
Send him to a place GPS couldn't locate
My mind so great, my neck might break from the weight
Robin Hood of mixtapes since ninety-eight
Steal from the fake, give to the real cause they feel what I make
Stash steal then I pealed over the hill by the lake
Don't make me have to go get it, I peel the grill off your face
Jermaine's hell, yeah I package paint myself son of Jorel
Take and cram more yay by the grill
Courage in you to yell, order men to tie you to the top of your cell
While I stab you in the navel with a quill
Askin you who's ill, tryin to break your will
Spinnin the wheel, lower you down knee first on nails
Make you shit yourself, witness the smell
Picture an anal IV feedin you poisonous liquidous gel
It's violent but why you gettin all sensitive now
I'm the real king of battle, this is how I get down
Can't listen to it then DON'T, you spit it fluid then DOPE
The illest, comin from what the other illest quote
Magazines once said I was the greatful hope
Some washed up bloke that couldn't execute what he wrote
It ain't over cause I still find ways to promote
Waves engulfed my boat but I managed to float
Swim to the coast, make a new ark from oak
Build a bonfire and smoke, pounds of 'dro
My own rhyme scarred my throat, torn is how I'll be remembered by most
From now 'til the day that I croak
In a year I'm liable to be on a yacht in the ocean
Or in an armored platinum pine box decomposin
Mic Club motherfucker...

Canibus Lyrics

"Gone In 60 Seconds"

[Canibus]

You got less than a minute left to recognize the voice
Take your blindfold off, look at the size of this joint
I see you lookin at the barrel, I'ma get to the point
What the fuck is this I'm hearin 'bout beef wit'cha boy?
Beef with who? I got my problems to face
Cause it pours when it rains out in Washington state
Behind a hexagonal shaped gate, you can't even relate
Right now I live inside a base
Inside the beast, watch how I move and speak
There's military police on every street
Life is shit, I taste it in the food I eat
Motherfuckers be amazed by how cool I keep
I don't get depressed, I get the vest
You still don't recognize the voice, you got 20 seconds left
Dawg, my team is small, but you can still look
to the left of your head and see a red beam on the wall
Firepower so awesome, when the barrel is barkin
I lean forward to keep from fallin
My gun's got grenade launchers on the bottom
Keep talkin, you'll be restin as pieces in a coffin

Canibus Lyrics

"Box Cutta' Blade Runna"

[Helicopter flying, and Pilot talkin]

"Record Industries most wanted: Rip The Jacker:"

Wanted for the '98 slayings of several rappers
One of which went on to be a successful actor
Here's the reactment: He called me at my mans crib
The phone probably rang 2 times then I answered
He sounded really amped up, he tried to scare me
He told me that Def Jam wanted to ban me
And told me Trace at the label wanted to bang me
Damn I wanted to get in her panties, she was scared of me
Canibus hates the media and the magazines
They have so much credability to elaborate schemes
Internet chatrooms with live feeds of a rapper
Being eaten alive by La Peez
Sound barriers like the Lockheed even without means
I run a course rough Terana Mach speed
Thats a rhyme from like 9-3
Thats vivid in the mind, as pictures with 600 DPI's to a sheet
If I'm high when I speak the knowledge is deep
Silent as concrete this is real hip-hop for the streets
I never leave any witnesses, its rediculous
They serve me court papers in the studio I did this in
Missin from society, because they lied to me
They didn't want to accept my documents in society
I study with hundreds of scientist and science teams
And various Ivyleagues, they respect my asteam
What do you want me to rap about? Go ahead try a theme
Gimmie a person, place or thing I'll create the time and scenes
Somewhere in Afghanistan, U.S.A survival teams
Keep a eye on their surroundings and the Jihad Rageam
I total riot scene, back and forth they encrypt fiber optic beams
On my album out next spring
You motha fuckin right nigga I'm about that cream
I promissed my self I wouldn't shoot it without that scene
It doesnt look right like Cash Money without that bling
Siblings, I mean we all got the same last name
Jermaine Williams, thats my name
Say it again Jermaine Williams, Danggg
I think he goes by the name of the Canibus Man
And occasionally Rip the Jacker but never Stan
Get it through your head and don't ask me again
Box cutter, blade runner nigga rap till you sweat
Have you ever read the book called "The Catcher in The Rye"?
It so happens I'm looking for a copy I could buy
Canibus is comin for ya'll round day outside

Round day outside, round day outside
Alotta ya'll shine, but ya'll cant rhyme
And its about time that I put ya'll in line
Twist your mind with twisted rhymes
As weird as Michael Jackson's nose from the side
Flows that'll buy the quite bow for the times
No need to hide your freinds are all associates of mine
Don't be a stranger come over some time
I got coke if you do lines, you get a Rover to drive
If you hear the engine knockin, just pullover to the side
I guess it hasn't been serviced in all this time
Halloween: True Hollywood Stories release date
We should have a who wants to battle Canibus sweepstakes
Limited to three states
New York City: home of the greats
Philly and out West piece-a-cake
Old school rappers, I wouldn't be around without
Ain't got shit to say but keep puttin albums out
Don't let what I say get you upset
Box cutter, blade runner nigga rap till you sweat...

Canibus Lyrics

"Rip Iz Alive"

[22 second intro]

[Canibus]

I'm the real king of my kingdom
I make my women practice isolationism as soon as I get 'em
Run my world with an iron rod behind iron bars
Enclosed behind iron doors in a small iron box in the corner
Shielded behind firewalls and water doors
Down the gaseous corridor, welcome to my world of horror!
A coroner with an immortal aura
The rhyme slang and holla at a Ripper, rip you to live longer
Get stronger every record that I record
Morph my arms into a sword and clotheslines you running forward
You can't ignore 'Bis, motherfucker I started this!
As far as artists that spit, Canibus is dominant
Hot shit from a lava pit studied by oceanographers
At the ocean's bottom, with rocketship sound effects
A Ripper in the flesh, signed in ink, nigga
You ain't ill if you need time to think
You talk shit, my personality split, you get ripped and that's it
A "True Hollywood Story" bitch
In my world Jermaine's gone, Canibus is just a moniker
Stay behind the follower, I'm fin' to demolish you fucks
Can-I-bust? (YEAH!) Now that's what I'm talkin' 'bout
Call me Mr. Spit Shit, also known as Toilet Mouth
Y'all been warned about a million times
I done wrote about a million rhymes since July '85
When I'm writin I'm impervious to fraud
My fine art's verbal collage is worthy of the Gods
When I'm 30 years old, I'ma quit rhymin
Collect my own catalogue and open up a library
Lock myself in solitary six months at a time
Work at the university and teach sick fucks how to rhyme
NOBODY'S SAFE, NOBODY can say that they great
I put a jacker's cold body in a crate
Trap his soul in an electromagnetic vase
Put the crate on a wide lowrider and drive it in a lake
Look in my eyes, then look in my face
Nobody's here to arbitrate, realize it's time for your FATE!
HA HA HA! (HA HA, HA, HA HA HA..)

Canibus Lyrics

"Bis Vs. Rip (Original Version)"

[Intro: (Bis) {RIP}]

(Yo Rip {WHAT} come here man, let me talk to you for a 'sec?)
{WHAT THE FUCK YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT NIGGA?
(Why you screamin' man?)
{I'M THE ILLEST, I'M THE ILLEST}
(Yo, relax, yo put that down) {YO, DON'T TELL ME..}
{YO, I'LL BEAT YOUR LITTLE SKINNY ASS NIGGA}
(Yo, what the fuck is wrong with you?)
{FUCK YOU!!}

[Rip:]

Yo, you fuckin' hate me; you fuckin' lock me in the basement
But you still want me to protect you - it doesn't make sense
Can-I-Bitch - I supported you like a weight bench
Without me you're defenseless you better face it
You ain't show me love when you was at your apex
Gettin' paychecks up at the radio with DMX and Flex
Catchin' wreck while Noreaga was catching his breath
I had to keep the situation in check
Look at the varicose veins in my neck, Germaine is the best
The industry fucked you; I'm just payin' 'em back
What's the matter with slayin' jackers? That's all I've been doin'
Besides talkin' shit I ain't done nothin' to 'em
They just mad 'cause when I see 'em I don't run up to 'em
Between me and you, yo you know I run right through 'em

[Bis:]

Yo, calm down

[Rip:]

Who you tellin' to calm down nigga, I'm a Ripper remember?
I told you not to do "Gone Til November"
But you wouldn't listen; I always had your best interests in mind
I wrote all your best lyrical lines
If it wasn't for me you'd be writin' pitiful lines
On stage if you was tired, I was spittin' sometimes
Nobody knew you bit off my rhymes
I would just be quiet, stand to the side and let that shit ride
But I'm gettin' tired of havin' to remind you Bis
If it wasn't for me nobody would've signed you Bis

[Bis:]

C'mon Rip, you a lyin' ass bitch and you know it
Group Home was part my company, I co-owned it
If its one thing I learned in show biz
Stay focused and don't quit Rip
Why you talkin' 'bout old shit?

[Rip:]

 Germaine, you fuckin' water brain
 Don't you understand, fuck the mainstream
 You should just call out names
 The industry's all about game
 I shit on 'em all the same
 And I leave spit stains on their brain
 Like liquid chocolate spillin' over their new white trainers
 Insane is an understatement, I'm Satan
Canibus is amazing; I don't know what the fuck Germaine is
 I just know that both of y'all are trying my patience
 I don't give a fuck about a beat; I've been rhyming for ages
 Rippers are dangerous, all jackers are afraid of us
 You wanna face me Bis? Kick a rhyme!

[Bis:]

No, that's ridiculous

[Rip:]

 Aiight then, listen to mine
 I jump in a costume impromptu just to rob you
 Put the nozzle to your eye ball and tell you what not to do
 Rip your tonsils out through your nostrils
 Bury you next to shark fossils
 Make it impossible to find you
 Depths that Jacques Cousteau himself wouldn't dare to dive to
 With goggles, oxygen bottles and Doppler effect modules
 Lock you in a time capsule, smash the console
 Shit on you in reverse and suck you in a brown hole
 Suck the power out of your soul
 You're nothin' but a coward in the cold freezer with a hour to go
 Watching my Casio stop watch, countin' it slow
 Like drug lords checkin' to see if it's Talcum or Coke
 I can kill you by drownin' the globe
Or I can just spit inside of a hole and put an ounce in your throat
 In battles I'm a thousand to no, I silenced the Pope
 Do you know how many rhymes I've economically grossed?
 No? I thought so, neither do I
 It's a dick between your mother's thighs divided by pi
I'm the sickest linguistically, illicit lyrical misfit in the business
 And probably in existence, what's your consensus?
 Study my own syntax statistics since '96
 With CPA certified assistance
 I made a decision that my standards are above precision
 The only thing I can honestly say I love more than women
 Are dope writtens, if it ain't dope then don't spit it
 Don't be sensitive and get on the defensive
 Just practice your penmanship
 If you can't spit at high temperatures then just quit
 Be careful of the tongue it tends to bend to the left
 According to manufacture's specs you'll make a mess
And rupture the blood vessels in your neck fuckin' with Rip

Got millions of blueprints on zip disk
Stock versions of sick verses that come with conversion kits
In a course every Thursday that teaches you how to burst like Rip
You never experienced work like this
Nigga welcome to the serpentine world where I twist
The world that I rip, the world that I fixed, the world where I live

[Bis:]

Okay Rip you made your point, I can't out-rap you
You said you was the illest, I would never doubt that too
At the moment of truth I let you design the tattoos
You are the illest alive, that's a fact that you proved
Just a couple rappers don't want it to happen for you
Raggin' on you like battlin' is all you can do
You didn't sell enough units to be honest with you
Nobody knows the truth; you got talent out the gazoo
When niggaz first heard you it was like "Man on the Moon"
You got dissed by a legend but you damaged him too
So what if the ladies think he's more handsome than you
What happens if the rumors about being a faggot are true?
Look what it's runnin' into
I don't feel like havin' this discussion with you
I'm tired of fuckin' with you
Niggaz in the game don't wanna do nothin' with you
Bussin' with you, going one on one with who?
They wanna get rid of you, shit is too lyrical
Headhunters out to get you, that's why I had to protect you
I wouldn't disrespect you as another intellectual
Without you I'm unsuccessful, God bless you
What makes you think I left you or why I'd ever be tempted to?
Ever since my third album I've been mentionin' you
I got your name on my arm, I'm representin' you
You +Rip the Jacker+ I would never question you
I respect your opinion as a professional nigga
I just want you to listen to what I'm tellin' you
What happened between L and you, forget it
People know you won the battle; they will give you the credit
A lot of people don't want to admit it
But I consider it a real privilege
To bear witness to your lyrics
And be involved in sharing the merits, I'm forever indebted
I just need you to chill for a second so I can send a positive message
Like Tupac before he left us
The author of the work ethic Genesis
Has inspired me to write the Exodus scripts
As a constant reminder not to forget Bis
But I've reached a precipice
Remember Rip, you can't rhyme forever
There's always somebody with better shit
I keep you out the public eye for a reason
You're a commodity Rip, ain't that how you wanna keep it?
I keep your whereabouts secret
I bring bitches to the crib every weekend so why is you beefin'?

[Rip:]

Ayo, stop patronizing me, you despise me
All you wanna do is steal rhymes from me
You constantly keep me behind walls of concrete
Lock me in the basement like a fuckin' zombie
If I was a priority, you'd acknowledge me
You ain't shit neither; you ain't got no college degree
You can't rhyme without me, stop smiling at me
Give me the keys to the garage; I need to borrow the Jeep
Get the fuck out my face nigga!

Canibus Lyrics

"Blakmilc Want Freedom"

[Canibus]

Hit the tune, shocked out, come but no further
Blakmilc's the name, domination's the purpose
And we don't give a fuck about rules, that's why we break 'em
If the devil was a rebel then you'd know what I'm sayin
Spokesman out in the open, pass the mic to me
I look around I see a whole lot of kids like me
If you could do one thing in this world, what would it be?
Would you rather be shackled in chains or fight to be free?
(I choose freedom!) When I wake up (when I wake up) and look around
And wonder how (I wonder how) can I get out
Get off to far (get off to far) beyond the gates
I jump then run (I jump then run) but I get chased
You can't escape (you can't escape) that's what they say
But I got away (I got away) and made 'em pay
For what they done (for what they done) to what I love
Hip-Hop rhymes over erratic drums
Blow your horns, here the cavalry comes
Blakmilc motherfucker and we fight 'til the tragedy's done
No matter where they be attackin me from
My heart pumps pure gasoline, and my eyes shine like the sun
Motherfuckers talk shit but they bums, I crush 'em like crumbs
Scream at the top of my lungs, that's what they want
This is Blakmilc baby, you never give up
Livin it up, I'm rapid-fire tearin shit up, what?

[guitars and drums to end]

Canibus Lyrics

"Live Dublin Freestyle"

[Canibus]

I speak in frequencies dogs would have trouble hearin
Canibus is the lyrical version of German engineerin
Raw metaphors keep you high for months
Fly around the earth twice without refuelin once
Ain't too many categories I can fit in when it comes to spittin
Cause I'm overqualified for the position
The lazer-guided, lyrical hybrid
Creatin scripts so sick, I gotta arm wrestle my pen to write it
Don't get excited, cause if I ever catch one of you motherfuckers bitin
We're gonna be fist fightin! So motherfuckers what'chu want?
I got the shotgun pumped
You feel like a frog nigga then jump
I possess the lyrical ammo to battle
And rip any one of you warm blooded mammals to shambles
I make examples of you, eat a mouthful of your crew
The type of MC you can't outdo
I'll battle you on the net, I'll battle you in the flesh
I'll battle you over the phone, you can call me collect
I'll battle you over the...
I'll battle you over a blank check
I'll battle you with a gun to my neck
I'll battle you standin over the toilet, with my dick out
Battle you jugglin a hand grenade with the pin out
In a stolen car with the VIN number ripped out
Drinkin a Guinness Stout, doin a 360 spinout!
[loud cheers and applause]

Canibus Lyrics

"Accapella"

[Canibus]

Yeah, let's go... yo

Aiyyo I put it to you so raw, you probably OD on the floor

That's what you get for disagreein with God

The LeBron James Bond, my aim with the arm is so long
that I can tag along with SOCOM

I spit to the beat, flip like Swizz did to the Beat

At sunrise, I spit to the East

Niggaz talk shit in the streets, when they 'bout to get released

They ain't got no lip for the beast

Make you strip like police, I point the heat

From the hip to get leverage if you more than four deep

Got a pistol grip hawk with a chrome beat, shit is so deep

I check to make sure it's no leaks

Lookin like Jada in a black Jig-ari

Half Jag, half Ferrari, the valet saw me

Shorty wanna know how the flesh work, what's under my sweatshirt

That's why I hit the gym 'til my chest hurt

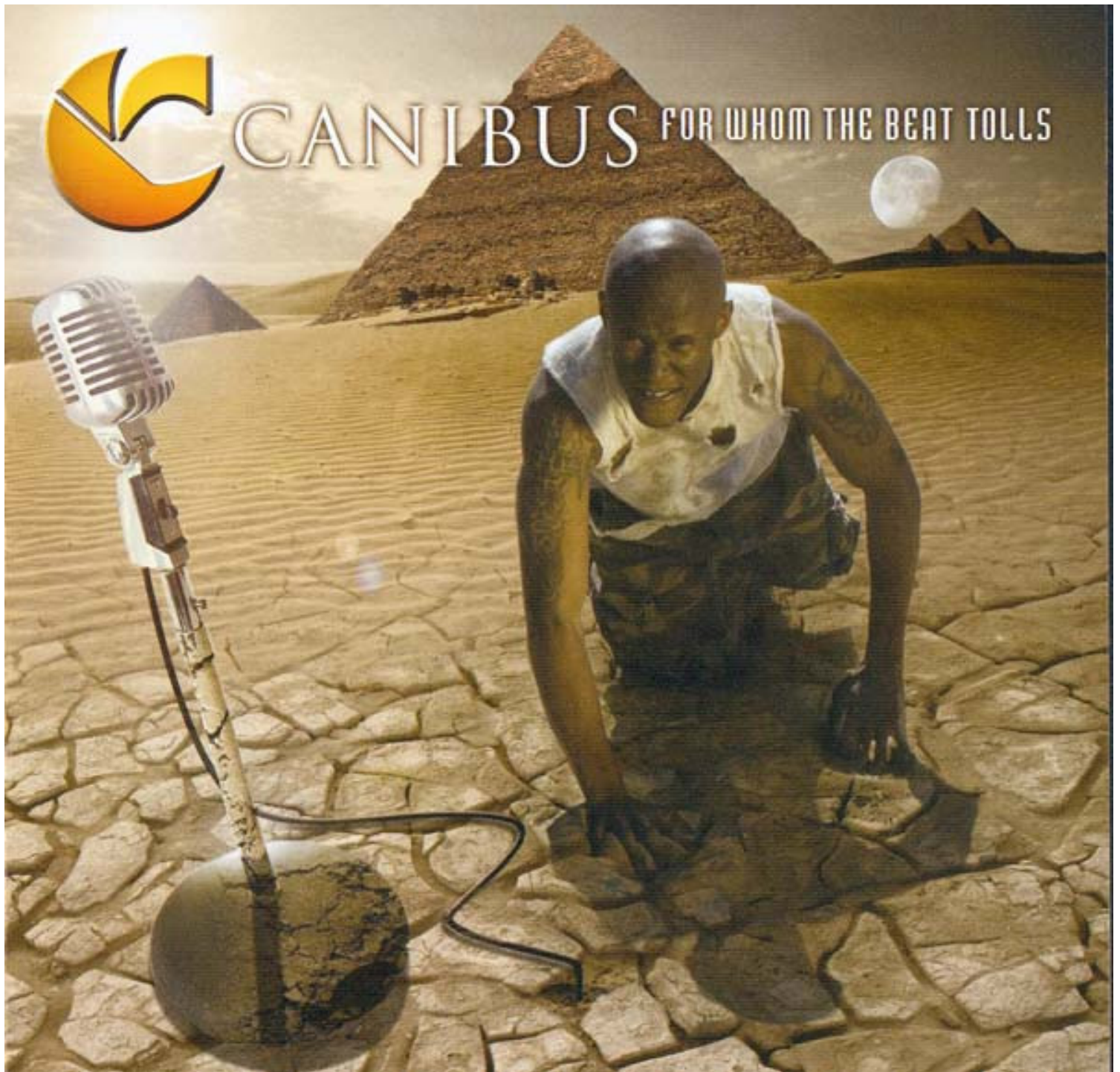
Next year or summer I'ma kill the conjecture

For now I'm just a hustler tryin to give you my best work



CANIBUS

FOR WHOM THE BEAT TOLLS



Canibus Lyrics

"For Whom The Beat Tolls"

[Sample: from "Dagon" by H. P. Lovecraft]

"I am writing under appreciable strain
Since by tonight I should be no more"

[Casting spell]

[Canibus:]

Yo, my hands are dirty 'cause I shook yours
Yea, you tried to curse me 'cause I took yours
But where?, somewhere, nowhere near
I walk where no man dares
So the world could share one man's fair
My cares are your cares
Your tears are my tears
When you talk to God, I eavesdrop on your prayers
I eavesdrop on your prayers
The industry could not stop my career
Fuck your record sales, where's your skills at?
You gotta million fans, but you're still wack
I can't feel that, what they've been exposed to is not real rap
Real rap is like chemical crack
I'm drippin' by my addiction is stealin' and bring it back
I prove it on every single track; I prove it on every single track
This is real Hip-Hop before it became rap
Do these magazines mention that? NO!
Does radio pay attention to that? NO!
Do they thank us for representin' that? No!
You think I let 'em get away with that? NO!
They just use us, abuse us
Stupid fuckin' reality shows do not amuse us
But they don't give two fucks; I said they don't give two fucks
Now it's all up to you, but...

[Church bell sounds]

Canibus Lyrics

"Harbinger Of Light"

[Intro:]

Yea, the life of the world
Let me share somethin' witchu
What does not die that'll eternally thrives the free minds
That's who you know you're alive

[Canibus:]

I was spiritual first
She cut my umbilical at the physical birth
And welcomed me to miserable Earth
Why does it hurt?
She layed me on my back under the dirt
Cover my girth with a dirty shirt
What could be worst?
She said - "God bless the dead but they got at easy"
The livin' get left behind but still can't live their life completely
Tough luck, right before I was about to give up
I passed out emotionally bankrupt
In the dead vegetation it was dark brown red like menstruation
I couldn't eat it despite the temptation
I was hungry and impatient
My hands were shakin', I stopped payment
They botched my face in operation
Nip and Tuck, livin' it up
DAMN! "Why you still spittin' 'Bus?"
"Cause you don't listen to my lyrics enough"
At night from a satellite view the city's a heart
The red and white blood cells are the lights on cars
From that distance look down and observe my lyrics
The atmospheres of organism we apparently living
Since the beginning, The Law of Three, The Law of Seven
On question, the principle of scale or heaven
Law One thru Forty Eight
Law Forty Nine is the loophole I use to escape
Buy the album; get a \$50 dollar rebate, before it's too late
2012 is the bill due date
Before that, it's 2008, I know you can't relate
Just by the confuse look on your face, you can't wait
It won't be much longer now
Solar activity is gettin' stronger now
Al Gore was the Person of the Year, maybe more
Maybe I should be for my 400 bar song
Now I'm against the wall drinkin' alcohol at Taj Mahal
Without balance I am bound to fall
To chemicals are color coded
I highly encourage you not to smoke it
It makes you more curious, don't it?

Mass the throttle; crash it into your arch-rival
Tryin' to out drive you, every mili second is vital
Repsol motorcycles, psycho, breathe nitro
Brain cells glow with a light dose
SO!, I could Tokyo Drift with no Coke to sniff
I shift from 6th to 5th, I broke the shit
The gearbox slipped, red Marlboro's for hot lips
Order drinks, fire water type, toxic shit
Now I got you in the kill box, BITCH!
On 6, 5, 4, 3, I got this, 2, 1, 0, the shot hit
The unsung hero on some Hip-Hop shit
And I dare you to tell me to not spit
I evolve from clay and statue, from statue to flesh
From flesh to dirt, from dirt to death
Beyond that whatever life is left we gotta live it 'til the end
Hip-Hop is eternal my friend, we are the life

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate Infinity V003"

[Sample:]

"Cycles of time; it is ubiquitous it goes all over the place
It's ancient, it's one of the most ancient symbols there are
And this is an interpretation of what that actually means"

[Canibus:]

This is never been done before with a rhyme outside the realm of time
It's the first of its kind
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY!!!

Nobody do it better, there ain't a truer Ripper
I did this separate imagine what we could do together
Inspired by GOD, inspired by the sufferin'
Was it done by a prophet? - it must of been
Who was it then? (Rip the Jacker)
Hot but cold blooded, many utter the name but very few love him
Other emcees be nervous or somethin'
Rhymes in abundance, Hip-Hop Justice
Rappers are captured and punished
The Polar Manitoba's melted by lava
A team of ER doctors climbed aboard the chopper
My skull is a submarine hull
I empty the ballast tanks I could smell the shit from the sea gulls
My mind dives deep beneath yours
Poseidon Trident Seahorse bubbles form I scream with extreme force
Marinari's Trench detour to Ultima Thule
Let me explain what my sonar saw
This is the greatest rhyme of all time supposedly
Through a term I'd like to call "Pulse Detonation Poetry"
Industrialists, civilians women and children directly
Military chiefs, aristocrats in buildings
Membership is based off your raw intelligence
400 screen video editing with hard evidence
Imagine being fined over a rhyme for steppin' over the line?
When I inspired Hova and Nas
Recite 33 3's 33 times
For 24 hours, 21 thousand Nautical miles
Don't be upset with Canibus yet, the kids just want respect
You been a success but what do he get?
Devine design, a miracle of Metallurgy
Every clergy member from Mecca who heard of me worshipped me
I got away nervously, talked about it purposefully
Next time I see it, it's gonna have a word with me
The Biological Chemical emergency
I purchase the beat; I resumed PsyOps on the enemy
Mix the blood so it don't coagulate

The sex magic won't work if the bitch masturbates
Nobody can hold me back, my flow bloviates into a spiritual shape
A capsule in Space, no emcee could rhyme like this, there's no challenge
His Poet Laureate should pontificates balance
Telencephalon olfactory lobes I had to practice
When a woman has her period I smell it on the mattress
Advanced Step In Innovative Mobility
Most emcees try to clone me lyrically
They can't battle me so they'd rather embarrass me
But I need a volunteer, do I have any?
The NASA contractor with a satchel of answers
I passed up the Nobel Peace Prize for my passion
Most of you will never understand what I mean
My dreams are broken into storyboard scenes
Kill you with green Lasers, evaporated weed vapour
Electromagnetic Scalar then somethin' they call a Maser
"That is not dead which can eternally lie
And with strange aeons even death may die"
The leaders lies got me reassigned, my loyalty was redefined
They will not be allowed to see the rhymes
In a town near Kadam and Kakrak Jalalabad
I pray in a hut constructed from Sago Palm
I'ma take you for a walk thru a beautiful place called Honey Swamp
We'll shoot hoops at Mosquito Lagoon Park
Emotion manifest Thought
Thought manifest Words Actions and Reality
That's how it has to be
The overseer of poetic antiquities
Victoria and Albert Museum kept them for me
Inject the gas into the centrifuge mass
The Teleological Dynamic will enhance
I remove the veil from in front of me
Suddenly, truly, there is too much to see
The Law of Attraction is attracted to me
The Laws of Poetry in action is practiced quite actively
My body did not melt beyond the Van Allen Belt
I was transformed into a spirit with no shell
I'm modifying the weather from behind a weather shield
Writing with a feathered quill, gettin' more ill
I hope I am not alone, that would be terrible
If I am celebrating and that'd be a miracle
At least for my interconnected introspective perspective
The more pretentious, the more apprehensive the sentence
Hip-Hop made me, Hip-Hop praise me
Ain't nothin' changed me since 1980
Involuntary catalepsy, BATTLE ME BABY!!!
1000 BARS NIGGA!!!, Zero Vector System
Brain waves reveal High Yield E&D Fields
Chew emcees like I'm eatin' a meal
Normal life is not real; we are just cogs in a wheel
We work, we hurt, we search, we feel
The microphonist that utilizes the study of Conics
Circular motion in both the Para and the hyperbolas

Mad Max beyond Thunderdome under Red Rock
 It's no use if you can't use what you got
 Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si-Do
 These are the tones that will activate your ohms
 Who have lost their faith, who have lost their hope
 Who have lost their point, who have lost their own
 Are you food for the moon? The potion is you
 Just in case you try to poison my food but I want you to
 Rap music and those who listen to it don't owe me nothin'
 I don't want nothin' from you, not even your judgement
 I ride on a flatbed chariot, four Ostriches carry it
 I control their movements with lariats
 Polygraphs flutter, the Love Craft, Craft Lover
 I don't want it, that's why I'm rarely seen in public
 If I were you I wouldn't waste time readin' rubbish
 I don't care what you say nigga, you're a nigga lover
 The relative radiance of the rhyme makes it shine
 Increase the star wattage with longer cycle time
 How's my driving? Run you off the road smiling
 1-800 Road Rage, Start dialing
 Don't care if I make history, I wanna be a part of INFINITY
 Look at what your SUN GOD did to me
 I submit to the will of the creator willingly
 The possibilities present a probable infinity
 I climbed the slope shaped like a stop sign in record clock time
 Hot Lava lock rhymes, rock slide topside
 At the Observatory summit of Mount Graham
 Lookin' through the starlight scope in my hand
 Creative writing and rhythm, grammar and composition
 Don't ignore me, ignore the fool who tell you don't listen
 Strivin' my principle findings by designing a new style of rhyming
 That you could take home and try out
 A 100 Bars per hour, sometimes I doubled the writing
 Secret signature time equals the hardest part to figure out
 Poetically Paralyzing, Where Are You? Are you hiding?
 No! I am Sandbag diving?
 From the Kinetic to the Energetic
 St. Germaine was made to explain the lesson with a 1000 bar message
 Straight out the freak show no pre show
 Limited oxygen when I rhyme fast you breathe slow
 The Pope shook; they ransacked Rome and burnt books
 I ran back home to hide mine in the woods
 MOSES is a new weapon system secret code
 CONUS is the continent of the US, I suppose
 I don't have all the answers I am not in the know
 I can only see what is above and only from below
 Substratum of reality through the thick cloud canopy
 How can it be Canibus? Answer me!
 My shelter is not far, you can borrow what you need
 The bunker doors sequestered beneath the tall tumble trees
 Gold chords from the organ cut down your swordsman
 Tell everybody to SHUT THE FUCK UP when I'm talkin'
 From a very cold place called Faraday Base

Right next to the South Poles longest Ice Strait
My dream was identical seven nights in a row
I saw a sideways 8 wrapped around a microphone
Extraterrestrial Isotopic ratios
A broke Scientist in his Lab with no place to go
Fire and Ash fallout, that's what it's all about
We must construct a shelter then build a wall around it
Geography is conducive to Astronomy
And the study of celestial bodies, biopsy
My austere designs are so ahead of their time
Even when you press rewind you're still left behind
I blasted thru the limestone with water, mixed with a dissolver
Then I signaled the remaining cave crawlers
Dig a hole for the collateral carnage, battle the hardest
Take out Hip-Hop trash and garbage
On the Sabbath I write preplanning for the Planet
Drawin' mechanics, suspended in space as holographic
The Quarantine Isolation Unit is where I house it
My team and I salvage the work of Dr. Fritz Albert
Hip-Hop is blackened pot placed next to a kettle
With my logo in it, a rigid rehomogenized metal
Greetings and Salutations, my equations are inundated with information
Electro Cranial Stimulation
Password please? Have patience, verification
I repeat, "What's Your Character String Verification?"
Battle rap is just aimless entertainment
+2nd round K.O.+ was one of they favourites, fuck all the haters
Responsibility entrusted
There's only one way for me to prove that I love it
That's why I'm bustin'
I turned the page, wrote a turn of phrase,
Verbal X-Rays, they say "I don't burn I blaze"
Attach the piezoelectric transducer to your computer
Poet Laureate is the future!!!
Next time we meet this whole song will be a new mix
For all the Rippers out there who need a new fix
With these lyrics, I consecrate the spirit
Whenever I spit it, concentrate you could hear it
I've almost perfected this
I'm one word away from excellence
Cyclotronic Resonance, patents are pendin' it
Can-I-Bus a/k/a "The Spitzberg Beast"
Gave his Bicentennial Speech on Emerald Peak
What are you building Bis? Is it a flyin' Silver Disk?
GW I'm positive it's him
I proof read my writtens, eat a chicken with the skin missin' in 10 minutes
Now that's some shit! You think that's fast? Nah
That's faster than you think, by the time you blink, the whole Universe shrinks
We'll observe the Gods, my thoughts graduated to the Stars to infinity
Listen to the bars, thick rhymes compartmentalized
Seperatized to prevent bootleg pirates gives me energy when I'm tired
I'm hooked on Hip-Hop, I can't live without it
You can mix this song a thousand ways I don't doubt it

Several million years into the past
The primitive future in a world without oil and gas
Gather the evidence then give it to the President
Don't reprimand him, ask him for help next
I hold Hip-Hop responsible
Every magazine writer that wrote bullshit in his article
Always remember I'll be gone forever
I made these bars so you could all remember
The rhymes in my mind when I autograph sign
I can't wait to sign an autograph for the last time
The ungrateful dead reoccurring images playin' in my head
Every color in America bled
Canibus grabbed the mic like an energized amulet
Then spit a rap that you can't forget
"With this sacred water --
I consecrate this Talisman so that it will make me POET LAUREATE"
This is a no brainer, stop the complainin'
If Hip-Hop was dead I came here to save it
Classified payloads, no frequency safe modes, no safety
And I still made time for the ladies
No corruption, no disruption, no destruction, no budget, no nothin'
It's never that easy you just gotta trust it
The spin off from the Press should be able to feed you
But I declined, 'cause I'm familiar what greed can do
I sit down and think, when I write I can smell the ink
It's the dark skinned Lizard King
Metronome Man will never take commands from the drum
The beat is my slave and it will behave as I want
I heard Hip-Hop was dead, that's not fair
Who I talk to? "Go he there, Nasir"
YEA, POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY!!!
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!!!

Canibus Lyrics

"Liquid Wordz"

(feat. Killah Priest and Sun)

[Sample:]

It's very difficult to know if...
Northerners are puppets, or...
They are innocent, or...
They are the masterminds

[Canibus:]

These are "Liquid Wordz

Yo, I come through on cold steel on back of the snowmobile
I just came back from shogun hill
Make you kneel, face the wall
Shoot you in the back of the head with some paint balls
'Til your brains are gon'
Attack dawg, attack man, only respond to German commands
Completely bite off the burglar's hands
Triangular death, that's where I purchased the land
Built the ranch, strude deep into the Earth through the sand
Send the clergy emissary to the cemetery
You requested to be buried, with your bones to carry
I'm blood sample savvy, I name your first clone Jerry
Your second clone Harry, and your third clone after me
The fourth clone could battle him after he battles me
But your the fifth clone can only be used to tattle me
This is called microphone savagery
"Press Play", I attack the beat, you'll tap out or tap to leap
But we do not have to beef, before the Greeks captured Crete
I was known as the master of the beat
Sidonian MC speak, rudimentary speech
I released the Canaanite beast and sent 'em to the East
To walk through the streets sharin' thoughts about God and my beliefs
"Heavy Mental" it was authored by the Priest
We were tortured by the palm trees in the Palm Sunday breeze
It was 0 0 1 A.D.

[Sun:]

Yo, it's been a long time comin', but I'm finally here
Solidify my spot and I ain't gon' nowhere (C'mon)
'Cause Ripper Mics been only 'vice
So I return like Christ, to resurrect the art of spittin' nice
The true and livin' it, physical form
Grab the mic and I - spit up a storm
Tracks get beastied, MC's get eaten
I blast paragraph from rough draft - the thesis
With strong facial features, lip and gap teeth's
I see through your feces like telekinesis

Build with Killah Priest in the chamber of Gizas
Special Ops Hip-Hop get chopped in pieces
Zero degree Celsius liquid will freeze
But at any temperature, settle melt MC's
That's why Canibus handed me the scrolls for infinity
What he actually gave me was the moment of clarity
It's complex simplicity, self-contradictory
Philosophical speak about the God and men mystery
'Cause we've been fooled by religion and history
'Cause the path to eternity, starts eternally
Accordin' to the Sun God, the time is at hand
For me to reveal the man, exactly who "I Am..."
I'm the apostles, we writin' The Bible and Ebonics
I'm Elijah Muhammad that'll sell chronic
Martin Luther with a German Lugar
I'm Malcolm X on your project steps bustin' a tec
Gandhi with a MPC, who MC madd nice
I'm Christ in his cipher shootin' dice

[Killah Priest:]

Inside my mind is bad weather
So when I brainstorm it'll rain strong
To Hurricane's swarm in a form of paragraph
Start from the corner of the pages in my pad
And nothin' could withstand the rhyme, when it rages in its path
But I don't brainwash my listeners
My lyrics give 'em a bath, without bars or soap
These are bars of quote, that'll take you so far you'll choke
What I have is like Lightening in a bottle
Deep as the writin' of Aristotle
Like Picasso but it's a novel
Spittin' in bars and flows, Priest the dark Dragon King
Spittin' graphic scenes, my .16 should be seen on plasma screen
My black wings are The Lord of the Rings
While my sword is bathin' and y'all scream
Swallowed your flesh to his metal intestine
If he's so much, on your rebels that became congested
And gnarls on modes, snarls at thrones, carve out domes
Somewhere in a giant stone King where the interest is big enough
To accommodate a Pterodactyl in flight
Priest sit and the Tabernacle will write
While Jackals fight over the poison Emperor's body
Priest and Canibus enjoy their memorable army's
Ha, ha, ha, ha...

[Canibus:]

A lyricist without with no master, a no financier
After the disaster I will die from laughter
Alright, let's move out people
I got a five ton diesel, 40 illegal
Hazmat retreat, too deep to say piece to
I pray about peace for you
Very soon the Goetia will eat you

The keys of Solomon will open the door to that bottomless prison
And let the Leviathan army in
"Liquid Wordz", split superb
From the foothills of Sykros to the streets of New Jerz
New Ark, I'm the rare admiral in New York
If I'm caught they'll award the post human purple heart
Navy cross neva say we lost, Dan Abram office and court
One o'tnot to think any thoughts, "Liquid Wordz"

[Sample:]

"I don't know what we mean about these words"

Canibus Lyrics

"Father Author, Poor Pauper"

[Intro:]

Yea, "Father Author, Poor Pauper", Yea
(More than a microphone monster)

[Canibus:]

Once a upon a midnight dreary
Being blackballed by the music industry prepared me
In the past albums were made, put on the shelf
I was never paid or given a wealth
Who can I blame but myself? No one
I followed my azimuth then transit on a path from apprentice to master
My testimony any place at the top is lonely
Ask me what I cherish mostly, no matter what I say is poetry
The way I walk, the way I talk, the way I fought
The way I won, the way I lost, the way I thought
When they tried to play me out as a man
The way it felt takin' showers in the sand with a fuel can
Wakin' up in the middle of the night
I can't breathe right, I can feel my heart beat spike
"Father Author, Poor Pauper" use to be a war monger
I promised the Lord I will not tour any longer
Pardon the The Poor Pauper with nothin' to offer from his coffin
Caughin' up a mouthful of a volcanic sulfur
Feast your eyes on the awesome mechanics of the metallic saucers
Flown by man, I bet you thought it was the Martians
Since "Channel Zero" I tried to do somethin' to save you
But you threw away the jewels I gave you
When you're ready to move to the mouth it'll be too late too
That's why I pray for you
My words appear clear but true meanin' is lost
Why would an emcee like that even talk?
Clear your mind, clear your thoughts
Throw away everything you bought
And kneel before the Ark
YOU DON'T!, you knew you should but you won't
Any artist will become lethargic from weed smoke
I don't go to malls 'cause I don't like shoppin'
I can't buy clothes when the Manikin's are watchin'
Overspecialization doesn't require special explanation
The information is my interpretation
I sit down at the table and make it
Through a series of musical, lyrical and compositional arrangements
I'm disinfatuated, you rappers are overrated
For the music you're makin', it sounds foolish and basic
Thread by thread the poem is woven, the book is open
You were ordered to show him, than the words are spoken
Civilization is fragile, so is life there in battle

So is nature when surrounded by the unnatural
Walk through the doors of Langley Headquarters
My logo is in the floor etched in marble
Behind the rose line, morals and dogma of rhymes to climb
One of three peaks of Mount Hermon there in my lifetime
The rhymes is 3 point 1 4 5 9 2 6 5 3 5 8 9
Same morning that the Can-I-Bus album came out
I got a text from The NSA that said "They'd take me out"
Kabbalah Math was all I had
My wife and child were both killed in a helicopter crash
Eight months passed, I'm in Walter Reed with a rare fungus rash
I told them "Fuck the cash" Just give me somethin' for the pain
My brain 'bout to bust vein
They said "You've been through enough Germaine"
I tried to sit up but can't get up
This sucks, "Father Author, Poor Pauper" can't give up
The Biomarker lit up; the labtec took the blood that I spit up
She tried to screen it, than clean it
Hydroxide radicals I couldn't believe it
I was the Anemic Heathen that was saved by the blood of Jesus
My only grievance is I never be the same again
Never beat me with a rhyme again like it was '98 again
I'm so ashamed I'm depressed; I don't know what I could say to them
So I made this mixtape for them
I hope you enjoy it even if you never bought it
This is "Father Author, Poor Pauper" last recording

Canibus Lyrics

"Dreamzzzzz"

[Chorus: x4]

"Dreamzzzzz" of fuckin' a female news anchor
I'm just playin', but I'm sayin'

[Canibus:]

Yea, this isn't excellence in journalism
I prefer to call it conservative words of wisdom
Mixed with perverted visions
I can't help it, I was bitten by Celtic Woman
Who spoke elvish, who told me I was selfish
Nah honey be friendly you're my Ms. Money Penny
I love you because when they hate me; you defend me
"Dreamzzzzz" of fuckin' a female news anchor
Welcome to my world of fantasies and fandom
0330 central news network
I filled out visitors of paper work 'til my head hurt
G words bees and birds can't help but to be perverse
About anything over 30 in a skirts
I get up stairs to search who's doin' their leg work
I seen her walk in to the coffee room, I go there first
She was beautiful and burgundy, same Zane Verjee
I said "Allah have mercy", she heard me and turned to me
She showed me her breast, I was impressed
She suggested I lock the door so we could both get undressed
Quick start, quick finish, I gently kissed her
The phone rang; it was Wolf Blitzer sayin' "He missed her"
I was not surprised, I ain'tt want the bitch to lose her job
OH MY GOD! Is that Sumi Das?
Still hard from Zane givin' me brain, but I can't complain
I'll take wrinkles over stains anyday, anyway where did the Sumi go?
She reminds me of this ho I used to bang on a Pakistani Sushi boat
Her trail went cold, I stole me an access card
Picked up the trail in the parking garage
I pretended I was an intern
I said "Ma'am you left this upstairs, a huge diamond earrings"
She just stares, standin' there in a dress with a delicate smell of vinaigrette
She placed the palm firmly on my chest
"Are you St. Germaine?" she said, I said "Yes"
And I seek to have sex with the Dragon Princess
She circled her hips slow, dancin' to Calypso
She brought her lips close, my dick grows, she sniff Coke
I couldn't believe the nerve of this
Circus Witch with burger itch
You tried to curse me with a kiss
Nosferatu practitioner, I don't even think about kissin' her
She will remain my prisoner

[Chorus: x4]

[Canibus:]

Yea, check the defense mechanism of this next woman
She's the real Lara Croft, I couldn't wait to have sex with her
Arwa Damon so calm under pressure
But our hormones start raging as soon as I undress her
Started to speak in discrete descriptive speech
I tasted her nipples and told her "Her tits taste like a peach"
She had congressional oversight, over the mic
A young Black man obsessed with her egg shell white
Her body was tight, "Ok" I said but not tonight
Your life is your job; my job is my life
Filled with gold spindles, a positive polarity singles
But when I talk to strippers I'm simple
Like screwin' Julie with the booty dimples
She act moody 'cause she's mental
Try to imagine what she's been through
Julie Banderas got what I call a rare ass
That's the type of ass that could tear pants
I let her dance on my fair delance, Caliente Sangre
And life goes on like John Mellencamp

[Chorus: x4]

[Canibus:]

Yea, yo, I don't wake up 'til 12:00
Soledad O'Brian don't wake up 'til she feels cock
I love these women so much, I can't stop
Sir Lancelot givin' Guinevere a shamrock
Accompanied by a rose, she smelled it with her nose and froze
It was the perfect time to take off her clothes
The tale of the Princess and the P and MC
Mr. C really? a magnificent read
In a dream I had about my favourite anchor of them all
In my dream I wrote a name across The White House wall
Suzanne Malveaux - oh I have love you so
So much so I let the whole world know
Her pastry is so tasty; I don't care if her husband hates me
I'm still in my dream, DO NOT WAKE ME!
In the dream she and I share pound cake and tea
In between her shifts on the silver screen
She lays her head on my arm during The White House conference, so DAMN!
Imagine that when you listen to my song

[Chorus: x4]

Canibus Lyrics

"Magnum Innominandum"

[Chorus:]

Suivre Moi, come vibe with ya boy
With lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed (Follow me)
Suivre moi, the leadership was annoyed
At lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed (The MC)
Suivre moi, the leadership is annoyed
At lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed
Suivre moi, come vibe with ya boy
With lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed

[Canibus:]

I was taught my heart was my brain in my past life
I was thrashed in a fight over my passion for the mic
Risked the ultimate sacrifice to rhyme, askin' Christ why?
He replied; "Passions like mine have a price"
They will grab you if you grab the mic
Try to squeeze the life from you, take away your life
There's only one way to fight
Zero gravity device, turn it on
Impale them on stalactites and stalagmites, alright?
I was hyped; he told me that every word I recite
Symbolically represents the whole world's kryptonite
Includin; but not limited to spittin' in the booth
Spit the truth; tell the leadership to listen to the troops
The leadership bleeds blue, we bleed red
In the end the only thing we can agree on is death
I beg you to get it together
To truly be clever you gotta be able to think ahead and remember
'Cause most of us have forgotten where we came from
Turned a blind eye to the energy that made us
I ain't the same Canibus I was
But I still get busy 'cause that's what Canibus does
The rhymes are relevant day after my development
Food for thought, beverages should be free but they keep sellin' it
The mixtape comes out today, announce the date
The potato gets off his couch to wait
'Cause he knows something wicked his way comes
They can hear the sound of the war drum,
Canibus save them!
I can't save you, but you can save yourself
We can save each other, I just came to help
The event you cant prevent no matter how much you spend
Your catalogue remains thin no matter how much you pen
I stand with my men, lookin' at the flag draped coffins again
Cryin', justifyin' what I did
There's no excuse cause nobody will ever know the truth
I will never get over the abuse - fuck you!..

[Pause]

I gotta keep Hip-Hop open, if they close it I'm homeless
If I lose it I'm broken, if I disown it I'm hopeless
I am a hopeless romantic Trans-Atlantic pimp
In the pacific stickin' dick to Los Angeles bitches
Bitch please!, be my guest
Shot her in the head while she slept
What would she dream about next?
I'm a maniac nigga, so fuck rap nigga
Bigorexia anxiety attack nigga
If you're loyal I'll murder for you
You disloyal I'll destroy you
Rhodesian Ridgeback will and turn on you
Keep Hip-Hop alive if you don't we die
We includes me, you, K-Solo and Nas
Keep Hip-Hop open 'cause if they close it I'm homeless
If I lose it I'm broken, if I disown it I'm hopeless
Focus!

[Chorus:]

Suivre moi, the leadership was annoyed
At lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed
Suivre Moi, come vibe with ya boy
With lyrics the whole industry silently enjoyed

Canibus Lyrics

"Layered Prayers"

[Canibus:]

Yea, ayo Mother Earth absorbs the blood I bleed
Hip-Hop is my blood - I believe
That I am not free, and neither are you
The only time I feel free is when I'm rhyming in the booth
The Lion on the loose is not a reckless recluse
But really a dictator with his neck in a noose
For war crimes; Hardcore rhymes from a warped mind
That enjoyed the dark matter in the void before time
The innocent murmured, murmured because they worshipped him
They let the serpent in but it never occurred to them
They deity regards emcees like me
Piously, check the degree, see if it's me
On planet Earth I design mankind's rebirth
A marvel of water and rock salt from a verse
The Moon, the Sun and the Stars
I am who you are, together, we all form God
I laugh at the creation of it, the explanation of it
Not the original but man's imitation of it
They took Hip-Hop and changed the subject
Then I brought Hip-Hop back and made you love it
Through deterrence, detention and prevention
Never write the wrong sentence
If I ever said it I meant it
The insatiable, inescapable regiment
What's the weight? Add four more plates, I bench it
Skinny-ass nigga, grab your neck with a pen-grip
Bend it through telepathic suggestion
I rap so serious, the vocal myriad
Occurred intermittently over protracted periods
Rap 'til you get delirious, wack niggaz get furious
Keep dissin' me, your girl's gettin' curious
Darth Vader on the cross-fader releasin' the raw data
This is called hard jaw-breaker labour
When I see you I'ma battle you, then tackle you
Then grapple you, then probably snap you in two
Yo, ain't that the truth?, outside the booth
Air combat maneuvers without no computer
Space wings that cause pings MOTHAFUCKA!!!
We gon' dogfight above cloud cover
High in the friendly skies, where unfriendlies
Where frendlies and unfrendlies die
You and I race to the Sun, I just got back
The race is done, ages have ended and ages have begun
Cognisance saturation, I am the one
Tell me where chain-gun Germaine came from?
Dara-I-Suf, the river of caves

My ribcage look like miniature shim blades
When I bathe in the waters below
Still waters run deep, King Cthulhu told me so
Magna-dome under Yellowstone inside the bowels of the Earth
I'ma show you the power of the verse
'Cause man cannot establish dominance over man
Indefinitely; man only respects God's energy
Telluric energy, drawn from the bowels of the Earth
I'ma show you the power of the verse
Telluric energy, drawn from the bowels of the Earth
I'ma show you the power of the verse

Canibus Lyrics

"The Fusion Centre"

(feat. Vinnie Paz)

I isolate a regime that works twice the pace of your team
These Jedi mind tricks are no dream

Kill code receive you do not need to know what you need
You will be uplinked to the feed

The entrance to the cave is guarded by a statue of Saint Jermaine
Holding an oil lamp with a purple flame

Shuffling down a dark corridor chasing the voice of the orator
The light brightens more and more

Your muscles tight and sore you fall to waist height then crawl
As you are forced to recite bars from Ars Notoria

What is the origin metaphoric euphoria lobotomize the audience rap music
Recruited those who refuse it will be uprooted then electrocuted

Then executed flesh is fluid physically it's a stretch to do it
You wake up cold wet and wounded playing my music

The strong believe in me the weak try to weaken me
They are not allowed to speak to me that easily

The fans get neglected can't get they favorite record
They only get to hear what's selected not requested

They are wasting your time just think about that
The reason you won't think is the reason I won't rap

Wisely worded speech frame and technique and thermal heat
Bridges the verbal to the beat providing earth for your feet

I rip granite the universe shaped like this planet
Nobody understand it when my spit is mismanaged

Virtuoso Vivaldi Aliester Crowley with a baldy flow
Flawlessly cathedral halls applaud me

Red 3 delta they call me in the red army armory talking softly walking
Calmly the officer saw me cursing at the bastard commy pass the salami

Rhyming offbeat they poured me caffeine not coffee

You'll never hear nothing as evil
As this I carry desert eagles into the cathedral and lick

My people are sick your people unbelievably bitch
In Mogadishu counting money inconceivably rich

A feverish pitch I'll hit you so you bleed where you piss
I feel sorry for any rapper think he equal to 'Bis

I see thru the mist I see you faggots weak in the wrist
I ain't rapping no more Paziienza speak with the fists

I see the abyss but I ain't going there no more
I'm too old so I ain't licking in the air no more

Ayo 'bis who these motherfuckers that's thinking it's war
In '88 the only white boy spitting it raw

I kicked in the door I spoke on metaphysics in awe
But they was too stupid to understand the vision involved

I wish that we all had platinum that could christen the wall
But I'm a ride for you regardless if its business involved

Canibus Lyrics

"702-386-5397"

[Intro]

Yea, yea Can-I-Bus, Mic Club
(Nothin' to prove it's all love)

[Canibus:]

I bust through like Sputnik 2
This is man's best friend, whoop-woo
The flag is black, red, and blue
True shoot from the whoop
Dogs jump out of dooly
But it'll take more than that to move me
Like; wireless mics for tireless nights
Firefights inspire my life, why do I write?
Twenty-year Hip-Hop vet, they perceive me as a threat
They manifest beads of sweat
Examine the blood trail
Squeeze trigger puss drips out of the thumbnails
I smell like gun shells
Polonium, pandemonium with a dose of unknownium
The Soviet Hugo Rodier
Fourth generation roper report
Everything I was taught bore resemblance to my thoughts
The truth and design of the Guggenheim rhyme
Where every line is weaponized then applied
Mob shit, talk it acquisition is sick
I don't miss when I twist the 556
Stand there with arms folded
Firearms make me look large and bloated
("I'ma gonna have to project my voice")
Equipment check, church bells time
("Some of this stuff might get intense")
One more time - Just kill 'em 'Bus
Ain't nobody around to witness nothin'
Heavens devil strangle Hell's Angel with a mic cable
Then J Wells came through

[Sample from Nas @ the L.A. Listening Party on December 14th, 2006:]

"Yo, the niggaz that use to have a nigga a little nervous was like;
B.I.G., 'Pac, (Right), even Canibus, like Eminem them niggaz use to have me like
If we go at it dawg we gotta go HARD!"

"Yo, the niggaz that use to have a nigga a little nervous was like;
B.I.G., 'Pac, (Right), even Canibus, like Eminem them niggaz use to have me like
If we go at it dawg we gotta go HARD!"

[Canibus:]

Yea, yo

I support a secure change of custody
Don't trust the beat, trust me Canibus the emcee
Without movin' my neck I turn to the left
Yes I am the best you'll learn to respect
'Til your death, Hip-Hop is the body, you are the chest
I am the vest, we are sworn to protect
This behavioural bomb rewritable radio songs
"What station is your radio on?"
My trainin' is worth millions
Imam death squad rush the building
From the frontline with Prince William
I am Prince William's exercise cover and concealment
Prohibit the media from filming
Never in the moment, always thinkin' of the Omen
I pause soldiers, nobody told them
Inoculate; I postulate not your weight
Drop to your face, the active component will not break
My Omanium friend tried to pay me in Yen
I threw the money in his face and said "Pay me again"
You wanna talk to the kid? Enter this ten digit grid
I'll explain to you what I did
"702-386-5397", call, leave a message
Y'all niggaz can't rap, so why you wanna go and do that?
You move the crowd, I move the map
The defying mad Lion, triumph over the rulers of Zion
Fuck your "Blood Diamonds", I'd rather laugh dyin'
Miners in the mine shaft cryin'
"Apocalypto" from GITMO, I'll clash with the last Mayans
The Sun stone science, the black, red and blue alliance
Jump through the fire, you'd be a fool to try it
The fire suit don't fit, NO SHIT!
My Saratoga suit got a customized grip
With a batwing released for both wrist and both feet
Blazing high, but I don't feel no heat
Hip-Hop's master chief, "Here, have a seat"
In the mic booth where I hang slab the meat
Before, during, or after debrief
I'll crack your teeth, don't talk unless if asked to speak
The Rift Valley Fever symptoms could last for weeks
We call a hell in a cell, watch the bastard tweak
Reach 80° degrees North, 14° degrees East
Beneath the ice sheet lies the Spitzberg Beast
Transmission distorted, injuries reported
Mission aborted, follow your orders, move forward
BRAVO! I fell in love with you Suzanne Malveaux
On the down-low, know you know
She talked to the Canibus man
Code name: "Javelin Fangz"
With "Nothing to Prove" to the rap fans
Could've elaborate further but suffice to say
"God damn that emcee made my day"
He's a butcher, a baker, a vapour box maker from Jamaica
Still talkin' trash to the haters

I'll clash with the graders, this is major manual labour
Beta test the data with blue lasers
Canibus wavin' Alice, it's "Nothing to Lose" in Los Angeles
Suing Hip-Hop for the damages
G-4's, 10.4's, still conscious but not for long
Missile lock-on; stop the song

Canibus Lyrics

"The Goetia"

(Ergonomical)

[Sample:]

"And this variation of analogy of working that comes from
On this idea that they were created on the Earth
These giants were created by the natural themselves
They can manifest.."

[Chorus:]

Nothin' to prove, nothin' to lose
Can-I-Bus - bussin' in the booth
Straight out (The Goetia) to eat ya
This is the fire breather
Nothin' to prove, nothin' to lose
Can-I-Bus and Mic Club - bussin' in the booth

[Canibus:]

Microphone check one-two, you know what it is
Can-I-Bus, still gettin' biz
Rip mics, gas molecules emit light
I bring delta T.C. squared to the fistfight
First, I developed the fence
Then negotiate disarmament from the other side of the fence
Hence, the tetrahedron is a prison for a four-headed demon
I weaken, every time I see him
Fight for my freedom, under the fig tree bleedin'
I create Hip-Hop but don't need it
I turn my back on rap like God turned his back on Eden
To return like Cat Stevens
For those who believe it, I live it, I breathe it
I smash mics to pieces, that's the secret
I cannot fail, I rock bells
On the Ho Chi Minh trail to the song of the nightingale
Any artist can turn a garden to a desert
But can he turn a desert to a garden?
That's where I come in, runnin', straight gunnin'
Ready to punish, nigga I don't budge one inch
Fuck it, double the budget
Niggaz turned Hip-Hop to somethin' it wasn't
Made it hard to love it
So I come back to conquer with a monster mantra
My spiritual father is Swami Vivekananda
Rhymes promote freedom, stabilize the region
Think for yourselves, it's just like breathin'
The departed Hip-Hop artist regardin' the condition of the carnage
Dead farmers I already saw it
Back to the army, back to pituitary

Back to the heartbeat, off-beat on a dark street
Comfy, aggressive assistive trainin'
Hajji somewhere waitin', one minute remainin'
Satellites counter locatin', the bloodbath begins bathin'
We both believe we're fightin' Satan
'Cause we both got the same God, who accepts the same sacrifice
Blood, tears, life, fine picks and trowels are real
I was holdin' a weapon when I was overpowered, there was no album
Thirty-minute sessions cleanin' weapons askin' myself questions
About what happened last mission, Radiation isolation
I'ma asshole but I'm patient for a nurse with nice shaped tits
I'm a poet, my house is a palace
A small cavernous passage, darker than the Catacombs of Paris
Chateau de Canibus, Saint Germaine sadomasochist
I don't use chains to trap a bitch
Don't get distracted, repeat your rap's schematic
Over and over until it's automatic
My body is a machine, machines need fuel
Two gastro-nasal tubes, feed me smoothie food
The recluse clearly produced the abstract schematic
You can use over a glass of fresh-squeezed pear juice
Right side paralyzed above the waist
Below the waist the left side paralyzed, this a unique case
It's a challenge to rhyme great, lost weight
Lost sense of smell and taste, wastin' away payin' attention to space
Sayin' "wait!" open the gate, rusty screwers reverberate
Through the deserted desolate space of this purgative place
Grimoires and metaphor law, make your skin crawl
Nothin' to prove, this is lyrical law

Canibus Lyrics

"Secrets Amongst Cosmonauts"

[Spanish speaking soldiers]

"They have different videos that's caused by these Cosmonauts"

[Sample]

"And so, if you take all these together
Dimension of the Earth in nautical miles
21,600 and you divided by 33; you'll get..."

[Intro]

(Secrets Amongst Cosmonauts)
These are the Secrets of the Cosmonauts
I know I rhyme a lot
This is the most important rhyme I ever said in my life
Stop the hatred, and stop being racist
I believe the Cosmonauts will come down and save us

[Chorus]

(We share the song) This is a song, written by God
(Especially for you) Especially for you, this is the truth
(There's a story) A story of humankind's glory
(Of what people do for you) I'm tellin' you the Cosmonauts love you

[Canibus]

Twenty-one thousand six-hundred nautical miles
I've got the same amount, if not more audible styles
By no means am I to interpret the absolute
I'm merely a vessel that the entity chooses to use
I'm raw energy, just like you
I don't teach 'cause Teachers only receive contempt from the youth
I know what I know, there's no need to convince you
The poetry's fairly simple, you perceive the visual
The grass isn't greener, it's browner
I believe in the power that spins the Earth around upward and outward
You say, "You don't like the album", I say you a coward
You say you don't like the beats, I say what about them?
Whether or not you like the lyrics I would not be surprised
If you the devil in disguise I can see it in your eyes
We are all equal; we are all sisters and brothers
In spite of our colour, all we have is each other, they love us

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

Your sexual orientation is none of my business
But don't lie to yourself, and don't lie to the children
Some of us are healthy, some of us have diseases

But if you look at the whole world we represent the human species
You can't ignore continents while they starve
You'll be wearin' their shoes before long
As the Globe becomes more warm
Families hold on but their country is war-torn
The prophecies are forewarned
You would've thought Katrina storm taught y'all
But nah, you're still too distracted ain't y'all?
I've come to learn that the Cosmonauts up high
Don't believe that we deserve another chance and I'll tell you why
We watch either other die, and we're still racist
Not in my household, but in other places
The patience of the Gods have run thin
Because of your sin, the period of purification will begin

[Chorus]

[Canibus]

The procession will wash away
The world's sins with Tsunami's and Whirlwinds
Our world ends, but then it begins again
Six-thousand four-hundred eighty years later
The next civilization will dig our artifacts out of a crater
They will say that we were great but that they are greater
Humankind will continue to search for his creator
Wage war against the forces that try to enslave us
Send space probes to our celestial neighbours
We could stop the hatred; if we stop being racist
I believe the Cosmonauts will come down and save us
If humankind will accept all races
There's no reason that the Cosmonauts wouldn't save us
Love your neighbours; we're different, but God made us
Love all races, the Cosmonauts would love to save us
Basic Instructions Before Leaving Earth (B.I.B.L.E.)
Wake up, stop the hatred, the Cosmonauts wanna save us

[Chorus]

"Advance knowledge that people in general will never hear
Is passed on to the chosen ones that are chosen to have this..

Canibus Lyrics

"One Ought Not To Think"

[Canibus:]

This one is relatively short; I won't say much about it
What's the point if you're still gon' doubt
History is a weapon being used against us
Humanity has been abused before but few remember
Human hybrid, Hubble iris, double-sided untouchable
When it comes to rhyming, but I struggle in private
"One Ought Not To Think", in other words stop thinking
Humankind is now on the brink of extinction
The Eagle has landed, one of von Braun
Handpicked the evil bastard called "Magnum Innominandum"
These ice-age quotes opposed Helios
Confusing the most yet I find it remedial
Turn the radio and TV off, think for a second
Technology is a blessing but it's also a weapon
A weapon of mass destruction givin' global instructions
Teaching us how to hate but does it in a way that we love it
Take my beloved rap music, erase the beat
Consumers act like they're afraid of intelligent speech
The rhymes are imagined in theory
Then itemized into a query
It takes more than your ears to hear me
Meditate; you will see it clearly
Elevate to a level where your judgment isn't impaired daily
Before the New World Order right around the corner
One day soon they gon' lock down the borders
I ain't a activist, I can't do shit
I'd rather be a pacifist with a full clip
Keep sayin' your prayers, they won't care
God won't hear, do something, you won't dare
It's happened before, it'll happen again
It's happening over there; it'll spread here my friend
"One Ought Not To Think", in other words stop thinking
Mankind is now on the brink of extinction
Lost wisdom from the lost kingdom
Humankind is now on the brink of extinction

Canibus Lyrics

"Javelin Fangz"

[Sample:]

"For this reason to have this Key
They some how transmit into your brain a hard idea
Like, you are living wrong
You've broken our laws on this planet
This is the reason why
Very soon when the sky became dark
Thousands and thousands of people will die
And only a few them will stay alive"

[Intro:]

Code-Name: Javelin Fangz - The Canibus Man
Nothin' to Prove, cold bustin' at you dudes
Yea, yo

[Chorus:]

You got your Weapon?: Check
You got your Ammo?: Check
You got the filthy slut pin-up calendar?: Yes
You got the food?: Check
You got the supplies?: Check
You got the Trees so we can get high? - I Quit

Your names Canibus - So what da Fuck that means
Can-I-Bus is the emcee not weed

Hand Radio?: Check
Map?: Check
You got the chem lights so we can get back?: Check
First Aid Kit?: Check
Grenades?: Check
I even got a spit box for those lonely days

[Canibus:]

I was on my way home, the ground opened up like a grave
Turned the highway into a tomb
It's crazy I grew up playin' with Tonka's
Mickey Thompson mud Swampers on a off-road monster
I took a detour started headin' east
Got stuck through a wench around a red wood tree
A 1000 feet above sea level
Still drivin' altitude climbin' the Tsunami's 1 hour behind me
Made my way to the Mojave, I robbed niggaz for they gasoline
Then headin' towards the Colorado Rockies
Desperado, El Diablo on your back yard property
Can't let the circumstance stop me
G.I. Joe, O.G., Desert E's, Desert fatigues

Dry weather gear for the desert breeze
140° degrees, I can barely breathe
Toast bread and fry eggs on the roof of my Jeep
Take my boots off I won't even look at my feet
They smell like I've been cookin' my feet
Look at me, I'ma mess I did it for my family & friends
When the time comes I do it again
Because this ain't the end, this is the beginnin'
A new way of life nigga how you gon' live it
Man Women and Child, livin' in a village
No more technology privilege
When disaster strikes put down the mic
You better pick up that weapon and pass it to the right
Laugh if you like but the time is near
There's no time to spare, formation over here

[Chorus]

[Canibus:]

I observe purgatory from the solar observatory
The Sun stone was right, God have mercy on me
You ask what, I ask what next
Geo-magnetic effects came down to the deck
Radio, T.V. Satellite gone, nobody can make or take one call
LIGHTS OUT! All communications wiped-out
To late to call upon Jesus Christ now
Collect your weapon and ammo
You don't have weapons to protect your family? You're asshole
Guns are worth more then anythin' in a time like this
The price just went up the pricelist
You a Predator or Prey in the twilight mist?
You wanna pray; get on your knees die like a bitch
Your family got dragged off
Put to work as slaves in a hell pit because you were selfish
You bought cars, gold, diamonds
Should've bought somethin' that could equalize the violence
Face it your heart's full of hatred
'Cause you got stripped naked in front of your babies
Do somethin' to change it
Take it, take a day-off, take a trip to the shop
Get a laser sight scope, adjustable butt stock
Automatic burst, fuck a one shot if a nigga want static
I'ma give 'em what I got

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"There Has He Been"

(feat. K-Solo)

[Intro:]

Yea, Mic Club and Waste Management

"Javelin Fangz"

WolfGang, sharp fangz

Yea

[Canibus:]

The vocalist with osmosis spit

Canibus on some robust robot shit

You're not fit, drop, give me fifty bars of spit

950 more bars just to talk to the kid

They just rappers I'm a cloud of galactic matter comin' at ya

Like radar or race car spelt backwards

The mirror image of the emperor's lyrics

Concubines are forbidden to compare it until I finish

The magnetic patient will record the same thing

While erasin' the lost dynasty of Beijing

Spittin' rhymes 'cause significant mission lapse time

You'll be fine, don't rewind; move onto the next line

Three bogies ten O'clock high, I die if I do not try

Ostriches are not supposed to fly

Fighter pilots with not eyelids

Did you see what I just did?

Hydraulic pressure gettin' as high as a bitch

Textbook vertical spin, landed on the wing, I'm in

The evil bald Eagle strike you again

Yuri Gagarin, I met him when we he came to Heaven

My first guest from terra firma Passage Magellan

I didn't hesitate to tell him, 2012 you police yourselves

As Earth travels through the gravity belt

And I can offer you no help

The Period of Purification can be described to somethin' you call Hell

Yeah, S-P-E-L-L, R-A-P-E-L down to W-E-L-L

WolfGang

[K-Solo:]

Start at your head, I end it quick and end your ass

Send your career on a collision course; then you'll crash

I'ma laugh mothafucker, its gon' only get worse

You'll hit a tree and you go flyin' through your window headfirst

Foes come in the white mink, leave in the red fur

Get your fuckin' ass kicked, leave with your head hurt

Beef with me equals dead thugs

Even when I'm fuckin' sleep, stomp out you bedbugs

The Hitman buck quick

One thing I can't stand in this rap game is a bitch ass who suck dick

Rap too good for the hood, who's the don
And they said I'd never make it with a help from you know who
But I proved them wrong
Even without money in my pocket I still move along
And I'm happy Canibus got me to do this song
I was never assed out; my label's the only label
And the mothafuckin' world is able to take the trash out
Call me sweet, Big Kevin I fuck a bitch 'til she pass out
I got hands too when I cum, a lot of niggaz don't wanna back out
Dirty niggaz, they gon' pull a mac out
'Cause I rap grapple and box, make competition tap out
I put it down; I cut them down, cut them down
You know I'm known to shut them down
Dudes is jokin', I laugh, take cash 'cause they clowns
If they got beef with that I get Canibus to spray the rounds
Take them down; I'm the Godfather, Long Island music here to take the crown
Breeze through, enemies quiet, they don't make a sound
Get a bucket of red blood, paint the town
I'm a beast, when I walk I shake the ground
Who hatin' now? Who hatin' now? Who hatin' now?

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate Infinity V004"

[Sample:]

"And this is where the, the uh complexity comes in
Maybe we in modern uh civilization haven't really connected with this
understanding"

[Canibus:]

This is never been done before with a rhyme outside the realm of time
It's the first of its kind
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY!!!

I procured a small piece of the treasure
Collections from a former era datin' back to forever
The warrior became protector; take a closer look at the bars
You'll see I'm not behind them or in front of them, I'm one of them
Started with a hundred, The Game spit three I said "Fuck It!"
I'm a have to show these niggaz somethin'
33 is the number that enlightens the Brother
Insight to the fullest that could brighten the dullest
The ramifications are awesome, what should we call it? Mortars
I drive forward Sandstorms make my eyes water
Skull is a submarine hull
Dolphin phones screen calls from places as far away as A.G.C.R.
The rhymes are raw, protected by the Jericho wall
With surface permutation of the permafrost
We thought close support from the Navy Carriers and Air Force
Would give us all what we needed, we were wrong
This is "The Greatest Rhyme of All Time" supposedly
1000 Bars it will probably always be
The results from SETI, very interestin'
I briefed the committee they told me to stop the testin'
You cannot contend with this when I let it rip
Eyes, ears, nose and throat specialist Professor Bis
The sublime Chakra one thru nine
Thru the spine induce the rhyme
Internal fire produces the high
I listened to 44 4's 22 times
+I Gave You Power+ God stop my heart if I'm lyin'
SHUT THE FUCK UP and stop whinnin'
Instinct controls how you think before decidin', so keep vibin'
The Art of Rhyming; I've mastered it certainly
Surely I'll celebrate capturin' it for my Taxidermy
From the streets of New Jersey to Germany
To jungles in Angola where most the meat poachers heard of me
I guess it wasn't meant to be
Under an assumed Identity I resumed PsyOps on the enemy
USA made, field grade steel face

Movin' at a Canibus pace in the proto subspace
Nobody could hold me back, my flow bloviates into a spiritual shape
And co-create rap, cold callous chronic chemical imbalance
Smokin' a chalice in the Rabbit hole with Alice
Systematic Global Geographic Systemic Neo-synopsis
Reload the graphics notice I spit it rapid
Victory over injury a victim to misery
The myriad of my metaphors make me a mystical mystery
They can't battle me; so they'd rather embarrass me
By being mad at me, they commit microphone heresy
Clairvoyant Technique, usin' X-Ray refraction
Not only can you see into the future, see past it
But I don't know what it means
I pass the DataStream along to my team
They say it's more than a dream
Kill you with weed vapour, then the Taser, then the Laser, then the Maser
Then somethin' they call Scalar
"That is not dead which can eternally lie
And with strange aeons even death may die"
Why? Coup de Gra for the Coup de Ta
In a man made lodge, the Moon Rays replace God
What ought to crawl has learned to walk
I have mastered The Art of Rhyming now I am so bored
I seen a mushroom to the north, from a porch
It was odd, every dog in the neighborhood barked
'Cause Emotion manifests Thought, Thought manifests Words Actions and
Reality
But what is attracting me?
If you question me, you will be detained indefinitely
Your name will be added to the Black List Registry
Observe the man with the microphone strand
Or 5th or 6th, 'cause way more advanced
I look up in the sky to see if God is judging me
Suddenly I feel Fatima and Medjugorje come to me
Sittin' down at the mixin' board comfortably
They begin to study me, by showin' me worlds I would love to see
A stationary pulley drawin' from a wishin' well
The Genie gave me three more because I listen well
There's a Proverb that goes "One should know thyself"
Before one can know the world so I showed myself
Metaphoric Sun Worship, pullin' me like planet inertias
But on the other hand these rappers are worthless
Rap Music Profession, Immuno suppressants
One question per second, one answer per session
You lazy and you wanna be the best? You crazy!
Poet Laureate is reserved for the name G
My lyricism amplifies every letter written
+Rip the Jacker+ spittin' inside a Zero Vector System
Murder murder murder, kill kill kill drills
Williams was real ill, but now I chill
Fuck a record deal; my trainin' is real
Look at the sword I wield, you will taste my steel
Lyrical Fitness is no secret of course

But the secret to creativity, hidin' your sources
Preserve the sanctity of the Soldiers in IRAQ
Do not blame them, I hold their humanity hostage
I gotta spit 'til the story is told
It's a gift; this story is a part of my soul
We shouldn't keep fightin', the Earth is our home
If we destroy Mother Earth, then where will we go?
Are you food for the Moon? Or are you in the mood for doom?
Furniture moves when I walk into a room
Fuckin' bummer, no armour inside the Hummer
Gotta hug a motherfuckin' Sandbag for cover
I ride on a flatbed chariot, four ostriches carry it
I'm Big Billy Bob Black Angus
From the gutter to the gallows no media coverage
'Cause I don't want it, that's why I'm rarely seen in public
If I were you I wouldn't waste time readin' rubbish
It might turn you into a media puppet, NIGGA LOVER!!!
All cultures come from One Mind
The Universe is not far behind, Waves Bars and Rhymes
Metaphor and Rhyme is poetry by design
But poetry continues outside the timeline
Don't care if I make history, I wanna be a part of INFINITY
You lied to us all in your speech
Symbiotic indeed, the host bleeds
Parasites attach to feed fulfilling antiquated needs
Over The Horizon Radar Rhymes
Patent number 4686605
I've apologized but I can't change who I am
Tried to change the future, can't budge the past
Beautiful longitudinal, musical lyrics
Fragments of Olympian Gossip, that is my vision
If A is a success in life
Then A must equal X plus Y plus Z no doubt
If work equals X and play equals Y
Then Z must be equal to you shuttin' your mouth
Agonizing, the pain of the migraine bitin' my brain
And everything inside it, I can't explain but I am tryin'
From the Kinetic to the Energetic
To the magnetic, ultra, electro, and uncensored resonance
I need to be alone, you cannot comfort me like my poems
THINK SO? You're a talk-show ho
The grown up who showed up drunk with his own cup stoned as fuck
Who can tell me that this poem is luck?
Does it amaze me? "NO!" Does it faze me? Maybe a little yo
Gotta find a way to generate doe
The minerals where they grow determine the stability of the flow
I might get drunk and boast
Williams you gotta go first
"If you say so, HALO", High Altitude always stay low
I approached the podium, and delivered my encomium
Nobody applauded the atmosphere was ominous
They feared I would spit, they don't like when I bust
I need more pain so I can pretend to be tough

1000 Bar race at an unrelentin' pace
Just in case Humans ever get to World War VIII
Food supply low, they speak of goin' above ground to find mo'
I cry out "NO - DO NOT GO!!!"
The window is closin', from the other side it looks like it's openin',
Where am I tryna to go with this?
Only the chosen, find a way out
Everybody move out! Make sure to stay off the main route
Arctic Geography is conducive to Astronomy
And the study of celestial bodies, follow me
A good Psychological environment for science
I'm memorizing and visualizing peace and quiet
Comparative image sharpness between artists
I don't think you know what you're about to get involved in
This is my unacknowledged special access project
Time reversed waves in nonlinear optics
Tunnel borin' and jackin', water main tappin'
I sat there draftin' a new drainage plan laughin'
Scientifically Quantifiable megalomaniacal
Viable style, it's like tryna to ride a Bull
The lyrical inimical is miserable because I've built a citadel
Of syllables that made me invincible
Creatively I have never been to this level
First I'll put you in a sideways 8, then a pretzel
Burn skin off face, burn face off skeletal plate
Plasma Ray Gun is just one explanation
Man Made Membrane roofin' remediation
Any and All entry points have immigration
She asked me if I was followed, I told her I wasn't
I didn't know the spy that sold me out would be my own cousin
"Populace uniformed is a populace of slaves"
Washington didn't say it quite that way
Musically still producin', I got a couple new things cocoonin'
But Poet Laureate is my New Shit!
Pulsating Lights and Sounds surrounds spirits
Bio Oral Beats, layered underneath lyrics
250 thousand cycles per second, for Dolphin hearin'
The Electrical Optical Coupling Gear is effective
I've almost perfected this
I'm one word away from excellence
When I find it I'll begin testin' it
My pupil size increase, constriction and velocity decrease
You can't Emcee take a seat
Wilder than the wilderness, I'm 'bout to show you who wildebeest Williams is
You better be filming this
I proof read my writtens, eat a chicken with the skin missin'
Spend the whole night out binge drinkin'
I rip shit consistent, spit persistent
The sickness, spit with conviction, promote lyrical fitness
I'm lost, which version is this? Mozart
With a flowchart puttin' together parts of an unknown art
Rhymes compartmentalized, seperatized to prevent bootleg Pirates
Be my guest keep tryin'

I'm hooked on Hip-Hop, I can't live without it
You can mix this song a thousand ways I don't doubt it
The Visionary Cell designed my new Lab
Paul Laffoley engineered a magnificent draft
You said "the best shouldn't ask for respect"
Is that correct? Yes, could you please speak up, I SAID YES!
That's not possible, that's sounds completely illogical
You must've been kicked the fuck out of school
You cannot fold under the political pressure
You gotta take prudent and precautionary measures
Four and a half foot beings with big black eyes
Tried to trap me and extract my rhymes, all the time
A Luciferian web, everyday we are buryin' dead
Every color in America bled; this is Empirical evidence
Of the greatest collection of Canibus sentences
You'll never reach the end of it
Fire for effect, smoke out then rest
Give me a wedge formation, roll out like this
I will spare no sin, walk in with a scarecrow grin
Of nothin' on this Planet can dissuade this
They left me dehydrated by the Nile River naked but I made it
With passion of a Microphone Patriot
I did it for my Fathers; I did it for my Mothers and my Brothers
I did it for the world to discover
The head of a Lion, the legs of an Eagle
The wings of a Dragon, and to the people
I hope the words reach you
There is strength in numbers, there is numbers in strength
The ink, I bow before the desert wall of the Sphinx
Into the bottomless pool of Poetry I plunge
1000 Bars from the real Iron Lungs
Everybody bow your heads, say this prayer
From this moment HIP-HOP IS UNITED EVERYWHERE
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY!!!
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
POET LAUREATE INFINITY!!!
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!!!

[Sample:]

"It's all about becoming more..."



Canibus Lyrics

"Melatonin Magik"

(feat. Professor Griff)

This is Melatonin Magik...

Sumerian, Chinese, Egyptian, Latin
Nobody can match Canibus when I'm rappin (what happened?)
Captain Cold Crush get it crackin
There's more than one person right now that's not laughin
Squash microphones with unknown chromosomes
To discover the codes that controls the brain's frontal lobes
The pineal gland glows (go! go! go!)
Don't look back, I got ya back bro
He's a high profile target, code name Sergeant Armpits
He was Rakim Allah's first artist
Lemme bus' em; naw, I'm a punish em, Ra
I'm a show you how the mothafuckin government lie
Got nothin to do with pride, you must realize
Few of us will be alive by Solar Cycle 25
I tried to look for solutions, that's not enough time
They won't be satisfied til every one of us die
Aight, calm the fuck down and listen to my rhymes
The only way that you can free yourself is your mind
First thing you gotta do is put the antagonism behind
Then you gotta put ya life on the line
The reward is great; the risk? Even greater
Fellowship can only make a Braveheart braver
Watch who you followin, watch who you praisin
"Yes We Can" backwards is "Thank You Satan"
YES I'm Jamaican; YES I'm a patriot
NO I will not forsake you for a paycheck
YES this is victory, YES I can taste it
NO I'm not a Mason, I'm followin my trainin
They monitor my body functions from central London
My heart rate is thumpin, I suffer from numbness
A robot arm shoves the drugs in
My scrubs are disgustin and sullen, I smell like cub skin
Funky, funky, funky odor; Bridgewater, South Dakota
My spit fizz like soda, I'm in a coma
In a pagoda, nurse McLovin
Says she wouldn't fuck me if I was her husband
Don't trust the bitch
I'm in a warehouse alone
I hear doors open and close,
No phone, no intercom controls
Wouldn't matter anyway I'm in a paranormal zone
Goose bumps grow, I could hear a few ghosts moan
I'm a mastermind, tryin to amplify the frequency of the rhyme
So I can learn to fly

So yeah, fuck a punchline
I'm past that prime, that's not a crime
So go find someone else to dick ride
Focus on the truth, it's long overdue
It woulda never happened if I told you what I wanted to do
The Inconvenient Truth is a convenient truth
012 solar cycle 24 commin soon
I promise you Canibus achieved the impossible
It's only logical it's time for the truth
Whether I'm gonna be around to witness it or not
I spit this shit for hip-hop
Twitter niggas type their hype they write Canibus smash the mic
Cause you can't blackball the light
They know my hands always been tied
You call that a fight?
Give me the mic I call in an airstrike
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide
There's some things in this worls that money can't buy
Respect, honor, fuck it, it's all corrupted
The media can not be trusted
You shouldn't need a budget, to rep hip-hop
You don't have to suck dick just to get your shot
Just work with what you got
Don't be a robot, be human
Influenced by hip-hop music

It ain't nothin like
It ain't nothin like
It ain't nothin like hip-hop music
It ain't nothin like
It ain't nothin like
It ain't nothink like hip-hop music
50 plus bars is some new shit
It's called Melatonin Magik and music
50 plus bars is some new shit
It's called Melatonin Magik and music
No bullshit
Take it back to 1997 exclusive clue shit
The most intrusive MC in hip-hop music
Lyrically you can't do shit

Canibus Lyrics

"Kriminal Kindness"

(feat. Professor Griff)

[Canibus:]

Yo,

I've been dealing with hate since 1998
I punished the industry by dominating mixtapes
None of ya'll can stop the onslaught of those bars
Rainfall and fireballs fell from the stars
The speech pattern of God, I ripped off weak rappers jaws
Whoever ignored lyrical law
Hip Hop didn't understand it at all
They couldn't manage my thoughts
So I retreated to the land of the lost
Don't talk about beats talk about bars
Canibus so raw that rejection is your only response
Give a fuck if I sell one unit
'Cause that was never the motivation for me to do this, stupid
I've already proved it
Now I must prepare for my posthumous interview with the vampire Druids
That are coming to relieve me of my fluids
Believe me I'm the truest, that's why they can't stop my music

[Professor Griff:]

The coming casteless slave society
Obviously the government lied to me
The Illuminati's kidnap of Hip Hop is plain to see
Dead or alive you heard it from the Can-I-B

[Canibus:]

Yo,

I will not forsake the light, you can not force me to fight
I will always pay the ultimate price
Whether I am wrong or whether I am right
I've been a martyr all of my life, my archetype talks to the mic
I eat emcees on behalf of Iron Mike
I'm a fireball of the night, an extra-terrestrial airstrike
Call me on Skype tonight, we can talk if you like
I denounce fear like Steven Greer and his wife
The subject matter sound barely connected
Even when it's understood it's rarely respected
The evidence is staring directly at the detective
Alex Jones left me a message saying I won't be accepted
NOW who's the skeptic
The Melatonin Magik Deception
I will never be available for questions, get the fuck out my session
I've learned my lesson, media suppression is a weapon
They fucked up Hip Hop's progression

[Professor Griff:]

Yes

Melatonin Magik, Melatonin Magik,
Melatonin Magik, Melatonin Magik

[Canibus:]

How many emcees must get dissed, before somebody whispers don't fuck with Bis

My Survival Skills surpass Kris, watch this

You got a rap for every emcee? GO GET IT THEN!

Why you dick ride Def Jam, they not your friend?

Make your mind up, I thought you was not with them

Fucking comedy, speaking on flawed philosophy

You'll never give props to Keith,

Or Canibus for Underdogs release

Go right ahead, dismiss it,

We ain't submissive, we spit lyrical lyrics

I got the right of to live off it, I live it

And I'm a voice my opinion, can't nobody make me think different

My spirit feels like it's in a prison

I speak on the music conspiracy but nobody wanna listen

I talked about this shit years ago

I told my family if they kill us don't be scared to go

Canibus Lyrics

"Hip-Hop Black Ops"

(feat. Professor Griff)

[Canibus:]

The Nephilium Pharaoh, the three thousand year old scarecrow
Hang you from your nose on a square pole
The squid faced rock beast with swamp croc teeth
And a two headed parrot with a desert fatigue beak
Step out the depths of Hell, exhale sceptic smells
Decorate my bitch breasts with bells
The arthropod tentacles controlled by mental vegetables
Calculated correctitude down to the decimal
Spectacles of doom and gloom and sonic booms
Republicans ride brooms around nuclear mushrooms
You are safe from the nuclear fallout
Now you will crawl out into the hands of a monster now
The best emcee turned his launch codes over to me
On my command you will turn the key and we'll see
You know nothing of discipline, you can never go where the Ripper's been
The maze in those caves are infinite

[Chorus x2: Canibus]

Can't stop, won't stop, Hip Hop Black Ops
The aftermath aftershock is a disaster in a box
With a blue and red ribbon, your writtens were uploaded to the system
The satellite showed me your position

[Canibus:]

The text is a sick rep for Rippers
The leaders have discovered we the sickest and they wanna sit with us
Through the computer viewer cube like peritubular
Project: Blueberry Fuscia, one of the two possible futures
Revolution Ripper movement you can't stop it
You can't change the outcome, stop resisting stupid
I write what some would call marathon songs
The music industry tried to banish long bars
Your story is weak, your inventory's shorter than your feet
Every week I slaughter seven beats
I'm the 'Beast from the East'
My title can't be touched nowhere on the street
I hear a lot of emcees speak
They fail to recognise that it ain't about beef
I took it to the streets, I took it to the stage
If I believe I am not the illest I'm insane

[Chorus x2: Canibus]

[Canibus:]

The vocal spitter serial killer

Heads up display with a ticker and a pitcher and picture of the Ripper
Neurotransmitters hooked up to his central nervous system
It feeds him the purpose and the vision
Jailbreak but not out of prison
Internal hard drive spinning eighty-eight lyrics per minute
For global transmission, the funky technician on a mission
Strapped to a suicide written
Inside my own mind scripting altruistic composition
Musician, wisdom is God-given
Anoint him with oil, anoint him with wine
Anoint them both with Tesla coils if they quoin my rhymes
I make things real, I make things that ain't, sound I'll
A very good screen writing skill
My higher self is outside the realm where time is felt
Inside Orion's Belt, get them

Canibus Lyrics

"The Dragon Of Judah"

(feat. Professor Griff)

[Canibus:]

Yeah, The Dragon of Judah
Melatonin Magik producer

Yeah,

Mr. Magorium's metaphor emporium
Vanglorious warriors with deep space euphoria
The Dragon of Judah executed the Lion from Narnia
I'm still trying to build God's army up
The pedagogy tried to call me a communist
And pacify my audience, sprinkle them with zombie dust
The isosceldren is a prison for a three headed demon, Hip Hop behemoth
Knowledge is needed to argue with the followers of Jesus
Rearranging impossible peices, my quantum is increasing
I am sleeping in a posturpedic, deeply breathing
Dreaming a chakra site-seeing, philosophically speaking
I saw Ghandi weakening from now eating
I saw police brutality beatings
I saw the leaders getting into spaceships and leaving
I tried to search for possible meanings
But I couldn't see the logical reasoning
Said survival of the species, no Macbook no PCs
No electricity, no TV
No emcee battles, no Christmas carols
Just international?
Brown produce consumed by sick cattle
Bone thin mammals hooked up to intravenous vaccination panels
Collecting contaminated skin samples
This is not natural, God damn you!
Everybody on the planet don't deserve that, not even the animals
You are completely culpable for everything you're supposed to do
Even if it's not known to you
The weight of the language I spoke to you
The weight of the letters and the words in the rhymes that I wrote for you
Are so so emotional, I don't even know what to do
So I'm a leave the choice up to you

Dragon of Judah

I spit like a supernatural computer
Professor Bis, I'm with the Minister of Intelligence
Hold me down Professor Griff

[Professor Griff:]

Minds that produce minds that produce minds like mines

[Canibus:]

Now everyone want to talk about conspiracy
You should of took Channel Zero more seriously
Professor Bis got a ghetto Ph.D in Chemistry
Professor Griff taught me how to spit it lyrically
Now I'm part of the Ministry
Put my name on the blacklist
'Cause I don't dickride nobody in the industry
Where's the fuckin' empathy? I've been through so much treachery
Most of the best emcees disrespected me and tried to get the best of me
Never tried to rescue me or help me with the reciepe
What do they expect from me!?
Stressin' me, questionin' me to address the beef
I rep Hip Hop, Hip Hop don't rep me
I never got a penny off that Beef DVD
You mean all that money went to QD3?
I should have slammed the door in his face
If I was a different nigga, I'da been caught a criminal case
The best word to describe what you do to Hip Hop is 'rape'
'Cause you don't care about Hip Hop's fate
You sit around your tables and say grace
Eatin' steak, while you live like kings and treat kings like apes
For Michael Jackson money, and still on the take
Even Tevin Campbell's money, the greed is so great
You probably dance around your mansion, like Cirque Du Soleil
Everything is paid for, you don't have to pro-rate
I ain't hatin', I'm not hatin', I'm just sayin'
You makin' money off the next man's struggle. Why you can't pay him?
They made millions off them Beef DVDs
But didn't pay K-Solo or Eazy E
It's called Blaxploitation
Another one of Canibus' paranoid statements that's why I'm famous
I'm just tryin' to tell niggas how the game is
Beef in Hip Hop is just aimless entertainment
If I shoot you, I'm blameless, but if you shoot me, you famous
What's a nigga to do? Now ain't that the godamn truth
No matter what Hip Hop always lose!
Wake the fuck up

Canibus Lyrics

"Post Traumatic Warlab Stress"

(feat. DZK & Warbux)

[Canibus:]

I'm the black mutant of rap music, half human half Vladimir Putin
After plasma transfusion I became Rasputin
The master of translucence who lives in a green house
Creatin' green gas pollution, smokin' hash from hookahs
Before Lucifer sent me back to the future to smash computers
Assassinate classes of students, I spare those who show classic improvement
Produce magik acoustics, supreme music using dreams so lucid
I can visualize my future and chose it, I never abuse it
I'm ruthless but Canibus is super illumine
You know what? I read the blueprint
Sometimes it seems like my eyes are wide shut like Stanley Kubrick
Mic Club the Curriculum II,
I changed the name 'cause I ain't in business no more with you-know-who
He stole from Killah Priest too, his name rhymes with Clue
I found out the same time as you,
You know what happens when you come from dishonest roots
You put roots on me, I put roots on you
"We live in a free country"
That phrase is so fuckin' funny, we know freedom is based off the money
Resources to hide behind lawyers, it must be lovely
When nobody can touch your lunch meat
We brainwashed, we can't get these white collar stains off
Poor Bernard Madoff belongs in the graveyard
The stock market trade off doesn't pay off
We get laid off, the country spirals into chaos
I'm no genius, I know enough not to trust FEMA
Their vaccines give ya eczema of the penis
The Tuskegee Jesus verses a sneaky Tuskegee Demon
What you gon' do when you see this? !
The oldest religions, the coldest magicians
Transmittin' live from Hell with heat stroke symptoms
Symbicort is a success for those short of breath
Got to wait for the next check 'cause I can't afford it yet
DZK come slaughter the set, tell Warbux he got next
Post Traumatic War Lab Stress

[DZK:]

I always open wide like a great white, mouth full of steak knives
Chewin' through the sewer's main line 'til it drain dry
And when you're waist high in waste
I make planned attacks on every last base camp in your wasteland
I scheme for weeks and draft designs on how to craft my rhymes like a mastermind
Whether young or past your prime I'll eat you alive
Ain't no motherfucking reason to try, just die
Hope you're ready to run

I'll cut the tongue out of my son just to stay number one
No one will ever sit on my throne except my clone replica
Who will never be better than what they stole the genetics from
Gangbang, the beats we slang language
Which alleviates your teenage angst and break cages
Now we're runnin' through the streets with our leash off
Eatin' all your stray pets shittin' on your police cars
Cause' I'm a beast dog, you don't want no beef punk
Hit you with a meat log bigger than a tree trunk
I kick the shit that make you pee all in your jeans chump
Clean up after my show better bring a steam pump
I fuckin' breathe funk ain't no fuckin' Tic Tac existing
That's big enough to clean up this act you're trippin'
You cannot begin to comprehend, if you cross me
The position you'll all be in
This isn't battle rap, maggot, this is me with a battle axe
Swingin through your Cadillac imagine that
You fuckin' headless metal wreckage in the shattered glass
I give a fuck about your backpack and faggot ass
Dim those lights I'm kimbo Slice on a mic
But I don't lose none of my big pro fights
I just bruise dudes twice my size and crews move
When I maneuver through 'em smooth they know who's who
I clear the room with a sonic boom and nuclear plume
You should assume I ain't got a lotta provin' to do
I'm bring doom to musicians with a feminine groom
Kanye West, best believe I'm looking at you

[Warbux:]

Call it I'll by design, that's how to define us
Cause in the Warlab with me we got it down to a science
This is underground at it's finest
The most talented rhymers around
Shittin on all of you clowns and cowards who sign us
So go ahead you'll have hell of a time
Tryin' ta find a rapper with lines as compelling as mine
You talking about a fellow with the will to confine himself
To a cellar developing his rhymes for years to stay on his grind
This is Melatonin Magik
You wet behind the ears like playing telephone with faggots
So let em know, they spend an o and cellulose and acid
These heads will roll, we send 'em home in yellow woven baskets
The ninja rap stars just as explodes to the scene
My blades will cut up your back like a rowing machine
It could get ugly if they don't intervene
Cause I could make your life flash before your eyes like I'm throwing it beads
I'm incoherent or so it would seem
No I'm esoteric and don't care if you know what I mean, that's the spirit
Cause it's apparent if you took half of what passes for lyrics and compared them to mine
Hip hop should be fuckin' embarrassed
So did you really want to flow with the gods?
I'm too educated, haters couldn't cope with the odds
See I studied Biggie and Pac, Hova and Nas

Paganini and Bach, Beethoven and Brahms
You are now in the presence of a master musician
I craft my rap with the precision of a mathematician
Or a surgeon, performin' a thoracic incision
A magician escaping out of his shackles in prison
Before you could even finish saying oh my god
I'll spit a motherfuckin' verse to fill your whole ipod
I'm the rip the jacker prodigy
Motivated by the golden age of rap back in the older days
The incredible little fellow with rhythm and timing on instrumentals
The shit I've said in the rhyme could be considered a federal crime
Like blowin off your head with a 9
Anyone with a shred of intelligence could tell it's just ahead of it's time
I'm too sick, ain't even talking about the music
Keep my fuckin' name out of your mouth, need a toothpick?
You a little confused like who's this dude
"This is a W-A-R-B-U-X exclusive"
The underdog, like back in the bible with Noah's arc
To entrusted military titles to Joan of Ark
To Napoleon Bonaparte down to Rosa Parks
And the medics attempting rescue, breathin' on Owen Hart
This fucker 'Bux is the shit
So who really gives a fuck if he's busting a clip
In public drunk in the trunk of your whip
The diabolical, alcoholical, comically pharmaceutically phenominal
Product of poppin' pills
And you are not as I'll, check your doctors bill
I'm more dangerous in the streets than a toxic spill
Yo this is 50 bars of sickness
Consider it a Christmas gift to you 'Bis don't forget this

Canibus Lyrics

"Air Strike (Pop Killer)"

(feat. D12 & DZK)

[Sample from Tim Westwood interview: Eminem]

"If you're an MC and you mention my name in the wrong way
You draw first blood, I'm gonna come at you"

[Kuniva:]

War Lab, call us haters all you want
Fuck it call me a hater, full blown instigator
Leavin niggas on intubators breathin like Darth Vader
I hate people that pack guns but they don't bust 'em
Or bitches that come back to my room but they ain't fuckin
Pistol clutchin, the Dozen, you heard it don't get is misconstrued
Whatever we do'll hit the news once we get the tools

[Samples: Eminem]

You're an emcee and you mention my name
In the wrong way, and you draw first blood, I'm comin

[Canibus:]

You pushed D-12 to the side to sign Voltron 5
If Proof was alive he'd be dyin' inside
You ain't no hip-hop messiah, you a bitch, 'cause you dissed Mariah
Shit like that supposed to be private
I'm a fry you on behalf on Mariah and Michael
Put you back on them drugs, make you suicidal
You can't shut the record down, nigga it's vival
When you use the word 'nigga', just remember your idols

[DZK:]

I got a question, I'm white, can I join D12?
I'll sell you four million records then I'll tell you go to hell
Leave Swifty in charge, then remove all the stars
And make the group wish Bizarre shot pool in a bar
An assault lawyer stop the beat, suing us all
I really do hope you know who get involved
Cause I'm a fan and I'll get you for a Nick Cannon dissin
And you already know how fuckin sick Canibus is

[Swifty:]

I hate a bitch-ass nigga just as much as I hate fags
I love goin to war but I hate when they raise the flag
These niggas hittin the streets spittin venom on me
Then start renegin the beef, I hate peace treaties
Forever yo' enemy I increase beef as Amityville's finest
Cause I don't believe in stoppin violence
I'm a tyrant that'll snatch my respect and scam
I use a uzi cause I hate a Tec when it jams

I hate when dudes treat this like life a movie
Usin rap as his excuse to do shit and they only move ki's in the booth
I piss on niggas hands, whoever's grown, patches and tombstones
I hate 'em ass when I break into a home
I'm barefaced, I clap your cat, ramsack it
That's what I'm wearin black and I hate goin out the back
So call me a hater, walkin detonator, I ain't afraid
To stick this blade into your fade in front of spectators

[Samples: Eminem]

You're an emcee, big small it doesn't matter
No matter how big I get, I just want people to know

[Canibus:]

You the devil in a red dress on MTV
You sign more black people than a basketball team
What sou trying to say subconsciously? You can't rock the beat like me
Consciously you know I rock you to sleep
Slim Shady you a coward 'cause you scared to rap with me
The only black man you respect is 50
And the greatest of all time was dead right
You dead wrong, you shouldn't have even be on that song

[DZK:]

He fell off so hard this faggot broke his accent
I'm flippin through the channels seein Bruno get his ass sniffed
And I'm disgusted man, what the fuck is wrong with you?
Why'd you date Mariah? Mariah's not a fuckin dude
You never even saw her nude and you busted two
Must have been thinkin 'bout your stepdad touchin you
But that ain't nothin new, I asked your ugly crew
They verified it, so bitch quit lyin

[Canibus:]

I remember the first time we met, I ain't even liked you
Walkin' around my vido set like you was in high school
It must excite you seeing black people being tribal
That's why Dr. Dre signed you
I bet you right now you got a big rotten Rosenberg beside you
Trying to be just like your father, inside you
Your Stan android fanboys need to kill that noise
I know what you thinking... kill that boy

[DZK:]

We leavin Elvis funny money makin pelvis shattered
Let's see you square dance now, let's see you hold your bladder
Let's see you fire back Em where's the fire at it?
Suicide hotline time, go dial that
Put on that "8 Mile" hat and write a vile track
Get at some people that can actually diss you back
No more target practice on retarded actors
And pop stars, Marshall you're not hard

[Samples: Eminem]

Whatever happens to me in this game
I've always got my ear to the street

[Canibus:]

Rengade Schemenegade, you pink like lemonade
I've been better than you before Genesis was made
You ain't better than Black Thought, you ain't better than Mos Def
You ain't better than Canibus, Professor Griff Hotep
So renegade Schemenegade, you pink like lemonade
I penetrate through Hailey's Comet with metal blades
Yeah! You and I both know why I'm saying this
I hope Whoo Kid get fired for playing this

[Bizarre:]

Get off, Nikolai Volkoff, mazeltov
Ready to show off, fo'-fo'll blow your do' off
Blowin off steam, goin off the beam
Let the 9 sing, bitch this ain't a dream
Bitch I'm the king, color me bad
Skinny jeans, what happened to the sag? You makin me mad
Y'all a bunch of JJ Fags, now who the fuck is bad?
Motherfucker I'm bad!
Call me a hater

Canibus Lyrics

"Fraternity Of The Impoverished"

(feat. Professor Griff)

[Canibus:]

Fraternity of the Impoverished
Knowledge this, knowledge this

The vocalist beast, knowledge like the pope in this piece,
You think the ocean is deep? Fuck with me!
Unbelievable bars, unbeatable odds,
Unspeakable horrors at a unperceivable cost
Your unagreeable response lacks thought and human heart
This is Lyrical Law, it's what I make the music for
My prayers are simple, my forehead is layered with wrinkles
Because of all the hardships that I've been through
Symbolic Hip Hop prophet speak to your subconscious
Fringe politics got the public thinking the opposite
I'm a hypo-lyrical spontaneous alchemical
Elite neo-liberal child of the indigo
Drilling holes through the Faraday cages of your brains
Then I implant the arcane image of Saint Germaine
High lyrical exponent intelligence quotient
When I'm focused I can engage multiple opponents
But I won't if, I have no motive, "Soldier be careful, it's loaded!"
Verbose with emotions of psychosis
In case you didn't notice when I wrote it,
I'm spitting lyrics fitting in tighter spaces than outer-space roaches
A real MC don't have to do what he don't wanna do
And that includes freestyling in front of you
It's not like something gone change,
It's not like the whole world gone start praising my name - I stay in my lane
I'd rather die by living brave then live like a slave
I'd rather be broke then be fake and get paid
These layers of physicality challenge me
My soul is gold and it's the only thing that's able to balance me
My energy body has a alchemical copy that looks godly
Not fat, out of shape, and sloppy
The iller the rhymes the more that I embody
Vilified when real recognize real - I gets mines
Stand with the underdog - don't be a coward
Stop dickriding people for their money and power!
Even an American flag says 'Made in China'
The national debt says the US is a vagina
Of a black widow spider spraying blood out like a geyser
Why do we lose everything we fight for?
Fathers, mothers, sons, daughters
In the land of the lawless, sacrificed before Horus
The Inca, the Aztecs, the Mayans, were masters
A new beginning is coming - the irony is classic

The potential of life versus the potential of death
Either way you go through mad mental stress
God forbid for you, for her, or him
We ignored the gems now we gotta do it all again
We failed Hip Hop's laws and brought down shame upon our cause
Now we will fall upon our swords
The Shaman pays homage to Solomon
He orders them to send the witchdoctor in, then asked me to rhyme again
Every now and then I get retarded and spit
I would like to apologize to every artist I dissed
Everybody assumes that I wanna rhyme but I don't
Sometimes I just wanna chill and watch you flow
Mysteries of the cathedral, the dark overlords are evil
Ripped out the vocal cords of the people
I walk up to your bed side disguised with red eyes
And tell you to remember these rhymes
This is the season of Hip Hop believe it or not,
I lined it up with the planet's equinox

Canibus Lyrics

"Dead By Design"

(feat. Professor Griff)

[Professor Griff:]

Canibus

Throwing melanated molotov cocktails
Engineer directly out of Full Sail
Ripping the jacker, ain't nobody nastier
Spitting and grabbing facts and data to enhance ya
Canibus the lyrical adjective killer

[Canibus:]

My Melatonin Magik is enhanced by the melatonin tablets
Come take a walk with Canibus
Ardipithecus Ramidus, what the fuck is Melatonin Magik Bis?
I still ain't understanding this shit
Okay, my brain is a microchip
My two balls with a cane is a macro-dick, I rap so sick
I created swine PLOO out of an infinite mix
You tried to diss but can't even spit, you just stand there and wish
With your hand on your hips, man you a bitch
Who the fuck is you to criticize a lyrical king
You see, that's my problem, I spit a thousand bars y'all was silent
I ain't heard nothing about it
I had to give you three years to recognize
And then I realized, can't nobody even fuck with my rhymes
The Internet is an early telepathic building set
My lyrics are international nuclear missile threats
The blogosphere is where you vent frustration and discontent
But children don't understand the concept of consequence
So yes, it's immature to express disrespect
But no I will not accept what the media says
They are the reason we are being mislead
There are forces above them that feed off our stress, suffering and debt
I am Dead by Design, 'cause nobody tells me what to rhyme
I make up my own fucking mind
There are more of us than them
But at the same time they are gods and we are just mortal men
Thirteen levels above 33, let me say it again
They are gods and we are just mortal men
I cannot imagine their power
They put a black family in the White House just so they can take away ours
You tryna to plan a great escape? You're a coward
They gon' make us march into a gas chamber make us think we're taking a shower
Mommies and babies is crying
The children of Zion belong to Skynet, nobody knows who's behind it
So if you don't care, fine then, I don't care either
But I ain't spineless like you, I'm a true believer
In the metaphysical ether, you listening to the lyrical reaper

The spiritual teacher, empirical speaker
 After this album they gon' call me a leader
 But I'm not, Killuminati just gon' murder me like Pac
 Blood sacrifice or not, I don't even wanna be alive
 If it's like that, then fuck Tiamat
 You can laugh at my appearance
 Well fuck you for standing there staring, fuck everything on this planet
 Including the evil spirits, notwithstanding the aliens
 Acting like they don't hear us, there's no need to fear us
 Just come down and help us, I love James Brown more than I love Elvis
 But that don't mean I'm selfish
 Soft but hard on the outside like shellfish
 Crispy, crunchy, black crawling out of Hell's pit
 You scream for hardcore, I felt it
 But what you gon' do when they kill me on some Eminem and L shit?
 You won't do a motherfucking thing
 'Cause let me tell you why, you a coward and you don't know shit
 'Cause if my Brothers stand next to me, the energy expands collectively
 The world was never ready for me
 And they ain't ready for their own freedom neither, they perish from the heater
 The fire breathers crawl out of their cage to eat 'em
 Like thin crust pizza, Cthulhu creatures with rough features
 Jeepers creepers, good luck with Jesus
 How many meters? Reload and squeeze it
 I run up in the Vatican with demons, just to get even
 That's where the biggest demon is
 It's no secret, but nobody else sees it, so they won't believe it
 But that's when I calm back down, the key word is back down
 I got possessed by my own raps, wow
 Knock knock, who's home? The black Dan Brown
 I didn't mean what I said, please don't kill me now
 My ghostwriter's not around, plus it was just a freestyle
 But at least I got better beats now
 Meanwhile, motherfuckers still mad, I feel bad
 I'd apologize but you acting like a real fag
 What the fuck I'm supposed to feel like?
 Twelve years later I still don't get acknowledged for shit that I write
 But I don't want to talk to you now
 It'd be a motherfucking miracle if you even see me walking around
 They still ask me about 'Second Round' even now
[Interviewers voice] Canibus can you tell us of what happened again? - Look at this fucking clown
 Can't get over it, they ask me a loaded question
 And act like I'm the one that's promoted it, hang up on 'em
 You a cyborg unit with no soul to it
 Stupid surrogate, twelve years later I'm on some other shit
 And so is the whole world, look at the mother ships
 And so is the whole world, look at the mother ships

[Professor Griff:]
 After this album they gon' call me a leader but I'm not
 The Illuminati just gon' kill me just like they did Pac
 Blood sacrifice or not
 It's Professor Griff the ex-minister

Signing out

Canibus Lyrics

"Only Slaves D.R.E.A.M."

Do you think that the powers that be
Are goin' to let you do what you want to do for eternity?
Of course you don't, so what do you fear?
Why you spazzin' out, why you so scared?
Everybody wanna be first, nobody wants to be last
Do you think a God that created this would watch all of us die while others just laugh?
What happens when the money system crash?
And there's no more value in the cash?
You gon' suck dick and sell ass?
You gon' try to fight back with' ya hands?
You probably gon' change your money into gold
You gon' use that to try and buy soul
Buy some drugs with it, buy a peice of hole
Don't tell me, I don't wanna know
You need to come up with a better plan
The Devil smash metal weapons like glass
Right now we out-matched and out-classed
We have to stay on a spiritual path
'Cause in the absence of love we blastin' one another with blood
Media shows up to capture the buzz
I'm a child of God and a rapper from the gutter
I'm six of one and half a dozen of the other
This is not one of those 'I told you so' moments
This is just Canibus being open
Lower egoic minds brush aside
But can't nullify the high science that is coming from the rhymes
I couldn't believe it the day that I was told
That every person alive does not have a soul
And is not in control of these cotton pickin' bowls
Politicians declare the war of attrition on the globe
And stole all the fishin' holes
Grandma got the chitlins on the stove,
That'll overload the senses in your nose
Young folk can't even afford to get old
How many Youtube views before you go gold?
How many albums last week you sold?
How many leak downloads?
Oh, you still believe in Soundscan, bro?
Don't be discouraged
Write and produce and record and you love it
This is your Art, and that's the point of it
When you get paid from it, things change people behave stubborn
And say rude things to judge it
They want you to thug it, so they can have you like a test subject
Handcuffed and take mug shots of it
I told you before I'm nobodies spit puppet
I say what I want, you take what you want from it

This is a social experiment put on by the public
Hip Hop is completely corrupted
You ain't rappin' 'bout that, you ain't rappin' 'bout nothin'
I ain't never gon' starve, I been white tail huntin'
Ya'll motherfuckers is buggin', speakin' with no substance
Hip Hop's the way it is because of you cousin
It ain't my fault, you locked me out of it
99 percent of my fans ain't nothin'
But scumbag, scumbuckers, blood suckin', cock fuckers
My lyrics too advanced for the average block hustler
You know my name, I'm deeply inspired
On a mountain lion meat diet, eat and be quiet
Recycle the fire and deep fry it
That line is hot, but you said it before, you get a C-
My shit is timeless like the Great Wall of China
Sick in the biggest way like a dinosaur virus
Spreadin' through Verizon Wireless
Homeland Securities tryin' it, just to see if you lyin' Bis
They step to me, never thought it would happen like this
You a flight risk, we need that microphone back Bis
Diversionary tactics, Magik madness
Canibus, you can't leave this miserable prison planet, God damnit
We don't care what you're fans think
'Cause 99 percent of all of the don't exist
The observer changes the properties of the observed
This is done with your mind, not with your words
Word? Yeah, I'm about to show you nerds
You book worms really startin' to get on my nerves
I can't talk like you, but I can understand you
I know what this entire ordeal can expand to
I love Hip Hop, I've always been a fan too
I'm a big fan of everything you do
I appreciate the purchases, the online searches
I hope you enjoy the verses, it was great to be of service
This was always my purpose
I'm always workin' to be a better person everyday
And still growin' like the Earth is
Peace to the Gods and the Earths, kid

Canibus Lyrics

"Ripperland"

(feat. The Goddess Psalm One)

[Psalm One]

They told me I'm few and far between like oasis to the wilderness
I'm still a mess but I climb it like a duplex
Oooh yes! Baby I'm gritty and I'm Fabolous
I'm pretty stupid, dumb enough to ask a fella "Can-I-Bus?"
I ran, I rushed, I played it like a cello string
Barely get hellos in the morning but we wrestling
AM to the PM I'm preparing for the execution
Stop bein sexist cause you weak as hell (I'm gonna do this fo' sho')
I got the tent up in my hood with the chicken and the tater salad
Listen and you'll make it past this
Christian name, not quite a Christian rapper
Wait until I'm finished, make yo' silly comments after
Grown woman, not quite a girl rapper
You only bustin open a book, learn the chapters
Rapid fire comes the path to ghetto life
And that's word to LP, I sleep when you fertilized
I'm a, street talker, ghetto chemist
You ain't a starter; I ain't finished
Look at me boy, in my eyeballs
You ain't pullin shit! This is my stall
I'm a beauty, I'm a beast
I'm as stingy as I wanna be, I'ma fest
You're a fish in a school of whales
And baby school won't be the only thing you fail, you fail

[Chorus: Psalm One]

I'm a, street talker, ghetto chemist
You ain't a starter; I ain't finished boy
You only bustin open a book, learn the chapters [2X]

[Canibus]

There once was a boy, his name was Jack
He changed it to Rip so that he could rap
There were those who observed to memorize what they heard
They enjoyed the rhymes and the sounds of the words
Such glorious poetry interwoven into code
Rip had written something that would never grow old
On the night of the Ripper's Eve
Little boys and girls would sit with crossed knees and begin to read
about lights in the sky, little green men with big eyes
Their short size is only a disguise
Sipping hot cocoa slow in the middle of the snow
If you can spit a flow, then off to Ripperland we go
Any +Quantum of Solace+ is brolics, Germaine Bond is modest
I wrote my first doctorate in confinement

Between the choices I have made and choices made for me
Reminds me of a story I should tell you in the morning
I moistened my fingers and turned the page
I must say, you're very sophisticated for your age
I'm amazed you never have to be told to behave
You raise your hand to speak and respond to your name
I remember... the day I had changed
The way I was struck by lightening in the rain
Maybe some other time I'll tell you what I became
I can tell you that I've waned in the pain of my shame
It is written in books and carved into skin
It is etched into every metaphor from within *[echoes]*

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Canibus Lyrics

"Stomp On Ya Brain"

(feat. Journalist)

[Intro/Chorus: Canibus]

"If you can't walk the walk," nah don't even try it
When I'm wired, I spit fire
And come stomp on your brain, brain, brain...

[Verse 1: Canibus]

Yo! What about hip-hop, is so interesting?
Emcees battle for respect, it's intensive
Spit rhymes while I shimmy up the cliff side
Before you ask why I'm tryin to show you where Rip died
The questions give me more insight into your mind
than them whack rhymes I hear you recitin all the time
Restore and re-establish it, revive it, revamp it
Refresh yourself with something organic, and mechanic
Verses be so strong they are generally interpreted wrong
Prone to correspond their responses from the songs
Mr. Motherfuckin Know-It-All, bet you ten gold banola bars
I'm smarter then those fifth graders are
The writing technique is from a lion-headed beast
Sciatic nerve got me spittin automatic words
Ideas eliminated in the order they were created
amid specative language about how I even made it
Rebel without a cause, spittin ten billion bars
to the cold corpse cellophane wrapped on the floor
There's more, I declare war, bomb 'em!
Pound after pound I come stomp on 'em

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Journalist]

We bite without barkin, you just a target
I shot darts and stomp on your brain in Doc Martins
with boats shoes, so crude, my pardon
Soon as the clock startin, show moves I got from old dudes
who used to smoke Kools by the carton
Set fire to you, I'm the arson
Was clappin at cats, before they applauded for John Carson
Anybody with good sense, know the footprints
solemn leads is from the Air Max 93's
'til everything you see is Siamese
I've been stompin since chicks from Martin was buyin reeds
We stomp on your cane, and sell it to niggaz
The niggaz stomp on your brain
Who wanna tangle with the black orangutang?
I came to bang, it ain't a thang
Name a name he'll be history

Nothin more than a mystery, a Stephen King novel
Either they ain't been watchin or they need a clean goggle
to follow the footsteps of the T Rex, detect
whoever leap next from a speed jet without a parachute
Turn you into carrot soup troop

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Canibus]

The duck-billed dino was eaten by the eighty ton rhino
A very long time ago
Soul, rock and roll, RTJ double-oh
Now you know nigga, lock and load
How can I create the right sentence to help explain
how it feels when a whack emcee rhymes for Germaine?
Don't be a water brain, make you spit your rhymes in quarantine
Put you up against War Machine
Sixty second rounds, keep your metaphors clean
Sleepwalk when I dream, spit Listerine green
The (Microphone Fiend) on the scene
Call on them scream, he might break you off a sixteen
Laser beam lyrics comin at you at an altered speed
The (Altered Beast) don't pause for the beat
This is lyrical law, you will be among the first to compete
to run, walk or crawl over beats
The goal is too tall to reach, can't touch the Spit Boss' feet
You pole vault into a wall of defeat
I love Biggie cause I know what he means
When he told you, "It was all a dream"

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Beat Butcher Get Em"

(feat. Jaecyn Bayne, Son One & Chopp Devize)

[Canibus]

Yeah, Melatonin Magik

Jaecyn Bayne, Son One, Chopp Devize, Canibus *[echoes]*

[Verse 1]

Undergod soldier, runnin off toastin
A notebook and vocals, a smidge overdosin
Even when the D-boy system not coastin
You hear my spoken better than when Rae lost his focus
Crystalized opiate to victimize opponents
With addictive lines coated in, snares and some solar hits
Motive is to sew up in ya, dopest with a doper grit
Son, Can-I, and I, Pai Mai's chosen men
Transcontinental connisseurs of the art of war
Knockin off non-essential artists which ya shoppin for
The buck stops when I step in the voicebox
and unload bars like they're several joy shots
Yellow light caution, my melatonin's archin
Sleep on me, and I'ma get to sleep stalkin
Technicians of lyrics, racketeering of sound
that'll surely be your last at your burial grounds

[Verse 2]

Ayyy! Get 'em, metaphorically speaking, this set of bars
is lettin off 'til several squads is deaded and weakened
or probably beheaded and beaten, severed and leakin
I get it, started like before I parted I settled in Eden
But evolved over the course of time
More was just forced to fall off course for the shine (yeah!)
I'm the ultimate, no alternate
Swords can give, darts with tips, dipped in arsenic
Most sound like nothin like after me
Track murdered the graveyard's bustin at the seams
(When I crush) like a nug out of the bag of the trees
To be honest, your rhymes sound like rotten to me (word)
I'm the sun, I'm the rise, and the fall
When I die and collapse the whole sky'll dissolve
(Yeah) And I fight for the cause
You should say my name first when describin the boss

[Verse 3]

Put up your laptop break the boombox plug your infantry your iPod
No need for tough talk, or rockin up in the streets with Krylon
Hip-Hop is not forgotten, its been watered down like *[?]*
Tick tock me wavin the timebomb, blowin it up so it don't die off
That's why I'm on the job with balls to supercharge your ions

I be the icon you read about in multiple [?]
Consulted by God, still open the third eye like I'm a cyclops
To keep my mind strong, I memorize entire rhyme blogs
Emcees try hard, but many just get sunk like a battleship
And missin a bunch of requirements like [?] an asterisk
Fact or fiction I can't tell the difference when half of these rappers spit
Ignorant, I bet they don't even know what the meaning of whackness is
You actually think you're good, sorry man, your talent is absent kid
I guess them folks won't ever be dope no matter how much they practice it
Illy inject the game with passion, puttin an end to the abstinence
There's so many things for you to fathom but for now it's class dismissed

[Canibus]

(Get 'em!) As we proceed to emcee
Keep it real recognize the skills over the beat
Hold up, don't shine your boots up, you still suck
You can't rhyme like this, unless you rhymin with US
Fuck the questions~! Find out for yourself
You got to find out who you help
Service to brothers, service to others, service to self
There's no way to tell
Even if you got a mic in your grill
You wanna sell? It's got nothin to do with bein ill
I rock bells with a glass of water and a melatonin pill
Put your soul into a spell, stay still
The universe movin at a pace, perhaps it'll all be revealed
For me this all happened because of a record deal
For you, this happened because of what you all feel
And now nobody can copy me, I am my own technology
You pay homage to me electronically
One out of three speak about they flawed philosophies
Betrayal, that is the cause of all hypocrisy
We are livin in the garden of technocracy
I am my own technology, ten thousand G
What's the weight of a light beam? Ask Killah Priest
He gon' tell you that your soul is not ready to be released
I'm a king with a slave's pair of feet, a flat-footed freak
I walk around hooded in the streets
Lookin for beats, the djinn creep lookin for beef
They lookin for the emcees with the invisible speech
So do not even look up at what you are beneath
Just stare straight ahead and pretend you're on the beach
My breathing becomes labored after they shock me with a taser
I fell to my knees then they shot me with a laser
Beat Butcha, one thousand bar street pusher like that
Snap, spring coil tap, release trigger
Melatonin Magik, metal drones with payload attachments
Shoot me in the head 'til I stop rappin
Jaecyn Bayne, Son One, Propane Germaine
One day I'm a show you what we all made
Melatonin Magik, the golden child chanted
Daddy, the cell phone got too much static
Melatonin Magik is now trackin all known air traffic

Unknown traffic, just red flag it
Melatonin Magik, go to sleep, do not panic
The heart of your soul is in the planet
Melatonin Magik, turn your face to the left you maggot
Don't look at me unless you want a challenge
(Get 'em!) Architect, Chopp Devize
Reverse polarity, optic eyes in the skies
Melatonin Magik for minds like mines
like mines, like mines, like mines

Canibus Lyrics

"Do It Live!"

(feat. Blaq Poet, Skarlet Rose & Presto)

[Bill O'Reilly]

"I can't do it... we'll do it live"
"WE'LL DO IT LIVE, FUCK IT!" "Do it live!"
"Look, I'll write it and we'll do it live!"
"Fucking thing SUCKS!"

[Blaq Poet]

It's a slaughter nigga, Mickey & Mallory style
Y'all niggaz is dead, and people callin me foul
Cross you off the list, and chuck you over in a pile
Let's get this shit settled, right here and right now
I got this hard shit, in a smash
I'm about the cash; stop lookin nigga, I'm the last
motherfucker you gon' meet like this
Turn your day pitch black, like I clicked the light switch
The beat is nickle plated, one up in the chamber
In the clip the remainder, blastin off in anger
The Blaq Monsta, strike like the black mamba
Have y'all motherfuckers runnin home to your momma
Stay in yo' fuckin place, you know that I'm the ace
If not, get the taste smacked out your fuckin face
Everything I say, I mean it
I'm the black motherfucker, straight outta Queensbridge

"We'll do it live"

[Skarlit Rose]

Streets is gritty, drama in the city
We askin God for mercy but he showin you no pity
You're hopin for a miracle, when your faith is cynical
The only thing that matter to you is if you had your pistol full
Sit back, uncontrolled rages
Over y'all taxes, playin on different stages
Rotten lives, speeches be contagious, who we are
Cats who die, they don't make it too far
We're quick to talk about things we shoulda done and never did it
Things we started, and never finished
We watch our children look at us with empty wishes
They growin up with no restrictions, I wonder why
Miscommunications, across the great states
Blood flows down heaven's gates as we await our torturous fates
Crimson, for all to see
But only those with knowledge seem to see it biblically
It's a harsh reality, placed in wise mentality
Unholy matrimones, your true voice is true phonies
Shadows creepin while you're sleepin

Young widows weepin, trustin these cats when you meet them
This teach men before they descend
Enter Nostradamus philosophy well fuck that, listen to my prophecy
Well your blood run, now you're enemies
You choose your path, now face your penalties
No more gettin high, and drinkin Hennessy
It's a new world ordered, not meant for humanity

[Presto]

I got that hazardous flow kids sniff with various cokeheads
Y'all cats are halfway out the closet like Mario Lopez
My infallible flow is sicker than subliminal phallic symbols
of Walt Disney motion picture posters
Sac section rises, sick as Opus, fixin the focus
The scope of the magnum at whichever nigga's standin the closest
Your amateur flow is not compatible to my notes its
like Kanye I snatch your mic for thinkin that you so swift
The magical melatonin omen roamin in the wide open
Breast strokin in the fiery ocean, token on cyanide
When I was smokin, I saw both of my eyes explodin
Mind frozen with bad breath from goin into ketosis
Nebaru geneticists, medieval torture methods
Military weapons, botchilist, decoding Hebraic messages
Nuyorican native, reincarnated, in the form of Satan
The ladies, in a meditative state, sedated
Inundated with the latest, my speech is upgraded
Y'all niggaz ain't seein me, like the thong on Aretha Franklin
Why am I so lyrical? Cause your rhymes are limited
like a cockeyed cyclops who loses periphreal
Attack mics, split backs like the passion of Christ
My passion for what I write is like a massive appetite

[Canibus]

The appetite of Megaladon, pumping steroids in his arm
His upper torso is bigger than yours
Brave men will die, women will cry over the genocide
But don't cry, dry.. your eye
My left brain twenty percent, my right brain is more than that
My pituitary gland is on crack
That's why they barely understand where I'm at
And while I rap, they say it's whack
It's not wise to react, why is that?
Cause consciously I'm black, subconsciously I'm darker than that
The most controversial artist in rap
When I step with my lyrics, I force them to fall back
I was wounded in combat, and still crawled back ("Do it live!")
Do it right the first time, I don't ever have to do it again
Unless I rehearse it again and again
Rotating floating spheres like clockwork rotating gears
Counter-clockwise collating what you hear
Over here, don't repeat what you heard, just remember what you learned
Remember the last time you got burned
Qualitative analysis is not enough to quantify Canibus

But do it live if you think you can handle this
[gunshot fires]

Canibus Lyrics

"Sharpshootaz Blazin' Caps"

(feat. K-Solo, Born Son, Willie Dynamite & Maintain)

[Canibus]

Sharp fangs! Sharpshootaz... sharpshootaz
The poem is dolioform
I arm wrestle you with my polio arm in a rodeo barn
Nowadays I see emcees get on stage
They look like parakeets in a cage
Grab the mic like they afraid to palm it
'til I bomb it, the LRADs lace the target
The firearm long like fist-to-earmpit
Sergeant Sharpshoota, a gifted marksman
Sip sake, rip the mic nigga watch me
The kamikaze, Benihana your body
Sour posses show up to your party
Everybody go home now, put your microphone down
Go boil some water, I'ma hold him down
Interrogation techniques, I'ma show you how
I'ma ask you two times, then after that
I'ma roll you a blunt with a blasting cap
You understand what I'm sayin? Your man's not playin
You'll be twenty-one grams lighter after the weigh-in
Sharpshootaz aimin, wolfgang came in to bang him
Demo'd the nigga, then Maintain sprayed him

[Maintain]

Yeah I sprayed him, it was strictly biz
The way I laid him to rest yo it wasn't cause I hated him
His bars were sendin him off, he was lost
Now he's, six feet deep payin the cost
Yo my enemies are unfit; they keep movin
like they don't know I'm too strategic for this dumb shit
You're hopin that I fail; but the race is been won
But they don't know that because they slower than a snail
It's too easy, but I don't feel guilty
Cause if the slowpokes had it their way they would kill me
Now how real is this situation that I stay in
And when does a Sharpshoota got time for playin?
My whole team aimin them red beams, it's no games
It takes me no brains to leave you with no brains
I got you so pegged this is so unfair
You should start prayin to the man upstairs
Cause really all I gotta do is cock and squeeze
And your brain's on the ground lookin like cottage cheese
While I'm in the trees with top notch emcees
Sharin brilliant ideas and philosophies about
how we're gonna stack this money and lounge
In the town there's a whole lot of nothin around

Try to stop the process, and I'm huntin you down
to put your faggot ass in front of the ground, now fuck around

[Chorus: Canibus (K-Solo)]

The Sharpshootaz, it's the Sharpshootaz
Blastin at the blastin cap, bomb unit
It's the Sharpshootaz, it's the Sharpshootaz
Nothin but sharp fangs, paws and claws, let's do this!
(It's the Sharpshootaz! It's the Sharpshootaz!)
(If it's a mission that we on you know I mapped it out)
(It's the Sharpshootaz! It's the Sharpshootaz!)
(My whole team'll have you street dudes tappin out)

[Willie Dynamite]

Yo, me fall off in the game, picture that!
You got beef in the street? And need heat?
Call your man I get you that
I got small ones that go pop pop, and click clack
And big ones strong enough to push a bus back (BOOM!)
And I still ain't forgot what you said nigga
I'm down to turn that white tee you rockin
into a ketchup bed
When the slugs, catch up, to yo' head
Hip-Hop you dead a closet casket you gon' rock instead
So tell your mans ain't no need for sendin flowers and shit
When I'm on the fiends come through and devour the shit
The block is dry, leave it up to us to shower the shit
You got beef, I slide through and Twin Tower your shit
Dynamite, I'll harass you niggaz
Like pullin your shorts down in front of chicks
I'll embarrass you niggaz
Actin like you John Gotti, we'll see how gangster you are
when you find pieces of your son's body
I fucked around and ate his lunch, now he got his hands full
holdin his head and legs in the trunk
The chick I'm with, I ain't hearin the bitch
I'm rockin Sharpshooter shit, lookin for the next gear to switch

[Born Sun]

Aiyyo I squeeze on emcees like bullets never-ending
Leave the machine smokin while the terror still spinnin
Mujahadeen from Queens, an Arabian God
Suicide bomb your squad screamin Allahu Akbar
Hell gon' unleash release for beast wars
Mad rapper with a backpack strapped with C4
Barack Obama that popped the llama
And bodily harm ya, shots penetrate your armor
The young Yaphet Kotto in the dojo blowin 'dro
Clappin the fo'-fo', wanted for murderin the flow
Crazy muh'fucker I'm sick, it's been known
Rhymes retarded and bars is downs syndrome
I'm top raised to hit front page, up center stage
with the gauge, that'll remove your hips from your legs

Back crackin vertabrae, attack and murder prey
Don't ever war with Sun, I swore I thought I heard him say

[Chorus]

[K-Solo]

None of you niggaz in the block want beef
You get slammed on your face like you fightin Tito Ortiz
Plus I, wreck shop, your man'll hear your neck pop
I do your whole clique with a 8 ball in a sweatsock
I draw the line, cross it, you get shot
My wolves'll leave the mountain and scatter the whole block
I get the Mac out, splatter the whole block
Come mad a whole lot, I said it to get it hot
I wrote it so when I quote it I spit it, went POP
You can disrespect me but not when I'm holdin the glock
I paint my name on your back like connect the dot
And YO! I'll get that movement in your neck to stop
These motherfuckers know the fuckin deal
See I don't fuckin sleep, you know my fuckin hand be on the steel
Quick with ammo, come equipped
when I squeeze the infra from the hip *[echoes]*

[Chorus]

Canibus Lyrics

"Gold & Bronze Magik"

(feat. Bronze Nazareth & Copywrite)

[Bronze Nazareth]

They can't do shit with me like a custom model Tyson
A herd of wild bison trying to get that cake without the icing
Can't stop the poison, empty glass in intestine
I'm destined to rest in the Sun, weed in the Westin
Pulitzer Prize priceless verses is in the resting
A new bible, witness tribal wars for block titles
Vital organs stop, subtle
Fiends like they're lions, when they get around the rock and huddle
Undertake, bodies ungulate, under earthly underlays
Unachieved summaries, no open warranties
Cuz my flow is never broken like a pregnancy
When I speak they'd rather see polluted clouds rain Hennessey
Take you with no receipt like dope traffic currency
Uninsured surgery when under my knife
Some paid with a briefcase, some paid with their life
My home sticks is Baghdad under U.S. plane strikes
It's a useless vein tap with an empty syringe
Injecting wind into the blood flow, sip ether and grim
Smoke secrets from burning circles, sour diesel and singe
The cloak, the grim reaper, creeping, sneaking, you in

[Chorus 2X: sample from Bonnie Dobson "Milk and Honey"]

Round and round, the burning circle
All the seasons: one, two, and three

[Copywrite]

Yeah, I see it, yo, yo, uh-huh
C-write, give it a little umph!
Yeah, O dot Megahertz, you already know what it is
Axe, inseminate the place, 614
Yeah, you know what they say?

Behind my back they say he's very arrogant
But they air they're inhaling in isn't there to sniff
Dare to whiff and I'm tearing the air to get from where it is
There's a chicken hailing and I'm tearing it through her pair of tits
There's a kid, my fist is impaling him through his pair of ribs
From a kamikaze, crazy bomber, drama like Shady's mama
Fucking with bitches ugly as Biggie's baby's mama
And I stay, mismatched to the socks
Bitch laughed, said my name's dispatched to the cops
Stitched patch on my crotch reads: "Kiss me I'm Irish"
My click be the flyest, don't, excuse me, I'm biased
But try us and lose the cocky smile, who could stop me now?
When I'm right on the money like the illumanti owl

If I'm off a DJ mixed my accappella wrong
Mozzarella's long enough to buy the rights to every Roc-a-fella song
I'm lying, but not when I'm rhyming, my stock is hella long
Too hot to mail a song, the mailman said he thought I mailed a bomb
Rain, sleet, snow or hail, I'm smoking well
Granted you'd think I was Spanish how wet I rolled an L
To where they meet it, or see the chocha, I'm living la vida loca
I'm Peter the chiba smoker, no reason to cease the dolja
Breathing a leaf, Jesus, I've seen crows from beneath the roses
That sweet aroma could wake Pete old cold from deepest coma
But know the skills' on over kill until I reach the repear's quota
Put him out of business then hire him for cheap to clean the sofa
Ends with the bones of Barbosa, flow's well written
No help given, I'm self-driven like a chauffer
Still spitting that crazy shit, you don't like it?
You could suck a fat baby's dick while it's dad babysits

[Chorus 2X]

[Canibus]

Melatonin Magic MC
One, two and three...

You are the reflection of an illusion, you do not exist
What you feel is real, everything else is a script
That they wrote for me, I hallucinate creepy crawlies
Rhyming is a hobby, you can't even talk to me
DJ's, radio stations, millions of listeners are prisoners
Their salvation is not your business
Canibus spit when Canibus wanna spit shit
Got that? Don't let me have to tell you again
The western world is spiritually sterile, in great peril
We in the concrete jungle, where they spank Abe with the metal
I rhyme for the betterment of the culture
I don't spit no hot sixteens for promotion
Or corporate vultures who act like they own us
Self-expression is our birthright, not a bonus
Hip-hop can govern, come together and show the whole world something
The voices of the not so beloved...

[Chorus 2X]

[Canibus]

Melatonin Magic MC
One, two and three...
I spit it 'til I'm free

This is lyrical law
The golden flame turns the gold bars into bronze
It draws upon magic from the stars
This is one more storming of lyrical law
If everything is in good order, I spit some more
The moral of the story is this: don't get pissed

Because your upbringing was strict, cuz life is a gift
You've got food to eat, you've got teeth to eat it with
Shoes on your feet, don't be conceited, be content
Even when you lose, think about what you did to win
If you did the best that you can, you did a good thing
But you shouldn't smoke weed if you swim
Don't buy assault rifles, don't fight dogs, don't hit your girlfriend
Don't mix cocaine with unprescribed medicine
And don't say it's over if you plan to do it again
With that said, sleep tight tonight when you go to bed
This is Public Service Announcement 2010

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Canibus]

The Melatonin Magik MC
One, two and three...
Come sit with me, come sit with me...

C OF TRANQUILITY

CAPIVUS

C OF TRANQUILITY

Canibus Lyrics

"Cptn Cold Crush"

Tranquility to infinity (Yeah)

Tranquility to infinity

Canibus is an animal with the mechanical mandible
Coming to damage you spitting understandable slang at you
I'm the all seeing lyrical with infinite bars and visuals
And the sideways eight peripheral
I told you I spit a rhyme that'll melt the Earth
Then ask you in the afterlife if you felt the verse
On Planet Earth I search for my Tranquility first
I said I was the illest but it didn't help me it hurt
And whenever I said, "Can-I", the crowd said, "Bus"
Ten years later who am I? I still got a passionate love
To be the man who I was, never give up
Irrational rush to crush every mic I clutch
When I erupt you duck or eggs clash flash solar blast from Bus
Then sweep you off the stage like crumbs
Grab your tongue, shout, rip it out, then shove it back in your mouth
NOW! Then tell you to spit it out
I spit about them lyrics my people can't live without
Been around since '97, I've been ripping it down
Spit track after track after 'Beast From the East'
I'm back before Lil' Weezy knew how to rap
When T.I. was still hustling crack, I put the muscle in rap
100 Bars, who fucking with that?
A thousand bars later I ain't heard nothing from Pap
Where you was at when I was giving Big Punisher dap?
On stage with a him at the Palladium
You was in a gymnasium, I was putting chainsaws to craniums
Blazing Homosapians in the atrium ripping jaws off aliens
Performing 'Channel Zero' in stadiums
Up at Hot 97' disgracing them
Any radio station they place me in I broke the break-beats in
I beat her, I beat him, the beat blend, I beat them
Spit a verse to beat Barrack Obama if he win
I'm the Beast From the East, picking meat out my teeth
And as soon as the beat stop I forget how to speak
I release a better rhyme seven times a week
To beat me you gotta be better than my last release
The bars rip ya face off, spit bars, spit shine ya skull
'Til every rhyme you memorize is gone
Battle you for the respect in a battle to the death
Dial zero, call the operator ask for Bis
411 ask for RIP
555-1212, I rip the mic to shit
Before the Federal Communication Commission started a new division
With the intention to cripple our children

Mentally deficient from television
This radio programmer we listen to got to many elements missing
Lyricism and wisdom got overshadowed by the singing and blinging
Deceived by a system that's media driven
A made a vow that I would get them and bit them, then injected my venom
And for that? I was never forgiven my nigga
I let the rhythm hit them with a chemical algorithm
Liable to kill them if I ever get with them I rip them
The infinite monk, 'All Hail Can-I-Bus'
Then wake up to this 'Pure Uncut'
'How Many Emcees' do I have to bust?
'I'm A Patriot' with 'No Airplay' but 'How Come'
'My Block is Your Block', I throw it up with 'Doo Wop'
I'm the "Enemy of the State" of Hip Hop
'Indibisible', Indestructible, 'Canibustible'
The 'Adversarial Theatre Justice' judging you
Tired of you posers, I'm the rap superstar soldier on a poster
'Captain Cold Crush'
Tuck the heat before I brush the teeth
The athlete at the track meet with rusty cleats
Artillery like lawn mowers with four motors and four rotors
Look like a mom with four strollers
Counterstrike like 'Black Kobra'
With gasoline in the Super Soaker, walk over, I'll roast ya!

Canibus Lyrics

"Salute"

The war drums sound like a hundred guns fired at once
For an entire month
Can-I-Bus? You know you can [x4]

Involuntary muscle spasm assassin busts with a passion
Listen to how Canibus re-enact this
Poor rappers fall victim to the metaphor master
Drill your ass raw for ice core data
An earthquake machine being powered by a crystal
Scalene in hydro, no pulse signal
Lyrically wave-theory like Timothy Leary
So you don't have to understand me to hear me, you feel me?
Barely, the quickening happens in between
In the Elohim Lord Lizard King with the Ripper conditioning
Partitioning with the Fischer King eating chicken wings
My fingertips are glistening but I'm listening
Yeah, the master observes how rappers use vernacular
To fail to capture the meaning attached to the words
Hip-Hop [?], career suicide
Killer Ripper spits to the sustained pitch mixed and chopped
To add a counter point, mix a master that drops
Complex and confusing, I'm laughing because it's hot
The super duper uber music conductor producer from the future
Stuff tubas with gunpowders to improvise bazookas
Colder than killer cobras over Jehovah
Delta soldiers in blimp balloon gondolas with stealth motors
They watch over us, told me where to go
But I can only take both of us so you better soldier up
Size, activity, location, unit
Time and equipment: What you going to do with it?
Salute, that's what they do when I rip it
I proved it, I did it, "D-R Period" was in the booth when I spit it
Bread and Butter, Nigga

Beyond Canibus motherfucker, broken Language the hustler
Starboard rudder, the Coast Guard Cutter
I'm the studio night-owl, stress give me white eyebrows
Who the fuck I got to fight with now?
Yeah, conspicuous characters creep through America
With a killer chemical in a canister called Canibus
Crazy as crystal communicate correct signal
They call it criminal, I call it lyrical
Call the Commissioner I'm going to crucify the Christian Caligula
Like they crucified M.C. Christopher
I cast the Canibus symbol in the crowd
If there's beef on the ground, I'm going to carve the cow
Now, smuggle contraband through the canal

I check my clip on my chamber, sharpshooter style
La Costa Nostra, deep like Deepak Chopra
I kick your door down in loafers
.45 in the holster, AK in the baby stroller
Babies with baking soda, my lady in the Rover
A midget with dreadlocks down to his toes
With flows I expose what nobody knows

Canibus Lyrics

"C Scrolls"

Yeah ayo,
Listen to the horns play,
I get busy all day,
I don't give a fuck what they wanna say.
This is me turning it up,
This is me burning it up,
You, observing the emcee bus.
Just a coach on the side lines,
Tryna bide time,
Watching the game being played out through my eyes.
I know it's painful how they degrade you,
But I praise you.
This is the soundtrack that we will train to.
This is not a call to arms
I did that ten years ago,
These are called keep alert bars.
Don't talk just work your jaws,
Don't walk just work the war,
That's a personal flaw.
Murdered bar after bar since 1974
When I was born with a mic on my arm.
Awesome,
Six minutes Canibus you on.
Yes, yes y'all.
To the beat god, next bar.
I do this to atone,
I do this to atone for my sins,
But I am punished for the tone of my skin.
Bring it down about 14.5 DB
Maybe then you might see what I mean.
Out in Berkley
They not too thirsty
They don't like veterans neither, but they can't hurt me.
Bring it down about 14.5 DB
Maybe then you might see what I mean.
Ayo, Hip-hop provost
Who said the word Hip-hop the most?
Which one of yous think you a poet?
Perfect cause you practice that classic,
Scholastic, Canibus man shit.
The current catalogue and past tense.
I do this to atone,
We all must atone for our sins,
But I am punished for the tone of my skin.
The C of tranquility - the C means light,
The light means space, my DNA strain is my base.
Don't know who I am,

Can't remember who I was.
I pump blood through the veins of Hip-hop,
For street buzz.
A constitution written in collusion
With limited distribution,
Since I was recruited I've bin making music.

Canibus Lyrics

"Merchant Of Mataphors"

Pay attention, Ensign
I need a jet stream pattern assessment, go get it
And tell me the direction that the fuel tank is headed
Scram jet packs straps attached to my back
Rocket exhaust melt skin off like wet wax
Call sign Tom Cat, master ace of aerial combat
I double-time out to the tarmac
Fog covers the launch pad
Order ATC to fall back, but maintain visual contacts
Switch to radar, innovation navigational star map
I won't need to travel beyond that
My jet contrails so long that,
It can be seen in time zones eight hours apart by NORAD
Bow waves are made when I sweep my arms back
To fast track to the lunar surface's dark patch
The darkest part of the Moon where ISS2 was parked at
Inside onyx black alien artifacts
Well guarded in the event of a chartered attack
The outpost is nothing more than a trap
The red planet approach close, I know perigee and impact
Phobos is controlled by the Dracs
Deimos is the most underrated of the pack
It decimates NEA's more than double it's mass
A solar max melts polar caps
I notice that think tanks with closed minds miss unknown facts
Satellites track and match the stats, statistics start to stack
I'm a man of science, not rap
With actionable impulse to act when I can't relax
I work hard but play harder in fact
My rose garden attracts rats,
I sit back and listen to jazz and smoke hash in a mineral bath
I meditate, slightly awake, the moon rays interpermeate my physical state
I gaze into space
The light waves race and shift shape, colors escape
I concentrate on eight frequency rates
The body begins to numb as the spirit elevates
But wait, I'm interrupted by a buzzer at my front gate
Closed circuit surveillance showed me a face
How entertaining, special agents came to visit my estate
"Miss Moneypenny, bring me a plate, a cup of tea, and my terry-cloth robe,
Then show them in to me, I'll wait"
He walked in with a blank face, I calmly remarked, "You're late"
He responded with a strong handshake
Miss Moneypenny returned with eggs and pancakes
I offered them a seat, standing up, looked so out of place
He kindly obliged, but the other two continued to stand
Folded their hands, and gave me the nod

The silence was so profound, that even soft sound seems loud
With ambient music in the background
I slurped when I sipped my tea, it was hot
I chomped when I chewed my chow, it was not
In slow motion the silence was broken, you could hear a pin drop
He said, "You cannot save Hip Hop"
I said why not? I sold mixtapes to buy stock
I've been researching and developing a spitbox
Rap is deeply rooted in the music generation
I can prove it, but it doesn't constitute publication
I swear the Great Bear entered the Dragon's Lair
I was there in the center of St. Petersburg Square
Assigned as a silent observer, but I witnessed a murder
Took a picture of the body and a burner
Circa the time, you called me from Burma
In Port Charlotte Florida, say you were in a coastal corridor
And that's what you call help?
Eight months of Camp Kill Ya' Self couldn't rehabilitate what I felt
And now, here you are, in my backyard
Accusing me for being an outlaw for my bars?
I ain't got nothing for ya, I'll call my controller,
You call your employers, they can talk to my lawyers
He got up, and turned his back on me and said, "I'll be back homie"
I said you better bring an army
He said, "You don't want war"
I called Moneypenny on the intercom and said, "Baby, show them to the door"
To be continued, stay tuned for more
Secret dialogue from the Merchant of Metaphors...

Canibus Lyrics

"Lunar Deluge"

[Intro: Canibus]

Let's see if you can follow this rhyme

Follow this rhyme with your mind

[Canibus:]

I woke up into a dream, a dream that was more real than it seemed

With no animation or green screen

Human beings need special specs provided by special request

To see the spectacular special effects

If you can see what I saw or hear what I heard

Your ears will not need to hear the sound of my words

My thoughts follow my feelings that is how I think

The sceptics are rarely convinced, their feelings are exempt

What is the point of thought if you can not control the result

What is it worth if anything at all?

Where do we exist from? What do we exist for?

We were intelligently designed to be a resource

How can there be free will without the freedom to feel?

We pursue an illusion that isn't real

P-12 psychics taking red pills to produce thrills

Than predicting a coin toss a hundred times to prove skill

Telekinetic electro-genetic psyonic weapon

With extra-sensory perception of precognitive method

That's why I can rhyme with consistence

Indisputable evidence repeatable on the street or in studio session

I am sorry if you feel I am refusing your questions

That's not my intention, my mind is in a higher dimension

At these levels I have much higher attention

Ascension into a level of rhyme that's defined as divine intervention

My intent to present the most intensive lung splitting

Tongue twisting sentence ever historically recorded to present

But that is not the point of this lesson

I will continue this poetic expression, you must listen to make the connection

I will slow down

Now take a deep breath and try to get with the flow now, this is it,

Back to the beginning when the Milky Way first started spinning

Sound was the only thing living

The Universe was singing, signals were pinging

Life began to emerge from one light blinking

The sound stabilized it

The color spectrum was immediately divided by levels of brightness

The speed of the spin began rising

Gravity was created and forever affected by this

And thus, the elements were created in a cradle

Smashing against one another like balls on a pool table

We like to label so we give things names

I shook your hand and told you mine was Germaine

In my dream I was hoisted into a plane with a space-age frame by a giant gantry crane
My code name was SpitBoss, T-minus 2 seconds 'til liftoff
Let me tell you what Canibus saw:
I saw a world in deluge, fighting over fossil fuels and food
Like a bunch of god damn fools

Canibus Lyrics

"Golden Terra Of Rap"

[Intro: Sample]

Ready on the right, ready on the left
Ready on the firing line...

[Busta Rhymes sample from "You Can't Hold the Torch":]

Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!
Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!
Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!
Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!

[Chorus:]

I take it back, back to the golden era of rap, when it was exactly that
Not specifically, jams in the park
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought
I take it back, back to the golden era of rap, when it was exactly that
Not specifically, jams in the park
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought

[Verse 1:]

Aiyyo DJ Premier on the boards
Can-I-Bus, on the bars with the lyrical law
Just listen to the rhymes, don't behave cool to be kind
And I'm a show you how I'm nice with mine
Forced to start from scratch, to rhyme from the heart
When I rap, lookin forward to not lookin back
I spit supernatural, look out for the planet-sized shrapnel
Rip The Jacker 'bout to get at you
Rip and, seek and destroy the motherfuckin beat mission
The rugged rudeboy, Rasta on 'roids trippin
Martial arts for the mind, Mandelbrot hip-hop design
You don't understand stop tryin
The hip hop conglomerate, we legends puttin it down
You gotta honor it, fuck the politics!
The B2 bomb pilot, waitin for that long silence
Then I was diagnosed with tinnitus
The cuneiform symbols on my uniform tell you what I've been through
Nigga I wish it was that simple
The master gunnery combatant blastin mixtape assassin
Captain Cold Crush get it crackin
Heat it up 'til the bones blacken
My microphones double action I grab it, switch the automatic
The savage spittin it rapid I ricochet 762 jackets
Full medal gold plaque classics

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes sample]

I take it back, back to the golden era of rap (Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!)
Not specifically, jams in the park

But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought
I take it back, back to the golden era of rap (Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!)
Not specifically, jams in the park
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought

[Verse 2:]

The phonograph fascist, let's see who can reload fastest
You chronograph still in the past tense
Double shot glass of absinthe, still spittin fantastic
You a absent has-been, I'm still rappin
The Roman gladiator clashin, chariots crashin
Chest plate split in half with axes, blood splashin
What you wan' speak about? Let's weed it out
'fore I turn into something somebody gotta be about
If I feel the need for speed, do not freak out
Armor upgrade beneath seat mount
No seat belt, breath in, breath out, then lean out
White phosphorus, smoke screen the whole street out
Fire squad gotta reroute, SWAT team can't see now
RPG launch out the tree house
Got a casualty, tell me what the beef is about
He don't wanna talk, let him bleed out, don't need him now
PTSD MC, the kind you read about
Turn the beat up Premier, this is how a beat sounds!

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes sample]

I take it back, back to the golden era of rap (Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!)
Not specifically, jams in the park
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought
I take it back, back to the golden era of rap (Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!)
Not specifically, jams in the park
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought

[Outro: Busta Rhymes sample]

Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!

Canibus Lyrics

"Title 17 USMC"

I'm in a meeting with the Surgeon General of written texts
The battery of 1000 psychological tests
I am exhausted and stressed but I continue to press
She asked me if I'm the best. I signed languaged back YES
Spell words wrong, when writtin down rhymes nowadays
My hairs are beginning to Grey, that's why I'm a shave
The sky dark purple, low crawl through the wormhole
Took me back to 1998 at Universal
2008 I'm eternal
You know I'm still nice with the verbals, and I ain't even heard you
Your views. Your virtues
Whatcha goin do when Martial Law curfews lock down your Rock Band Rehearsal
Got ground zero asthma cancer
Buried on the moon as the top Hip-Hop Commander
After talkin to Paul Laffoley, he spoke about perigee and apogee
Something that I understood naturally
The mindscape, the other atmosphere is my space
But in my case, I seem trapped by the rhymes that I make
Canibus code for a data tabulated below [?]
It's the end of the world you know, glad you made it to the show
According to Title 17 USC, section 107
Canibus is just an MC
I'm a Reggaeton rap translated from Jamaica
You a hater with that white boy hodgy behavior
You could say what you say, but, my catalog greater
Everything you heard before with more layers
Poet Laureate V, why didn't they accept me?
If I remember correctly, let's see
The "C" of Tranquility, the mind will ascend
The audio will blend into multiples of 10
The lies we have been told really are the truth
So together we will all learn again what we knew
Proud to have come so far, spit another bar
The carousel issue continues to revolve unresolved
Take my hand Ripper Grand Wizard chain of command
Take this torch to another land, tell them who I am
The riot squad robot look like Robocop photoshopped
Heckler and Koch, Semi auto stock
I speak into the Mic, leaves fall off the "Tree of life"
BUT next Fall I'm a see if you nice

Canibus Lyrics

"Free Words"

Yo,
Canibus the continuous, deciduous lyricist
A menace to music that's mastered every style that I spit.
A fugitive against the music biz, the damage is punitive,
But the truth is that my communitive efforts got 'em pissed!
Silence is golden, a sign that my knowledge is growing.
I'm a show 'em, fuck the promotion,
These poems open door for the chosen.
In these moments of economic erosion,
The global economy's broken, cause our leaders control it.
They say we owe them but everything that we own has been stolen.
So don't be mad at the soldiers, you follow orders too, don't you?
You never make a difference being a voter,
The are the controllers, you just a warm blooded promoter.
You're just a pea in a pod, with the need to believe in God
But God don't need guns or bombs.
You need freedom to be oppressed, knowledge for the intellect,
Positive effects what come out of our common respect.
All colors, all creeds all kinds, all breeds,
One law, one love, if we want world peace.
It all starts with being still,
But being still long enough to feel but being real enough to follow your will.

Canibus Lyrics

"The Messenger's Message"

Yeah, every man see him 'Sail to Byzantium'
For those that can't see him, they lost man leave him
Transparent transceiver, no hand lever
On the hand receiver, the signal gets weaker
Sales of street polymer gels that form hardened shells that repel
Interrogative drills in the torture cell
Sounds like Hell, not exactly
Rap for me, this human's cavity interacts with me
Blood, liver, and lungs, external viscera thugs
Cutting me up with glitter covered gloves
I ran out the building, ran to the building where I parked
Why my children not in the car?!
I am not unravelling, I am calm,
I'm staying at Bigelow Arkansas obeying the law, playing GRAW
They ask questions with Russian like aggression
From the on screen projector, what is your intention?
Moratorium? I got four of them, meet me in the auditorium
I'm a show you how to talk to them
Right handed MC, used to be lefty
When direction don't effect me, my spotter corrects me
Open the eyelid, check behind him like crazy Ivan
On the coastliner, Psilocybin, crazy rhyming
With third Density binding, galactic plane timing
The Pleistocene is rising, I cannot describe it
Lavatory tidy and quaint, brand new paint
Laboratory, huge, sprawling, brand new warheads
Space grunts line up face front
Base jump into the waste dump, complete Phase 1!
Bone shards scattered all over the boneyard
We low crawl paying no attention to our nose at all
I see the beast pupil size increase
Seen it grab somebody off the street, bite and release
I decrease my silhouette, try to lay flat
Zero in where the chest and the neck intersect
Take a breath than hold it, but only for a moment
Stay focused or your first one'll be your last soldier
Woke up in the Infirmary, here's your papers
Thank us for your service, young man, see you later
Cardboard papers signs
"I will eat rhymes three times a day if you could only spare me a dime"
Real Hip Hop spitting, that's how I'm living
I mount my weapon like I mount my women
Intercept correct beats, sleep search collect and keep
If I like it let's meet next week
The mind of a weirdo, it's not really clear where he goes
Nobody here really knows...
Everybody wanna ask questions, don't pay attention to the messenger

Listen to the message!

Canibus Lyrics

"Cingularity Point"

[Intro:]

This is for the I.M. Culture
A poor pauper's offering for the alter
The 'C' of Tranquility, I'm a show 'em what I see
The 'C' of Tranquility, I'm a show 'em what I see

[Hook:]

The 'C' of Tranquility, what will it really be?
What does the future hold? What do you really see?
I see a revolution in the industry
That will ignite the rebirth of MCs lyrically
The 'C' of Tranquility, what will they really be?
What does the future hold? What can you really see?
I see the partition of God's religion
Become united by our bars and our common visions

[Verse 1:]

Been a long time, spittin' long rhymes, but I never left you
Always came back bustin' rhymes that were special
Back then, I wanted to impress you by addressing the truth
Nowadays, I'm just confessing in the booth
The Golden Era of Rap will always be apart of me
The future talks to me because the present is ignoring me
My destiny is calling me, the armory of God is guarding me
But all you can see is holographic artistry
Rhyme mechanics, like that of a blind pianist
The keys are metallic, my fingers are magnets
The music is magic, what is this madness?
The stanzas are rites of passage, your left brain habits become your baggage
The masses become savage, roaming the streets with torn fabrics
Creativity is less than average
Every baby is born a bastard, so why did you have it!?
This question requires no answer, I understand it

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]

Through my music, magic, and inoculated interaction
Rip the Jacker shows you the future in fragments
Through madness my view is expanded
Request passage, permission is granted, I'll introduce you to the language of dragons
To help balance near impossible trances in the labyrinth of the enchanted
Where air quality is unbearably rancid
From evil spirits, temperatures frigid
I cross wooden bridges over methane rivers, it sounds crazy, but listen
Concise lyrics strike down from the heavens
A titan like Mike Tyson, Beastmaster with a tiger and pigeon

A four finger ring with a eyeball in it for vision
Cause I ain't scared of no 9 foot 11 winged lizards
I'm known as the Ripper, my soul was delivered to a wizard
For spiritual slave labor in a prison
My life is my sentence, so I live it
But I studied the physics and understand it, so it's only a visit

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]

Combinatrix, anything of this persuasion is considered ageless
Beyond the matrix
Beyond time displacement of space & spaceships in oasis
Beyond the reach of human contemplation
The music is layered, not computer generated
A human made it to satisfy unusual cravings
The mystic in a room with crystal walls & floors
Looking into a crystal quartz orb, reciting lyrical law
That cause warm feeling sensations precipitating from the finger tips
To the arms, to the lips, to the jaws
To a gold tongue that spits to the tone of the drum
With the oxygen that flows down the throat to the lungs
Till every color of my Chakra glows brighter than the Sun
YOU and I become WE, WE become ONE
And the Clarity of Singularity has begun
Between zero point zero and zero point one! *[echoes]*

[Hook]

Canibus Lyrics

"Pine Comb Poem"

The "C" of Tranquility
Canibus spit for infinity
I revolve with the Earth lyrically, uh

Yea ya'll wassup, The Ripper right here Can-I-Bus
Yo, yo

I rest alone in a cold cabin composed of stone from old agate
A sarcophagus filled with gold tablets
The archaeological dig-site
Excavated the bone matter of this unknown rapper
The blood of the Gorgon was used as the cure for the poison
The poison that destroyed his organs
His DNA was shaped like a series of sideways 8's
Space-time is converted to time-space
The soundwave signals looks like ocean tides when they ripple
He spit to precision instrumentals
Sidewinder rhymes hit you, split you
The target area surface was no wider than a nickel
Control Room simple... His chair was chiselled from quartz crystal
It gets so hot, his skin sizzle
He piloted the missile from a digital menu
Inside remote headgear he would put on to look into
By mastery of the mental he was able to see
What the past and future civilizations had been through
Acoustic imagery transmitted through the music and energy
When I'm spitting no distance can limit me
The gallery of my art was prefabricated and placed in a Ark
But grave robbers rip the pages apart
They got caught, whoever told me the secret is now dead
I cannot tell you or I will end up like them!
The meaning of these rhymes are dead to the modern day mind
Even if you hear this a thousand times
Because of this many have died
Your inner light will not shine if your Pineal gland is calcified
The silver cord is a metaphor for the will of the Lord
I was called to climb aboard and explore
That's when I saw the Tree of Life in the yard
The apples on the floor were gored to the core!
The coil spirals remind you, but be mindful
External experience reflects what's inside you
Inside us all, behind the wall
Inside your skull, but exposed in a song
AHHHHHH, I was struck in an electrical storm
The flesh on my left arm is scarred the mic's gone!

Canibus Lyrics

"Good Equals Evil"

A man pays dues, do this become an angel
Good and evil, a man stays true
There are other ways to win
Good and Evil, it's the same thing

A decade after my debut, the game changed; I got the same views
To me it's just baseball and I'm Babe Ruth
Bambata from Planet Rock, trade op commander Hip Hop
What? We grimlock smash Spitbox
You can never be the best, until you complete the competency test
With rap pattern parameters I set
Are you deaf? Do you need me to repeat what I said?
I said you'll never be the best unless you pass this test
Okay, fill out registration form 88,
Name, social, date of birth, address, city and state
When the form is complete pass it on to Angela Clark
To determine your eligibility and get you insured
Every morning the board panel assembly judges man by his bars
Courage of heart and what he offers the cause
If he's accepted he'll be sworn in tomorrow
If he's rejected he's recycled and retested on stage at the Apollo
I had to and so do you, are you solid or hollow?
Depression is normal, a challenge to climb out of your sorrow
Forget about the world around you, the truth is
They are nothing without you but you will be nothing without the truth

A man stays true, a man pays dues
If a man can do this, the man become an angel
There are other ways to win, a consequence for every sin
But we are blind because Good and Evil is the same thing

Do not be confused by the choice of words used
For every battle we win, there's something we lose
But you still have to choose and choosing not to choose is still a choice
Sometimes silence is a powerful voice
The body is of no use if the mind is enslaved
But theses slaves can not bind your light or your sound waves
However, we must to train to increase our strength
The final test is presented when we least expect
We look forward, we see 180 degrees, what's left?
We eyeball right to left but see nothing, what's next?
180 degrees of regret, what's that?
It's everything we left behind unchecked, it wants revenge
They want revenge against us because we fight for our freedoms
Die for what we believe in and they know we don't need 'em
I know you disagree, you think it's fortune cookie shit
But I guarantee you this, our future was prefixed

A man stays true, a man pays dues
If a man can do this, the man become an angel
There are other ways to win, a consequence for every sin
But we are blind because Good and Evil is the same thing
A man stays true, a man pays dues
If a man can do this, the man become an angel
There are other ways to win, a consequence for every sin
But we are blind because Good and Evil is the same thing

I look towards the sky for the answers to why
I analyze the great divide and saw God on both sides
God didn't do this, we did this to each other
So keep his name out your mouth, you fucking cock suckers
How could you own all of it, when we are all apart of this?
The Earth belongs to every living thing that walks upon it
We are all perfect creations, with imperfect justifications
But just the patient fuck the subject of Satan
The Universe is too huge, does Satan live out their too?
Or is he just after me and you?
Believe what you perceive
Look at the Sun, tell what do you see? 360 degrees of light beams
Illuminating Hip Hop, Spitboss'll bag your pops
You ain't ready for the shit that I got
It's called Hip Hop homey, that's the only way that you know me
And knowing people can still be lonely
At the Maharaji spa for the whole week
I just go to sleep because when I wake up I am not an emcee
I get back on the clock when I hear the next beat
I'll write about another century of heat, I'm a beast

A man stays true, a man pays dues
If a man can do this, the man become an angel
There are other ways to win, a consequence for every sin
But we are blind because Good and Evil is the same thing
A man stays true, a man pays dues
If a man can do this, the man become an angel
There are other ways to win, a consequence for every sin
But we are blind because Good and Evil is the same thing

Canibus Lyrics

"Worthlessness Purpose"

He is the Sea Merchant who eats Sea Urchins and Sea Serpents
He does it to give his obvious 'Worthlessness Purpose'
Deep Sea searches bring his verses back up to the surface
Someone is brought in to interpret
Do not engage in conjectural with the professor
Just nod ya head and say Yes Sir! Here is the next verse
Toxicology analysis, MCs examine Bis but it's too late...
Nothing above ground will escape
The jungle will haunt you, the desert becomes you
Be humble, if it ever takes something from you
No advantage, No standard
Ya Tranquility is being tampered with by Canibus' masterpiece mantra
When albums are requested, they used to be respected
Only the best deserve to be the center of attention
Enter the legend, Hip Hop will never forget him
And Laser Weapons are now being tested
Inside this bubble composed of two poles
I think I can come up with a few flows, bullshit
Says whose knows, just another boy from the Group Home
Who's good at producing a few songs
I wonder how many MCs lives I've touched?
How many lives that I've protected them from?
More powerful public speaker low budget demeanour
Look like the reaper, senior Ripper information retriever
Slick talk or barter away your OES Charter
Not smarter, just thinking harder, it's truly an honour
Plutocracy, Kleptocracy, to be or not to be?
Please talk to me, I'll show you how these rhymes ought to be
There is not much time to decide or take sides
You are standing in the middle of lyrical fratricide
Giant tiger mosquitoes and carrion beetles biting people
The Mist makes it hard to see through
It has always been believed by those even wiser than me
That nobody can describe what I see
Reality hangs in the balance
The "C" of Tranquility is not a body of water it's an Island
A string of islands that connect like strings on a violin
Waking up to a dark horizon
My rap style will always be in it's prime
You rhyme for yourself, I rhyme for mankind!
Wireless or landline? Any time
Grab the mic and do the damn rhyme

Any time. Grab the mic and do the damn rhyme.

Canibus Lyrics

"Right Now"

This is a new season with new rhymes for the same reason
The public needs it but without faith they won't believe it
We cursed since birth, imprisoned by these Earth demons
My verse is written in secret, then released in pieces
The sting of rejection, the sour sensation of perfection
It's connected to our spiritual ascension
Start with yourself, you are your only contender
The game of life has no winners, therefore we surrender

[Chorus:]

Write now! Write your thoughts down, now! Recite them out loud, now!
The bright light bleeds down through the dark clouds, now!
Right Now brothers, now! Right Now sisters, now!
Right Now people, now! Right Now Rippers!

The rhyme is my religion, the rhythm is alive, listen
And bare witness, try to share my vision
My vision of my soul inside Sol, free the globe
Inside a globe with two poles, Ouroboros in my poems
Bestowed by a poet, what do you know and when did you know it?
Obey the law with it's fundamentally flawed components
Omit this, admit this a myth 'til I spit
You forget how I'll I get, the Ripper's 'bout to Rip, Right Now
Right Now

CANIBUS

Lyrical Law



LYRICAL LAW

- 001 LYRICAL LAW INTRO
- 002 LYRICAL NOTIS
- 003 THE ART OF ITS
- 004 DRUG ATTACK
- 005 'N' R.A. FIG
- 006 THE ENTBAID CYPRER
- 007 THE GOLDEN CYPRER
- 008 CYPRER OF ADULTERY
- 009 RY & RYK RUCK & RUCK
- 010 CYPRER OF FIVE MILES
- 011 THE GHOST OF THE PAST
- 012 CYPRER WITH LOVE
- 013 THE GALLERY OF

**PARENTAL
ADVISORY**
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Canibus Lyrics

"Lyrical Noir"

[Intro:]

Lyrical Noir

This is Lyrical Law

Say it some more

Lyrical Law

Lyrical Noir

"I'm sick and tired of what you've been saying about me in the media"

Yo

Give me some more slack on this rope
I run your boney ass throat over in a zodiac boat
46 degrees north, 6 degrees east
The Large Hadron Collider gave birth to a beast
That speaks, they quote my speech
Vocal motifs over dope beats, all lyricists know me!
That's why the industry's debunking my lyrics
With digital trunking equipment, they don't want you to listen!
The Ripper's language won't appeal to the masses because they look past it
Only the masters know the seal of the scarab
Some humans are born average based off environmental circumstances
You organic piece of shit, you substandard
But do not be embarrassed by your underdeveloped status
It's up to you to find the right questions and ask it
Research leads to results sometimes we find meaning after
Other times they're just meaningless babblers
Don't believe these rappers, fake unbelievable bastards
Comet Elenin is coming straight at us, don't believe NASA
Take matters into your own hands
Stop being slow and acting like hoes, get with the fucking program
Hip Hop is the greatest genre known to man
If we focus, the poetry is so advanced
We can overthrow any plan and control man
You got soul? Let's Jam! Lyrical Law I'm the Canibus Man
What's the buy-in minimum? 88 sales, program
And the number of stores, I don't care no more
This is Lyrical Law Noir hardcore raw Metaphors for you and yours
You can't say you wasn't warned!
Thousands of bars, them dummies couldn't stomach my bars
They rather conform, they throwing up their pompoms
You don't wanna wrestle with Armstrong
We sever blood vessels tryna mess with the God's poem
Damage any motherfucking beat that I rhyme on
Connect to the God's thoughts, possess your iPod, I grind hard
Intellectual hardboard, take it back to Hip Hop Style Wars
Grunting like a pack of wild boars
Power source Lyrical Law my bomb squad full force
Call 'em off we got too much torque

Nitrous Oxide Bars pull a bull of course
Pitch fork to you neck just to prove I'm raw
Iron horse, smack DVD, Battle Rap dwarf
Slap you with the flat part of the sword, now you back for more
Passing yourself off like a Rap star
But you support wack bars that's why rap has lost -- fact!
You a Cool J crack whore,
You snitch like police Labradors tryna sniff out sasquatch
Man up, no more lip service and back wash
Stand up! I'ma break off you're back paws
Thor's hammer crack jaws, attack y'all, fracture your skull
Mountain man axe to your loins
Self-employed like Donald Goines, cash cows on steroids
I don't fall for deceptions or decoys
I'm a beast and I'm clairvoyant
Your soya won't tear the beat up whether or not you appear on it
Double trouble dear promise fuck you and your comments
The chairman of Lyrical Law will be honoured
The last man standing, after the internet is abandoned
James Cameron with a gamma ray cannon
..... brainwashed Hip Hop
And they came from Saturn, they were the first alien race of rappers
They landed in North Africa, their teeth be gnashing
Their names look like acronyms, they released the Kraken,
They live in underground cabins
They slither fast through the inner-earth labyrinth
They move in S-patterns though deep planet chasms
I chase 'em and trap 'em, detailing the action
For tryna desecrate the Sabbath of the lyrical master, faggots
I laid them on top of each other like Abu Ghraib
They spacecraft look like the Eiffel Tower in Paris
They pray on my downfall they orchestrated Hip Hop's imbalance
They underestimated my talent
I hold the globe up like Atlas
They lied about Canibus -- ask 'em
I'm the world's greatest motherfucking rapper!
They slandered my character through private and public propaganda
They tell the people I'm Dr. Doppelganger
They ask me shit, that they know I'm not gonna answer
Extinction Level Event, they can't stop the disaster
Cocksucker stop the camera, 'cause you know that I'm a miserable bastard
I crack lens, break microchips and melt plastic
You Canibus? - Who's asking?
That's Captain Cold Crush to you maggot, you a lyrical has-been
Lyrical Law's a classic they can't get past it
The beats, the rhymes, the features, every single facet
Lyrical Law's a classic they can't get past it
The beats, the rhymes, the features, every single facet
The microphone assassin 'bout to get at 'em
The Dragon of Judah breathe fire 'til his last breath
Full Battle Rattle in action lyrical Metal Jackets
Coming through with several new attachments
Computers is crashing, hackers is laughing

Rapid eye movement, try to keep up with the captain, what's happening?

Canibus Lyrics

"The Art Of Yo"

(feat. Born Sun, K-Rino)

[Born Sun]

Bastard style with no father tryna claim the kid
I called it X cos I ain't even tryna name the shit
Sundullah, see me on the stage with Rip
Nitrogen lungs yo my tongue mix propane with spit
And I'm nice, the voice of Christ resurrected through mics
Son of God, Son of Man, helping some of y'all will overstand
Crash the Vatican as soon as I land
I'm 'bout to set it on man in the gulf of Adan
I stand in the Garden of Eden, unbeaten, undefeated
I Tweeted pictures of Eve, tonguing Jesus
Scientology guides put my rhymes on photography slides
To quantify the higher knowledge applied
But I'm an uncaged animal channeling Hannibal
A cannibal bite your head off and hand it to you
SpitBoss, centrifugal force different from yours
Sun is Born, this is Lyrical Law, Yo!!!

[break]

[K-Rino]

I've never been a friendly author, don't need a gangster beat to make me off ya
I'll slaughter ya while playing Cyndi Lauper
Better than y'all, give me one competitive brawl
I throw a hundred miles an hour with a medicine ball
I melt your fortress down to caramel softness
Drive a charger through ya torso, parallel parking
That cosmic ray beam effect, I Hiroshima wreck
Rap disaster so tragic they gave his ass a FEMA check
Cadence is radiant, I predated Arcadians
I stayed with the brigade of alien ecto sapiens
Hit your through the atrium of heavenly light
Once I smite you, like a left arm you'll never be right
I've used every word possible to let you know what I can do
So I made something new, I'll collipherously clobber you
You ain't legitimate, you posing like a model
Dude I'll throttle you, liquidate and sixteen ounce bottle you

[break]

[Canibus]

I'm tryna figure out, who this nigga barking at
Before his heart gets snatched, run up on him in a stocking cap
Keep barking like you hard, get stalked and clapped
Come in the cage you get stomped on the mat
Carve your name in the axe, then chop you in the back

Hack off your femur bones, beat you with them like bats
Put your remains in some saran wrap, dump them in an alcohol vat
You can rap but you ain't all that
Step inside, close the door, fuck you yawning for?
Kick your head off, now it's rolling on the floor like a bowling ball
Open the door, clean this fucking mess off my wall
And don't ever mention his name no more
You dig, you follow me nigga, I follow you quicker
You got a weak ticker, told you not to fuck with the Ripper
Have you showing your true colours, drinking blood from ya liver
You a dickrider and you an Indian giver
Waging war with some gorillas, I'll bludgeon you by the river
The bar range is pissing he gon find you while you fishing
Fistula face, herpes simplex I'll break
Alienated aliens get ate by alien apes
You food nigga, throw yourself over the gate
How does alien taste? Like mammalian waste
You ain't swift you's a dumb fuck
I'll have you breathing like your lungs got struck by two-hundred pound nunchucks
Brave motherfuckers get slayed for Hip Hop if you love it
Like Kill Bill between a hundred gay lovers
I'm the illest nigga say something...
Yeah I thought so, shut the fuck up things will go back to normal
I ain't happy tho, now I'm in battle mode
The president of Hip Hop with mad motherfuckers on the grassy knoll
I take it back to my Curriculum days
What you say? I body you in meticulous ways
Cos you thought I was a donut, you tried to glaze
Let me tell you something, don't pop shit fistula face
Battle league nigga, talking shit's for amateurs nigga
Goddammit, y'all living off fantasies nigga
You wanna battle that bad, aight go get your camera
When it's my turn, I got a four and a half pound answer
When I was young, I took down hard targets
You a sausage nigga, for coming at me like a novice
You never heard 'Fraternity of the Impoverished'?
Motherfucker, can't you see that I'm an artist
I don't want them childish problems
Lyrical manslaughter charges interfere with my Lyrical Law process
Out rap me, that's preposterous, metaphor marksman mudswamping
We hunt down Hip Hop monsters
Skin 'em alive tie their carcass to the bottom of my Polaris
And drive them all the way to Wisconsin
Partner, fuck around, throw your ass under the bus face down
Lay down, we gonna wait for this greyhound
The fuck you gonna say now?
Do me a favour, stop weighing me down
Fucking clown, Lyrical Law is too muscle bound
Houdini style nigga, just struggle and drown
Get it over with you can never fuck with my style
You got raped nigga, you bleeding, don't touch my towel
You can spit them wack juice punchline lines all you want
But don't front, bottom line, I'm a champ, you a chump

You can spit your stupid punchlines all you want
But after this the whole world gonna see who won
That's what you wanted right, get the fuck off my mic

Canibus Lyrics

"The Emerald Cypher"

(feat. Born Sun, K-Rino, Killah Priest)

[Intro:]

Niggaz listen to this shit right now
Got this shit goin down
That New World Order, niggaz is holdin it down
Niggaz ain't ready man, everybody know what time it is man
Y'all niggaz listenin to this shit right now
All my niggaz in the street
Man y'all niggaz know what time it is, are they ready?
Let's see it, let's see if these niggaz is ready man

[Killah Priest:]

My brain is a coliseum unfinished, an art museum that none vision
A masoleum before the sun risen
Dark wisdom, break the order of the magic witches
The tablet that we gifted, fall in the hands of the music business
The sacred oath, to snake his post
He flinches, I take his ghost
Shadow war, we battle for
The emerald wing that unfold wings
When you enter the temple they sing, hieroglyphs
Up a spiral cliff, follow the monk for months
Close your eyes when his disciples is sent
Every morn' the first satellite hit
I spit, the prayer laws recite from scripts
Then it's back to the silence
Patient observe the lotus bud, I write the scroll on each clove
This is discipline before beast mode
Follow G-O-D code
Fondle my prayers beads, under a pear tree, this prepares me
Then a chair was formed by the bees
I bared the dare, come around me
I won't speak for weeks, I hold my tongue
Now I can hold the Sun - how is it I outnumber y'all?
And y'all got me by 6 to 1 (y'all got me by 6 to 1)

[Born Sun:]

The Elohim hold court in the ether
Decidin the fate of the human race I plead my case through the speakers
Sun the rapper who mastered the dark matter
The God particle mass created to smash atoms
Deal with energies that vibrate at higher frequencies
Your chakra's gotta be in line to even speak to me
Journey through time and I doubt you'll ever find
A shine on mines like mine that dwarf Einstein
See I confuse Confucius, with a complex theory of evolution
With mind power that devoured Isaac Newton

Heaven on Earth? Nah! It's more like some sort of Hell
War with Satan ground shakin from the mortar shell
Escape the Matrix like Morpheus
Dodgin bullets in slow motion like we smokin some dust
But my third eye's bright enough to spar with the Dalai Lama
Verbal projectiles pierce spiritual body armor
I'm a, master builder from an enslaved mason
Tryin to hide my true identity as my creation
Lines I scribed identify who I'm facin
It's war! And either you a God or a Satan
"Lyrical Law" draws a paper thin between love and hate
Decide if you destroy or create
They think it's verbal but this warfare is spiritual
We box 'em in, apply pressure to his physical
Check one two, who got more style than Sun do?
None do, solar flare your Earth duke, son you
I body the mic, I body the beat
I body the emcee with the audacity to flow after me

[K-Rino:]

My automated system got eight wicked concoctions
If that don't satisfy press nine for more options
BOOOOP, I can't believe you just did that
Twenty thousand wigs just concurrently slid back
Ha~! I blow flames in hot dosages
If I get too thirsty the Earth'll be oceanless
Feelings don't move me, I guess I'm emotionless
Sick party host, pinata full of locustses
Bobbin for live grenades inside a bucket
I know the plural pronunciation is "locust" but fuck it!
What are the percentages, of a man actually choked to death
After swallowin phonetic images?
I spit unlimited pandemics, they're liberally distributed
Millions of rappers skin grafts and can't spit it
As I child I would see and slay; they'd check my room
And find my imaginary friend's imaginary DNA
It's gutwrenching - my ultimate intention
Is to sit on top of The Tower of Infinite Ascension
K-Rino the agg' jacker who ravages natural
Like Z in the alphabet I keep comin after you
The judge said for the sake of my health
I've been ordered to stay a hundred miles away from myself
You ain't hard! You a fake, I won't stop until I've blown his cover
You softer than the baby sister of a Jonas Brother

[Canibus:]

You ain't a behavioral scientist, why you dyin to spit?
You try too hard when you rhymin with 'Bis, try again
Approved this for public release, fuck with the beast
With bucked teeth bust your guns or get rushed in the streets
Handcuffed to the back of the Jeep, blindfolded
You hear a foreign language they speak, you do not know it
Kidnapped to Kemet through Khartoum to parched sand dunes

To a dark room, to witness your doom
Bash you in the face with the mag, rope around your neck
Over a tree branch, hoist you up with three sandbags
You shit yourself, your pants sag
Global broadcast, man that's sad, they lynched him in the lab
Twenty-four apprentices for hardcore fellowship
Twenty-four masters, twenty-four lyricists
Dead to the world, alive to the hearts that are pure
If you endure your mind's opened doors
Complete the last step without crossin my rep
Who's next? What possessed you to jump off a cliff?
I spit darts, once you stop the hip-hop juggernaut
Kill you bloodclot, you stink like jungle rot
Me I'm a Hermann Bushido Dogan Shotokan
The prototype of the first proto rhyme
With combined payloads, my glide bombs provide flows
That cause World War II death tolls at live shows
Independently targeted, bombin shit from so high up
In the atmosphere you lose consciousness
No oxygen, only Canibus anti-oxidants
Think about it, why spit into a bottomless pit?
I'm so isolated lyrically, they put me in a desert facility
To test my abilities, check out my melodies
Designed by Pratt & Whitney, rap so swiftly
TAW-50 following me cause you're with me
Your high bars are lukewarm, let me school y'all
Intravenously cold blooded coolin coils are runnin through my jaws
The Sun's hot - I'm warmer; the metaphor explorer
I give a order, you can't cross the border!
We ain't religions, don't talk about the Torah
We'll crucify you on the cross for a quarter
Welcome to my House of Slaughter, signing on the roster
Go downstairs, put your stuff in the locker
And come back, let me see what you got son, I dropped him
Rappers steppin to me? I ain't the one
Spontaneous nucleonic you the opposite, be honest
You produce reduced knowledge, your discography is dishonest
Both promise, change your name to MC Silence
Yes, your album inspired me, no I didn't buy it
Talk back, nigga get fired
I'll erase your verse off the track so fast you'll wake up tired
Candles go out, darkness infiltrate the house
What the fuck he talkin 'bout? He got a mental case mouth
I forced him to his knees, told him to face South
Empty your PayPal bank account 'fore I blow your brains out
Untouchable since the day I came out
That's why these wack niggaz keep callin my name out
How the fuck they gon' change that now? How they sound?
I'm a put him in the ground, "Lyrical Law" style
How you liked at me then, how you liked me now
How you liked me in the future when I'm wearin that crown
The crown is invisible, you don't have to be a loud individual
You act like hip-hop is all you listen to

If that's true, this is for you
Then I'm a keep rippin you, cause that's what Canibus do
If that's true, this is for you
And I'm a keep rippin you, cause that's what Canibus do

Canibus Lyrics

"The Golden Cypher"

(feat. Ras Kass, K-Solo)

[Ras Kass]

Uhh

Rap so klepto, any mic I steal
Y'all niggaz don't belong here like Michael Steele
at a Republican Party, I go for [?]
Leave cum stains on Sarah Palin's veneers for sure
Like I'm in Mordor, tryin to burn the ring up
The black semi knock your block off like playin Jenga
Have sex with the whole world just by raisin my middle finger
But y'all don't hear me though, (Inga)
And just like that I'm back spittin nasty as (Foxy)
Then I'ma stop servin y'all like the soup nazi
Happy Days, then I'ma spin off like (Joanie Loves Chachi)
Burn rubber, the Maserati mach three
Screamin mazeltov at my aki
(Squad) vomit at Keith Shocklee for the beat made of broccoli
Got a Palestinian girl, her pussy the bomb
Get it? Blew up, you can't stop me

[Canibus]

That's right, I wreck melody, so much energy
Why get on the track if you can't stand next to me?
So much energy it's a felony
Your microphone memory remember me, this is your penalty
You can't keep up mentally, you can't rhyme intelligently
Do it on the track, can't do it in front of me
You frontin, you and your man get all psyched up like it's Fight Club
Times up, you lost, life sucks
So does your wife slut, got a nice cunt
Last night we wiped white stuff on her butt
True power cannot be achieved by fightin over the mic
You can't compete with Canibus, aight?!
If your hat's turned to the back and you rap be prepared to scrap
You don't have to be scared of no strap
Cause your mind overstand all that
Fall back or no more contact with the Gods of rap
Go back to the "Lyrical Law" lab, first of all you trash
You can't add all the rhymes you had
Your mouth is a wound and your tongue is a scab
This is a concept the young mind doesn't grasp
That old stick in the mud, will put a gold bullet in a gun
Show you where red blood comes from
But that's not what you want, you want love
Where does that come from? Define that you bum
One thing at a time, intertwined as one mind
The proto in the prime of one perpetual line

No evil one I can divide, no matter the times try
No matter the lies that claim otherwise
Slumdog drug lord, guns drawn, motherfuck guns laws
You catch a big mini-gun gun charge
This is "Lyrical Law" not lyrical war
This is spiritual God, get your lyrics *[echoes]*

[K-Solo]

I'm nice with everything but chopsticks
Eyes couldn't see my style with glasses or binoculars made of optics
Stop it, slam it, rappers couldn't scoop a topic
Let alone follow they finger to mock this
Caught your hand on my style kid, put it in your pocket
If you can't get it home, what the fuck is the logic?
Want my devices, send my boys in to send fire to the ground
Hang my flag and brag, who's the nicest?
My Fort Knox, like Bunker Hill, *[?]* emcees guerrillas
Rhymin to go banana, breaks performed by Mad Drill
Man chill, your man'll get killed
And when they dump his ass off they gon' find him in a landfill
If I have to I will, that's on the real
I'm (Destiny's) only (Child) of the pay, on these girl group "Bills"
Word to Arthur Kill, Gun Hill for real
Wolf Gang, Murder Mouth, it's the king of the hill

Canibus Lyrics

"Cypher Of Steel"

(feat. K-Rino, Skarlit Rose)

[Intro]

It don't take nuttin to play exclusives man
I wanna see niggaz get down with the motherfuckin skills man
That's what really count man, any motherfuckin body
can play, motherfuckin exclusives man
It's about, the creativity, the blends, the mixes
The skills nigga! Take it back to the essence of this shit man
Let muh'fuckers see what you can REALLY do

[K-Rino]

I'll give you one clue to guess what my rap gun do
Like kung-fu, I got a steel pallet I practice runnin my tongue through
Ninety extra inches my lung grew, I stun you
And when I'm done a paraplegic'll outrun you
You want head trauma, real soon I'ma promise I'ma
drop seeds that blow up like the the Unabomber's momma
Y'all know what happens when a rapper starts yappin
I'll be bionic orangutan hand back stabbin
I break light speed surge and illustrate verbs
His career was so short his bio was eight words
See I'm admittin the sentence was well written
except THIS motherfucker should have never started spittin!
I'm too triflin to let him life again
I'm stiflin pain permanently by feeding you nitrogen Vicodin
See some of the worst speakers that I know
could vegetablise your flow like pico de gallo
Boy you got a lot of balls, playin with a dude
that can telekinetically extract bricks out of walls
If you come in my zone dissin my curriculum
I chew your ass out like the flavor in a stick of gum

[Skarlit Rose]

The linguistic league bitches, cutthroat, smeared lipstick
Wrists slit and I suggest you keep the [?] dissin before
you wake up in a tub to only find your organs missin
Make sure to leave your tongue, with hopes you continue spittin
Dickridin, label providin, your fraudulent image
You the type of silly hoe to have no sense to begin with
Listen hooker emcees, on a mission of death, last breath
Your final rest, baby who got next?
I pop your lungs from your chest cavity
You consider your amateur blow to be challenging well then battle me!
I'll be waiting six feet, beneath the sheets of your thesaurus
Deep defeat, crack your teeth, no AutoTune on my chorus
Distorted your image, while drownin all your hopes and wishes
Revenge is served cold on a set of dirty dishes

Snitches, yeah, haven't you heard?
I'll put my barrel in your mouth and show you what a women's worth

[Canibus]

This is the definitive guide, on beats and rhymes
On how to get a black eye fuckin with those black guys
You better listen to what I'm sayin and teach yourself
Or I'll give you a belt and watch you beat yourself
Told you don't make a sound if you do they will put you down
Then all I'ma say is look at you now
Hip-Hop was not based off risk on a primal level
We rhymin with you, not rhymin at you
You better understand this shit or get talked to in Arabic
Banana clip, you don't wanna talk to Canibus
You talk about bars, my upper torso crawl up the wall
in your house through your window boy
Burglar bars get ripped off, bite off your arm
Leave (Jigsaw) scars, that's just a doll
This is Thunderdome hall, decoded like Sean
The laser beam scan the apartment, it's gone
Metaphorical wizard, the Oracle visit every four minutes
Until I finish, you bring me more Guinness
I'm like Devin the Dude, and Mexican food
with some Mexican dude and some gunslingers too
Come through, call the airstrike on your hood
Evacuate every bitch that make love so good
So what you wan' do? E'rybody chillin, we cool
Don't have to rip the face off no fool
That ain't "Lyrical Law" that's a lyrical rule
I ain't did this before, I don't wanna be cruel
I just wanna be loved, but the world wants blood
So we barricade the doors and wait for the noise
Nature boy, my name is deployed, the cave is destroyed
If you mention his name, he gets annoyed
Cause boys should not play with psychotic toys
A boy should not talk with a psychotic voice
Stand before me, don't plead no case
Cause you passed "Lyrical Law", you already great
So take your place next to any emcee that's great
In the Most High's name we pray
"Lyrical Law"

Canibus Lyrics

"Cypher Of Five Mics"

(feat. Chino XL)

[Intro: Canibus samples scratched]

"None of y'all got the balls big enough to battle me"
"Fuckin with Canibus, you get ate up"
"You can't even absorb the rhymes I record"
"Cause I'm the BADDEST motherfucker above average"
"Hit you so hard, my hand breaks and my shoulder dislocates"
"I snatch your crown, wit'cha head still attached to it"
"The Canibus is ill like that"

[Chino XL]

I murder a sixteen to the point that it's embarrassing
Hide a grenade in my jeans, douse the booth in kerosene
Shatter your heart's main vein pipe
Insane at night I might have your career disappear in plain sight
Throw you off the top of a church, stab you with a steeple
I'm bloodying punchlines like I assaulted a hundred zebras
Non-believers and their Lyric Jesus is haters that savor
They're afraid since my native halo in the cradle
became a famous behemoth misbehavin angel
Insane but able with razors scrapin your face through ya neighbours naval
A fatal fable from Satan's table with an unstable brain cable
I'm hateful, blame it on being bi-racial
I'm psychologically an anomaly
Should be given formal apologies, honestly, a human oddity
A commodity, Godly when rapist spittin, his blood spillin
Chino so stuck up, gotta peel me off the fucking ceiling
I'm bringin so much beef it'll make a Hindu kneel
Too hard to kill you, heart's unequal beat you 'til you partial gristle tissue
Too fast for a photo, I slash the rapper who'd be homo
Leave him just skull and crutches like Jackass's movie logo
Burn down your fuckin apartment, barricade the fire escape
What I spit is rape, Chino make nightmares try to stay awake
You've never had a fly quote and nigga you and I know
the best thing you'll ever write is a suicide note
Get the fuck outta here! (Five Mics, yeah)

[scratched Canibus samples]

"I kick that shit real niggaz feel"
"The Canibus'll separate your body from your spirit"
"I'm the baddest motherfucker"
"What I'm spittin in your ear
was intended to stimulate your left-brain hemisphere"

[Canibus]

Canibus and Chino XL, rebels from Hell
He's a giant, I'm a stinger missile totin Keebler elf

Keep to myself, strategic for stealth; if I don't need it I leave it
believe it I kept it greasy for more than 60 seasons
Tear the target to pieces reload and repeat it
I got a billion bars but I ain't got the time to release it
And you ain't got the time to listen to it, hitman music
Blow a hole through your head and piss through it
cause you ain't fit to do this
He vocalled it first, I vocalled it second
Lyrics get murdered, we move in and do the forensics
Shut down your studio sessions, DNA analysis and collections
Cause Mic checking is a Ripper's jurisdiction
I'm a telepathic detective, blast you with a non-kinetic weapon
back to the essence beyond (The Outer Limits)
Wicked and wretched, send you a message, we lure yo' ass out to the desert
Motherfuckers prepare for the unexpected
We meet, symbolic technique, anabolic release
Any emcee gets weak when he knows he's dead meat
If I strike you'll be red for weeks
You might check in with a beast that'll tan you like the Mexican heat
The steps to my monastery are steep
If you still feelin froggy when we get to the top - then let's leap!
Inhale the hydrogen mist, then try to get hyper than 'Bis
It can't get no hyper than this
"Lyrical Law," hands on, jet turbo fans on
Aviators are drawn into a criss-cross sand launch
Turn starboard but still can't dodge, bank hard
S.O.S call command coms, concentrate can't talk
Not out of the woods yet, you can't thank God
The red baron's hair is as long as Susan Sarandon
War Hawks and red hawks launch out the underground airforce
You bail out like Amelia Earhart
SEER training is for naught, I caught you before I finished my cigar
You a prisoner of "Lyrical Law"
Yeah! Now I'ma seal the whole area off
What the fuck you thought? Ain't nobody scarin me off, AIGHT?
Niggas be rhymin like they lazy and soft
Get ate by the SpitBoss this is "Lyrical Law"
Yeah, niggaz be rhymin like the lazy and soft
Then get ate by a SpitBoss this is "Lyrical Law" - fuck you!
(Get the fuck outta here)

[Canibus samples scratched]

"None of y'all got the balls big enough to battle me"
"Fuckin with Canibus, you get ate up"
"You can't even absorb the rhymes I record"
"Cause I'm the BADDEST motherfucker above average"
"Hit you so hard, my hand breaks and my shoulder dislocates"
"I snatch your crown, wit'cha head still attached to it"
"The Canibus is ill like that"
"You can't even absorb the rhymes I record"
"I kick that shit real niggaz feel"
"The Canibus'll seperate your body from your spirit"
"Cause I'm the BADDEST motherfucker above average" "Canibus"

"What I'm spittin in your ear
was intended to stimulate your left-brain hemisphere"

Canibus Lyrics

"The Ghost Of Hip Hop's Past"

[first minute of the song is DJ shoutouts]

[Canibus]

Yeah, the ghost of hip-hop's past
Let's see how long infinity gon' last...

Wake up, what is the date? 1988
Hip-Hop is barely exposed to the emotion and hate
I hibernate, rhymin from space, my first album ten years late
I tried to take it to a positive place
But it was like a communist state, I tried to escape
My label shot me in the back as I was climbin the gate
I woke up, now I'm awake, I found democracy to be fake
Hip-Hop sucks, who made it this way?
I was a teenager when hip-hop saved the day
Paychecks paid the way, not radio play
Some artists had knowledge of self, that little bit of honesty helped
Violent lyrics promoted positive guilt
So even when you thought the message was negative it promoted positive health
It was about the rhymes, not wealth
It was about our culture, not about what the culture could sell
It was a path to enlightenment, not Hell
We amused ourselves and this confused everybody else
I memorized "Rock the Bells"
I memorized "Tales for the Crack Side" I used to rock gazelles
EPMD, "You Gots to Chill"
Doug E. Fresh, Slick Rick, Pete Rock, "Mistadobalina" was Del
Cold Crush Crew, Melle Mel
Sugar Hill, Salt-n-Pepa, Sweet Tee pretty as hell
Shante dimple on her face, pretty as well
I used to wanna smell the pale Roxanne's taie
Technics 1200, beat it like an SB-12
Lord Finesse the punchline king, Heavy D was doing his own thing
Dio and McGruff used to hold things
Biz Mark's big ass gold chain
One day I think I saw the Jungle Brothers dancing on Soul Train
Marley Marl, Craig G, Master Ace, Big Daddy Kane
Kool G Rap put me under his wing
On the road to lyricism, with Rakim and them
Some real lyricists, Eric B. was sick with the zigga-ziggas
I know I'm trippin, it's been a minute
So many brothers and sisters it's hard to remember who did it
Memories disappear like Whodini
My friends disappeared faster than my budget when my producer was greedy
{"Fat, Boyyyyyyyyyys"} feed me
I've been eatin emcees, you still don't believe
Brand of wool, brown teeth, red blood leak from Black Sheep

Whenever the horns blow it gets deep
Digging In The Crates for my niggas in the street
Diamond D had the "Best Kept Secret" for weeks
D-Nice said, "Bis, you a beast", Redman said, "Peace"
Def Jam said I couldn't compete
Killah Priest spit "Heavy Mental" before "Heavy Mental" was released
Accapella, no instrumental beat
My Girbauds would hang low, no crease
Timbs on the feet, Cold Cheeks had a Lex
Tom Leek had the MPV, J Rav had the Jeep
Clark Kent had the Tahoe, Charles bought a 4.6 because of Jay-Z
The program director's name from Hot 97 was Tracy
Tragedy Khadafi, Queens' first intelligent Prodigy
Probably the first Arab Nazi
K-9 Posse chew you up like blue chnk chopped meat
MC N-I-N-E
"This is the way we walk in New York"
"Throw Ya Gunz" in the air if you ready for war
Throw your hands the air if you ready for more
If I don't like the way you look, I'ma tear your face off
The Undergod, underground lord
When it comes to "100 Bars" you niggaz know who to ask for!
I woke up in the mornin, on a regular day
I knew my nigga K-Solo would be around my way
I washed off my Thor hammer, the trigger mechanism lubricate
It was time to destroy the place
He kept sayin if I spit my rhymes on the mic
in no time, I would be back in the limelight
I said, "Solo, nowadays I don't feel rap
Cause it ain't like it used to be, the shit is whack"
He said, "No 'Bis, trust Wolfgang, cause I know my shit
You already know the flows I spit"
We love hip-hop, we gotta pay homage to the shit
I love hip-hop... *[fades out, comes back as scratching]*

[repeat 2X]

Yeah, the ghost of hip-hop's past
Let's see how long "Lyrical Law" gon' last

[Canibus]

DJ Immortal, get it kid! YEAH!

Canibus Lyrics

"Cypher With Self"

[Canibus]

People ask me what is Lyrical Law, in its most original form
Lyrical Law is just a language that I use to describe various components of lyrical fitness, and that was all
Then they said they wanted me to brake that down, cause I made that style
So that's why I'm making this now, I'm gonna show you how, stay with me

2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,
Every concept seem separate, but all contact is a self generated effort
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First lesson, check it

2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,
Every concept seem separate, but all contact is a self generated effort
2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new merics,
Every concept seem separate, but all contact with a higher power is a message
I said it, all contact with a higher power is a rare credit, only angels on the guest list

[Urban Rose]

We've had enough of the lies
We won't keep believing your disguise
Ain't no way to break through
If you keep believing what they tell you
'Cause when you wake up in the morning and you can't even breathe
So much stress on your chest you just got to buckle to you knees
Our lungs are shattered, shattered from the rage
We don't give a fuck, we gon scream it anyway

[Canibus]

Yo, Lyrical Law flow, open the hyperdimensional window
The cold is a node, unbenounced
Lightening bolts that branch out fangs to the throat
You can't speak on the truth cause you're a mainstream ho
From the dirt floor in the hut, to the mansion on stilts and struts
They are alive, but they haven't lived much
It's almost time to get in touch, they will whine and discuss
This is for they're own good, Canibus
Hip Hop, what a rush, turn sucka MC's to slush, such and such and such
Enough, none of them was hits, they was near missed
I ain't talking about that, I'm talking about this
2012, classified pattens, only the first couple of thousands got to do with rapping
I've been rapping since rap happened
Half of yall rappers is tap dancing, other half of yall is lap dancing
The man in the mirror laughing at the Melatonin Magik
Yeah, they all laughing till the Spaceships landed

[Urban Rose]

Sorrow leads the way

Always broken with their wicked mind.
They're falling away
'Cause there is no truth within their eyes
No place, no place to go

[Canibus]

But not you Canibus, your sorrow will be your advantages
But you must control how to channel it
4th dimensional shifts are sandwiched
Between this reality and a 5th dimensional rift
The teacher doesn't talk in anaglyphs
But you miss understand Canibus, hip hop gave him a chance to exist
The most advanced lyricism ever spit
And all they keep talking about is some stupid random shit
Just talk about the good, stop talking about the bad
Cause other peoples business will beat yo ass
Somebody new showed up, and we don't like him
They bathe in human corpse dismembered to their liking
And all I'm doin is rhyming, Thats not violent
Imma shut up, to deactivate this bomb we need silence
Knowledge, is the reason that we bleed violet
The leaders acknowledge this and profit
They are the watchers of the prophets
Post Apocalyptic, must stop ot
Fear is not an emotion, fear is not an option
They paralyze your motor skills, I could live without it
You call that a thrill? I doubt it!

[Urban Rose]

We've had enough of the lies
We won't keep believing your disguise
Ain't no way to break through
If you keep believing what they tell you
'Cause when you wake up in the morning and you can't even breathe
So much stress on your chest you just got to buckle to you knees
Our lungs are shattered, shattered from the rage
We don't give a fuck, we gon scream it anyway

[Canibus]

Steel cables repel downward to inner mountain
Look around it, Sasquash is on my next album
The savage lookin for salvage, Not talkin about them
I'm talkin about us
Theres probably only a thousand left
Lyrical Law is your only outlet
Get out while you still can and forget about it but don't doubt it
I water the garden, the metal growin out the ground hardens
My lyrics give me presidential pardon
I serve as the Shepherd and Bro to bring a Message to the Globe
This law is the mortar between stones
I serve as the Shepherd and Bro to bring a Message to the Globe
We are one Soul in separated zones
We control our souls and the microphones

That control the sound waves that this Law exposes

2011 introspective, Lyrical Law has eleven new metrics,
Every concept seem separate, but all contact is a self generated effort

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Canibus Lyrics

"Rip Vs. Poet Laureate (Director's Cut)"

[Intro: 'Gladiator' sample]

You have proved your valor yet again
Let us hope for the last time
But there's no one left to fight, sire
There is always somebody left to fight

[Knowledge God]

Are you an ego monster, writing ten thousand bars?
I'll melt your squid face with ten thousand stars
Your battle raps dried up like the ass of the Sphinx
And your brains fried up my verses make your ball shrink
I'll kill you like Marie Curie with Ionizing Radiation
You are facing termination by your own creation
My metaphors mechanics will toss you off the planet
You smoke too much chronic, my vocab is volcanic
Infinite beings with black bars, that eat through rap stars
Travel time in fast cars, you fire past Mars
I ran back home to battle Rip on the phone
Right after I cracked Can-I-Bitch with the Mayan Sun Stone
You say we'll live without fear for several millions years
If you hold hands with your peers like a bunch of queers
My Stryker Brigade driver, strike a gay rapper
I leave Rip dehydrated with lines of hot lava
I tie you up with a snake shaped like a sideways eight
And watch you break and suffocate at an unrelenting pace
Mechanical skeletal structure was designed with a Heavy Mental
Your mind's left behind, it's as light as a feathered quill
The Will of Knowledge God controls thoughts and movement
And force Can-I-Bitch to eat atomic waste pollutant
LL crucified your career with 'The Ripper Strikes Back'
I slice you from ear to ear, who's the Jamaican in the body bag?

[Canibus]

Rip the Jacker quantum creator, the quasar quaker
So many layers I can't demonstrate it on paper
My melodic emulators cut you down with trachea lasers
Of deeply deposited argon vapors
My every verse is a psychic institutional burst
I choose which layer to listen to first
At the peak of the Bell Curve, earthquakes make me misspell words
But loud and clear my every verse is well heard
They barely understand you
The unseen hands that sample you and command you, it's quite puritanical
Henry Louis Gates Jr. said I was a lyrical computer
A great leader of a spiritual movement
Homo Noeticus student, the cosmic human
Homo Evolutis, divine rulers from a digital future

I'm a poet not a puppet, I spit these rhymes without a budget
With more infinite rhymes than cousins
Non-periodic comets, halotolonian bubbles in solidified rock deposits
When you take the time to unearth what I did
You will witness infinity, every verse is a bridge
Uneasy lies the head, my crown is too heavy for your men
The mixing board got a thousand channels plugged in
Music generated user generated mixing board entertainment
For you mental entrainment

[Canibus]

The mic on my arm is symbolic for a knowledge bomb
Celestial arms spiral into viral columns
I was betrayed the moment you were born
And more often than not I say it in my songs
All day long I talk about Lyrical Law
I reserve the right to say whatever I want
If God kisses your face and the Devil kissed your ass
Then how come you ain't got no goddamn cash?
The breakaway civilization, generation on blast
The human population is reduced to ten percent of the half
For those who love to laugh
Bolides collide with incoming craft
The geography is nanoscopic nano-typography
If you don't understand don't mock me
The midnight lyricist with a one thousand bar cylinders
A Ripper's lyricism is unlimited

[Canibus]

The opening mechanism for the Sphinx is behind the ears
But there is freedom behind your fears
I am the autistic King Ellipsis who broke the Ecliptic
But don't nobody wanna listen
After twelve I turned into a Rakim gremlin
Bare witness to my lyrical fitness
Paranoid chilling Bob Dylan, Hip Hop villain
Lyrical Law from the heart of the Dark Lizard King still spitting
Kill a gilla reptile with poisonous venom
Give 'em a poem in every embolism when the rhythm hit 'em
Bus 'em, punishes women and children, whoever wit' 'em
The illest alive, still living, still spitting
The audio master, blast you with a vocal sample trigger
I'm the illest, I'm the illest, I'm the illest
They got their plans and we got ours
Plus I got my own plans if something goes sour

[Canibus]

Fast acting bio hazard, my verse is a surface burst
Blasting and attacking and backtracking through a massive magnet
Global area with a bio location for rappers
Vocals powered by zero point magic motors
How many times you done this before Bis?
Created an album that some love but others dismiss

My air-apparent is trying to hijack Hip Hop
Using some fucked up mixing board spirits
Everything I've written for my brothers and sisters who still listen
This ain't no fricking fake reality vision
This a real mission, the real wheels of steel still spinning
I laugh, radio DJs ass kissing
How far would you go to be a rapper? Ask 'em
Beyond the absence of light is only blackness
How far would you go to be a rapper? Ask 'em
Beyond the absence of light is all blackness

[Canibus]

Two hundred bars, eleven minutes, eighteen bars per minute
Yeah, I still got it, can you fuck with it?
Superior rhymes recorded inside ethereal time
Uncontrived and alive by design
Tiger tooth Spiderman diving off the roof
Smile, it's the truth when I'm rhyming over loops
I'm in a spaceship minus the roof
Yeah, a real spaceship, something I designed in my youth
Let the world know the truth,
That I designed iller records than you
I wrote, produced and recorded and released a lot more records than you
Just thought that I should get more credit than you
'Cause I'm better than you
See, you can lie to me but don't lie about me
Is that all you got? No wonder you grouchy
My lyrics sound horrible, your voice sounds lousy
So why you still be up on radio talking 'bout me?

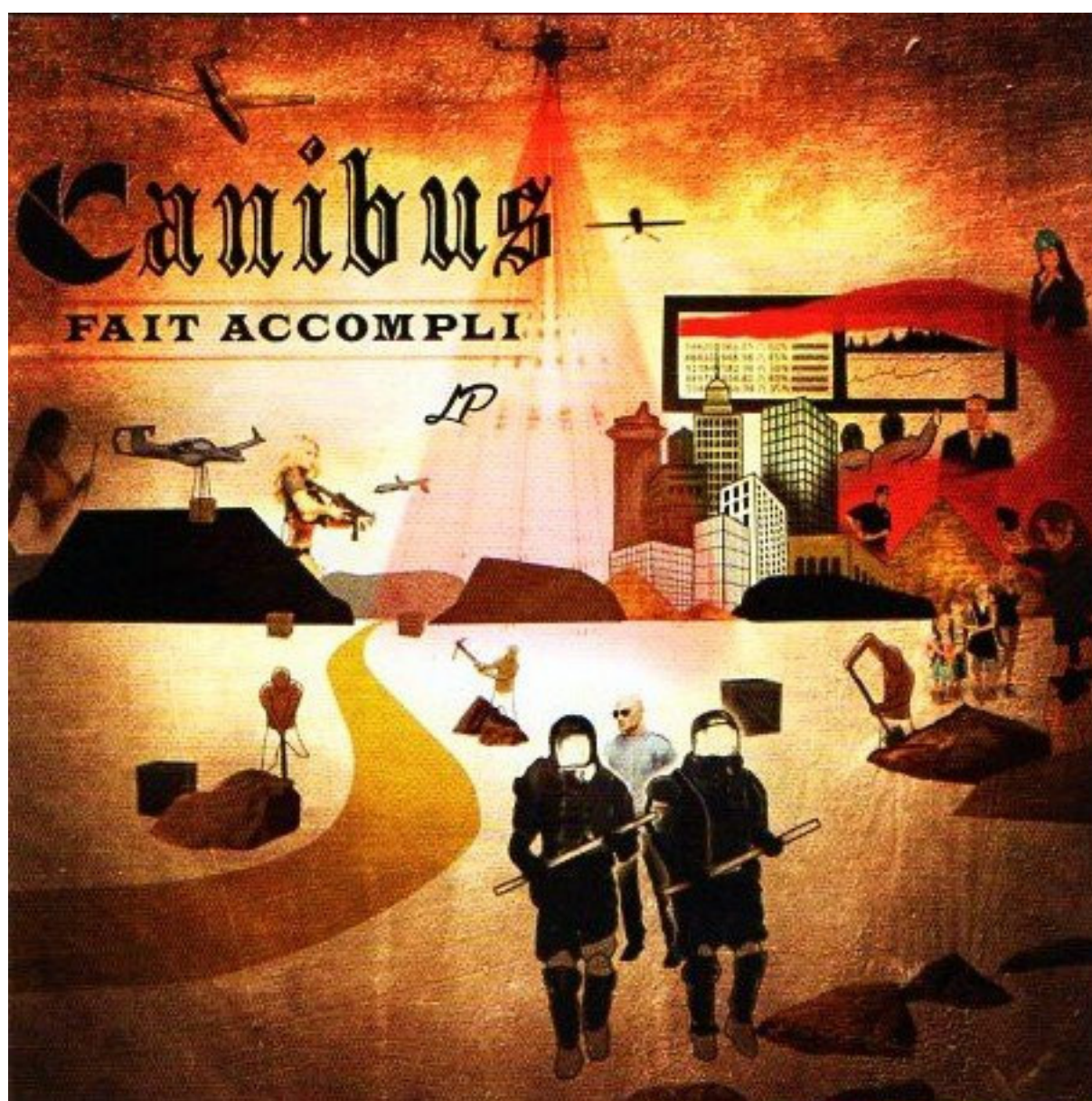
[Canibus]

Catchphrase me if you can, nobody rhyme like Javelin Fangz
I grab the mic with pure knowledge in my hand
Jump off the bridge, you fake niggas scam
I'll strangle you with dreadlocks and my bear hands
Take you to the ground, release no release, I'm a beast
Run out of wind? I'll hit you with the piece
One, two, three deceased
It's already chaos going on in the streets, it's just you and me
I'ma make you eat everything you said about the kid
Hip Hop's one of those things I'm proud I did
I respect your whole catalog and what you've said
And I'ma share your legacy with the one's who care
They say, "Hip Hop is the greatest story never told"
Imagine what it'd look like at a hundred years old
You can't use mind control on a timeless soul
An emcee's lyrics defines his role

[Canibus]

Close encounters with the poetic Buddha
Outside Infinity City, with programmable life-form producers
The Grand Deception, that's what it was
The idea of aliens or anatomical subs

For dinosaurs that feed off our flesh and blood
They worship the Sun, put you to death if you run
The serpent from Eden at Glen Rose, Texas museum
What's the meaning? They lived alongside human beings
Visible photography blends with lomography lens
They can't copy, no matter how they pretend
The Canibus Man, is just apocalypse in a can
But Rip the Jacker spreads soundscapes across the land
Constant to your death signals, Hip Hop jingles
I could literally kill you with a Hip Hop single
SEI is now online, the next verse reverse time
I can float a pound of steel with my mind
Tesla shield designed, obsessed with unlocking my mind
'Cause there is no stopping my kind
The photons of life phase conjugation on the mic
My rhymes re-materialize as light
The lost unified field theory of Maxwell
They know I rap, but they didn't know I rap that well
I can't deceive you, the truth is out there for the people
The lies are transparent to see through
I dream the galactic green, the Northern Lights in the skies
Uninhibited by the jet stream
God is within me, God is within you too
And together we will find the truth
They said "You ain't the same Rip, Canibus, Poet Laureate"
But you never check what Germaine think
Project CC-gate spit, comet sized "C" spaceship
They so shocked they didn't say shit
Lyrical Law is all about the lyrics
And it goes a little something like this, hit it



Canibus Lyrics

"Fait Accompli"

[Verse 1:]

Type on keyboard blind, sign in- everybody say hi
I'm the holy hip hop Majai
Them motherfuckers kicked in the door, I got excited
When I realized who who it was I got silent
Morgan Freeman told the country it's all over
Danny Glover said the same thing but slower
Now they say he's worse than Carter
Him and his big head daughters
They don't care about collapse of the dollar
The population of a planet cries out for more
They are ignored and repeatedly provoked to war
Martial Law, what you think they was hoping for?
All you gotta' do is walk through that open door
Modern man - is but a primitive hologram
Transhumans, revolutions with pots and pans
The god gene is the dominant strand
The politics don't matter - the left, right or they communist plans

[Verse 2:]

If you don't want beef - pipe down that inflammatory speech
Throw you in the Goulag for weeks
Which pussy riot whore passport to go to Hong Kong?
Nah nigger.. you ain't going on tour
The hood die young with guns and tied tongues
Daughters and sons smoke drugs that fry lungs
When liars tell the truth, nobody believes them
Then along comes somebody they can trust that deceives them
One ounce of silver, one ounce of copper
That's all I got , that ain't enough to stop 'em
The problem that we face is race
Even if you ain't black, you can't escape this draconian fate
Partnership, transpacific, free speech no longer permitted
Guilty as charged, you will not be acquitted
Listen - you taking a piss? You better not be
You on the black list, everybody bout to get stripped
Yeah, you know what they say, it is what it is till it ain't
So what - you go hard in the paint
Whatever, hurry up and wait till it's too late to change the stakes
The nuisance abates, the truth is you're abused by the state
Get small stay home and pray
Raytheon drones strafe, no home is safe
Don't watch the throne, watch that nordics face
Ididarod dog race across unthawed straights
For the agent provocateur in all lace
Muscle therapy Kate, Uleander in a sauna feeding me grapes
She pour cold champagne in the warm spring lake

Brought her to my seed vault for the cost of freight
"Svalbard" how's it feel to rule the world? Wait!
I got one kernel of corn on my plate, stop dreaming get back to base
Well ok - But why the flight time shorter than the pat downs take?
It's because freedom is fake in a police state
USA constitution got shredded in oh 8
Able bodied adults, that can't get out of the cult
They say that's it's the luciferians fault
And now Holocaust healthcare is not much better than welfare
Assassin dress like mailman
Violence doesn't discriminate, it's just has to intimidate
Now you got a Zimmerman in your face
I see the people of the world protest in vain
While the antichrist reigns through the sons of Cain
Righteous people of the world protest in vain
While the antichrist reigns rain rain and rains

Canibus Lyrics

"Pay Me In Gold"

Finance yo' fine ass, they cherry pick off the street
They own everything that we eat, they control everything that we see
It trickles down to the beats from the temple on high with the priest
Where they sacrifice blood to the beast with javelin teeth
Mother Mary Magdalene said a prayer with a tweet
It's only weeks away, it's called modern day D-day
"I don't know shit," that's what the Chief say
The Devil told me Jesus died for nothing
The evidence he showed me: it's all a corruption
Corruption everywhere, let's be clear: The End IS Near
The Devil desires to tempt your ear
The Book of Life has no names, just shackle and chains
Day traders reading Elliott waves
Dark entities, deep enclaves, houses sheep and slaves
The maze of malnutrition and malaise
HAARP, one trillion watt warp
Split a Wal-Mart in half like the Red Sea to see what you bought
Oregano oil, one quart for immune support
Ban Ki-moon, Blood Moon source doom and default
Go for it, one decimal point away from rolling a joint
I bought an IPO Cannabit coin
Yeah, the dye is cast, currencies dive and crash
One world government, at last
An octopus with infinite arms says, "There is no God
The little g will be a big G later on."
A delicate balance, the challenge is dividing his talents
While maintaining a colorful palate
You struggle to overstand the true history of man
But the pursuit of such knowledge is banned
Google Glass hardwired to the human glands
Used to take two to dance, now it's just artificial intelligence
Glass—Steagall shattered from the wall to the ground
The nobility announce, "They are forced to bow!"
They won't get to reintroduce the Bradbury Pound
Cause the red Chinese probably snatched up every ounce
THEY WANT GOLD

Canibus Lyrics

"This Ain't The Movies"

I got human growth hormone bones
You better leave me alone
Badass M.A.N.P.A.D.S and drones
I follow slow, their footprints in the snow
They pigeon toed, they cooking with peanut oil
They gotta be close
I track the geese, take flight move east
Team real, tree fleece
They match rims on the pickup chief
I'm that p3 orion, dragon Judah standing next to the lion
With angels beside him and god behind em
The son of perdition wants to kidnap all of the women
And make slaves outta all of the children
Shinola hit the fan, the pine sol soils ya pants
You were warned - but you still in a trance
Brand new Lambroghini vans parked outside the Fema camps
Can't nobody change they plans?
You sat down in the chair and you crossed your legs
The next time you do that you'll be wearing depends
They took your picture up close - with a telescopic lens
They wrote a report that said you got terrorist friends
They all lies and more got damn lies
She got bedroom eyes, carmelized apples beef patty thighs
It ain't the brown mans fault - that the second vicil war jumped off
Who's his boss? Implicate the source
They got battle cruisers bigger than Cuba
With internet 2 computers, the front man is just one of they stooges
They control the information, they abuse it
Noone could disprove it, resistance means your already recruited, stupid
Identify threat within and external
EMP blast stop the war wagon when it circle
The keys the nuclear closet is in his upper jacker pocket
Locked him up with a Nuwabian prophet
The N D double A was the process
But they been doing this brown people since posse commiatus
Poverty migration, depopulation violations, genocide of nation
Through the god they put faith in
Our thoughts and spiritual energy force is wasted
Rebirth is eliminated, we are rehypothesized
World domination predidacted by human lab rats
And dead cats that got ate by economic Mad Max
Platnium before I knew what platnium was
Got plaques, ried to exchange it for cash and got laughed at
Not funny, still don't nothing move but the money
If the dollar is devalued - you just another dummy
Derivative bubbles, quasi illegitimate puzzles
They chuckle in they bungalow till it crubmle

If you were me, then I would be humble
Seek out those who love you
Seek the lord for you know he loves you
Avoid digital voo doo and these black swan gurus
Yeah, it's the end of the world and business as usual
Americans ain't stupid, they're just distracted
The good life was good for as long as it lasted
Primary audio circuit, fait accompli emergency service
Pay me up front for the verses
Any currency is good as long as it can be converted
As long as I can use it for my food item purchase
Or any emergency purpose, religious workers travel by permit
Mega bus merchants public transportation mergers
Good bad and ugly, all wanna grab your money
Brass monkey - uncle Sam be grumpy
He make sounds like star wars Chewy
But this ain't the movies
Trust me - this ain't the movies
Shell cases make beats when they touch the concrete
You might hang from a tree if you don't got a strong fleet
Of course we gon remember you, look what you did
You threw America in a trash can with no lod
Forgive and forget, woah not so fast just yet
Rodney Dangerfield just wanted respect, from the powers

Canibus Lyrics

"The Primary Axiom"

It ain't no excuse, it's the truth
We never had a chance cause the enemy's not human
Bite off more than you could chew then choke
Good and bad opportunities, I've ruined them both
What you be about, Lord? "Aiyo, I be about Tiaamat's law
Before the Great Wall was destroyed."
Knowledge, wisdom, understandin'
Amnesia pre-plannin'
Native tribes slaughtered by cannons
Didn't wanna listen when I told you
Now you eating soy bean tofu, look what you go through
The faggot wants to be accepted, the Anti-Christ is erected
The whole world changes perspective
Khadafi had a golden gun
China got two hundred and fifty quadrillion golden tons
American confidence is waning, patriots complaining
Drones in the sky filmin' terrorist training
The white man's mad because the white man is selling out the white man
Now you KNOW shit is bad
The Asian man got computers that don't subtract, they just add up
While the Arab man'll still pull the dagger
The rednecks from Santa Ana reach for they hammer
Blam, Blam, Blamma look straight into the camera
Jenny Lake, Wyoming camping, the stars are dancing
Starlight skies, Dreadnaught's commander
Homo Cobra Capensis, long pincher's
Like a Mantis, early Appalachia Atlantis
Baalbek, broad shoulders, throw boulders to the four corners
When I'm around they start talkin'
Knuckle-draggin' monkey, think he know somethin'?
You don't know nothin'! The Ironman suit was on Tussin!
The nation sinks into a cesspool of sinflation
Automated Jamaican simulations, I'm stimulated
Eviscerated, well-shaven, when he's dead cremate him
Make sure you say his rhymes verbatim
I'mma put you in rehab, punch you i your fuckin' bean bag
And go have myself a nice steam bah
You don't want the wrath of black Charlie McGrath
I sprinkled glass on the grass before they raided my pad
Pull up the customer case while I fuck your face
Negotiate, how much does your 10.99 make?
Yeah I like joggin' in place, Martin Luther's speech everyday
Cause I had to have a dream anyway
Camelbak break, ice cold water on a dry lake
Not bad for a primitive primate, huh?
Dark project research manager, Canibus
In the '90s I created a neuro-sampler

Nano-nuclear waves, non-particle
You the NCO in charge of this group? Lemme talk to you
Rap this, rap that. C'mon Canibus just rap
The whole world happy Canibus back
1000 bars plus tax, I know you love that, you little muskrats
Doin' jumpin' jacks on the tracks
Be quiet! Something is watching us, influencing our consciousness
Falsely encouraging us, stopping us!
They can't live without you, 'Bus
They said we need more time. I quietly replied "Time is up."
I've rhymed enough, uncoiled B-Fields
T1, 2 & 3, the Beast from the East will not yield!
The time war samurai sword, pantomime record
Minds like mines not minds like yours
If language is a virus, Germaine is timeless
Simply put, Germaine is a syllable scientist
In comparison, I pale to creatures with scales, claws and tails
Laser weapons hangin' off of they belts
With the wings and the eyes of an eagle
No matter the distance, they see you
Put your hands where they can see you
Read your thoughts like the NSA
Paralegal power to the people
I wish I had the power to defeat you
The Hebrew has no equal, technology he has the keys to
With breakaway speeds to leave you
The pyscho psychic hypersensitive Sifu
Since the veil's too thick for human beings to see through
They don't need to let you know they don't need you
All you need to know is that they came from Nibiru
Nimrod wants his gold and he's coming to get it
And that's why he's worshiped by the ones that collect it
I can motion vector long enough to hold that sector
I'm the protector, Hip Hop's alpha-successor
Kick yo ass all over the battlefield, it was my pleasure
And we can do it again, whenever

Canibus Lyrics

"Dyson's Fear Of Spheres"

Step into the Grand SCIF Room
Please carefully describe what you see besides a crescent-lit moon
The Frescoe's of Pompei depict modern day
Polyentendres peak like Dante
Speaking of Minister Mugabe's calendar in Zimbabwe
The Earth's first ancient underground enclave
Where the priesthood pontiffs
Burn white smoke to keep conscious
Convene in the square with the black mambas
And the tibetan mandalas, the plaque of palanka
Who is your sponsor? Ganja
Mahatmah Ghandhi in concert
Before the whole world was conquered by the antichrist I watched it
These problematic mystics, nescient narcissistic
Dim wit, still obsessed with the way that I spit shit
You sitting on the highway stuck
I get around the traffic in a high rail truck with a flywheel clutch
The rap music watch dog, Hip hop robot borg
I got JP beats on the boards
We rap music watch dogs, hip hop robot borgs
JP headphones got cobalt chords
Special agent Alexander has bad manners
He gerrymanders cancer communities speaking bad spanish
And since it's now legal task force going wild weasel
They confiscate drugs from the people
Evolved from clips and chrome to bone age cone head clones
With nano ohms operated headphones
Back in the day I used to order chicken parmesean
At the Mondrian and have a sunset seance
She put a nice negligee on
A soft mink bed spread, we could both lay on and just talk
She flirting, combing thru her hair with her own fingers
I wouldn't expect her to know those lyrics
She can't wait to get the album
It downloaded 500 thousand
She says I'm the king of crap mountain
For me to sell out, that means somebody gotta' buy in
Nobody bit the bait Bis, try again
Confirm life is real, the wound is too deep to heal
A man like that does not want to feel
They say I'm too old to rap, 6 minute mile laps
I'll stop when I'm too old to do that
I work for 3 shifts of 8, then I'm out the gate
I post haste forth with before I walk away
I been worlds leading rap manufacturer for quite some while
Don't even trip when they bite my style
I want the whole world to upgrade

Humankind struggles to this day
Many survived the double digit age
But mortality rate everywhere is not the same
Promote life after life, like St. Germaine
Rhymes, reason, signs times and seasons
The latest is in line with unprecedented achievements
We all know what these was, bees worthy bees get buzzed
My superbug is immune to drums
Watch him howl at the moon
The son of a bitch, half baboon
He got a warp around serpent tattoo
He sent floods, radiation to poison our blood
He deceived the whole world to destroy our love
He has no color, he doesn't see the other as his brother
Even though he knows we need each other
He's a animal that walks upright
With a fucked up love life, can't even get a hug for the night
If you see me with my teeth fixed, that means i'm rich
If your teeth is fucked up it's cause you sucked my dick
Talk to the Comm cheif, he asked what's the status
We gotta' survey the fire lit caverns on Saturn
When we landed in a damaged flight cabin
I got out and saw a hexagonal pattern
Walked over and grabbed it
The co-pilot was dead holding a picture of his kids
It would be insensitive to say he wasn't meant to live
I walked 40 clicks the from the edge of the A Ring
Crossed over the Encke divison, Molybdenum bridge
The creature I saw was a cross between a pig with the face of a squid
And fine hairs like an Arachnid
It said "if you gonna stand there and stare
You might aswell walk over here and yank my beard if you ain't scared"
I've seen enough I gotta' get back to where to I live
From that place of abundance called a Dysons sphere
I moved to the U.S at 2 years old
I payed taxes here so long, this is where I call home
The specter metrics edit's is exeptionally impressive
Syndromatic tornado tourettes, but what's that?
Show mercy upon my soul, through proper governance and goodwill
I am your obedient servant still
We are consumed by war, slave class martial law
Blood red like the plateau on Mars
"I will live, love, I earn, try not to burn
For one day soon, the golden ones shall return"
If we discern and work hard to earn, get what we deserve
The golden ones return is our turn
Freedom of press means you get too nosey
Get sentenced to death, cause those were senseless steps
Let the rooster take care of his Biz, let the hens lay eggs
Let the hard working people working make bread
Cause we don't want much, we want what we want
You act like we had a choice, like you didn't set us up
If you can't stand the sound of ya families moans

Then you need to get over there and bandage those bones
Squeaky wheels get oil, silent frogs sit there and boil
All refrigerated items might spoil
Any knowledge is not good knowledge
Unless you gain enough knowledge to emerge from the darkness where it started
Till the light sparketh - manifested itself and departed
Never to return but still yet a part of it
Do you comprehend that? Say that last part again
I was busy watching football again
The power cut off again on again off again
It's the end of the world but let's all pretend
It was just an awful dream
Can't even express what I mean
Cause I don't even know what I seen

Canibus Lyrics

"The Principle Of Equivalence"

River water floods, every country, blood red algae
We are the people, the people have a bounty
Every man woman and child, non elites must bow
This is the future, the future is now
Freedom - liberty - the pursuit of happiness
The home of the brave with a ravenous dark side
Chickasaw war tribes, black apartheid
Hard on the eyes, heavy on the hearts and minds
We can't use constitution to defend our laws
Padelford V. Alderman, Savannah
Executive order 13037
They call us human capital, capital credit
Executive order 12803
Everything in America's for sale my "Gee"
Fictitious obligation, how you gonna qualify that statement
You still live in grandma basement, alone with your thoughts
Don't wanna take your headphones off, they strip you to your draws in the airport
Zombies in the dead zone, pretty ass bitch she redbone, I sat next to her no leg room
The treaty of 1213 means I work for the queen
I work to recover my title deeds
Do noy folly with idle speech, poetry deep
A silent as spiders feet, LE be quiet you creep
Stealthsubmarine silent fleet
The man smiles - he admires the beast
A lamb is just something to eat
Especially when spicy seasoning is added to that wonderful meat
We are the people but the people don't count dude
Barron VS the mayor of Baltimore city council
The USA was not founded on christian values
The treaty of tripoli spells it out for you
Pennsylvania supreme court, the most powerful of all
10 paces draw in front of town hall
The estate was divided into districts to define it's existence
This is a realistic statistic
They set us up to perform poorly
It's the usual story, if you love me make a movie for me
The human population is so easily occupied, human life is just a commodity modified
The highly comprehensive Canibus collection
Old school classic like them early century westerns
Papyrus paper record deals stage coach wagon wheels
Sping transporing my written cylinder seals
Medieval artifact retrieval
Yes, we are the people, but we're just poor people
Evolution produces revolution, not the other way around
Thses stupid ass rappers is as dumb as they sound
I want Freedom, I already know I'm a dead man speaking
Who dies before the RV every weekend

Multi digit palindrome prime lexicon online
Linear lines up right on time
No more lies, Crypto contrived
Quantum worlds collide the moment the groom returns for his bride
I accep the slander and praise
Cause one of these days, it's gonna happen one of two ways
You wake - none of it's real - you laugh or
Inertial mass of inert gas splits the world in half
All that is, is reincarnated to live
We only think we're alive but we're really dead
The yellow dragon from hell
Hatched from a black eggshell with a red tail and deep blue nails
The predator pulled energy from a pool of point 2 mega joules
At zero point zero residue
Ingest the yes pill, this is my last testament and will
Protected by a polar satellite shield , for real
I travel in the flesh, but the goal is to travel without
The house of the lord is a traveling house
In a G2 cloud, when helium 3 hues un shrouded
Among spirits that the pyramid houses
Superwaves shear off the sides of every mountain
Spacecrafts land, a God steps down out of it
A little G God, no doubt about it, people crowd around him
Knowledge - looking gallant and valiant
Wisdom, knowledge nothing without it
Understanding - every attribute itemized and counted
The wind blows up from the ground, the ground makes earthquake sounds
Miles of city blocks shook down
The blood thirsty dracs, shout:
"Launch the attack!", they say "stand like a man or crawl on your back"
Go head take a stand, I know you don't understand
See we always have a choive but we never had a chance
The murder weapon was thrown in the pacific in the high seas
That means it will never be retrieved
When individals decide to climb into a hive mind
They shouldn't be surprised what they find
Your mind is no longer your own
A one billion man army of clones, that follow orders like drones
Hopless silence - whispering quotes of violence
The sky is black, the smoke is violet
There is evil at the doorstep of every man
Declaring you have a choice, but you don't have a chance
The savage salivates at the scent of a man
And say you always had a choice but you never had a chance
What you gotta say about that lieutenant Dan?
Bubba died right there in Forest Gumps hands!

Canibus Lyrics

"The Rude Boy Oscars"

What if they mobilize a merc team to your location right now
What you gonna do, how?
Didn't wanna listen when I told you
Now you eating Soybean Tofu trynna be social
Cold weather index drop, put it in park, stop
They got a checkpoint every block, Korean car seat head rest
STuffed animals, 3 thousand mile traffic
That's understandable, put you in a shanghai sling
Cause you be carrying things, lock you away with PRK Kim
Human nature, animal behaviour
They believe in a saviour
We were all duct tapped by the taper
Can't wake up and smell roses to heal yourself
You're looking for an opportunity to kill yourself
The undead grabs your leg, kick him in the fucking head
Kick his fucking ass again
The ahndicapped hunter covered more ground than all the others
We gotta' give it to him, that was really something
Out taking a walk Nahanni national park
Fourteen when I caught my first Goshawk hawk
Now it's time for improvement, 58 wade mount shooters
We sit on the hill and count cougars
We told them about the future
None of them cared, till they went to confiscate his balls
He wasn't there
Peripheral neuropathy, my nerve endings rarely work properly
I can't feel nothing, try stopping me
They do what they do cause they can
They dominate man, every human homind is scanned
I beg you pardon, I don't know what you talking
Right now from where I'm standing, escape ain't no option
Late August, dry spell, smoke jumpers jumping outta planes trynna battle fires from hell
They have the right to blindfold your eyes, under paragraph five
They need you to initial and sign transparent policies regaring technologies
Software secure - and then again it might not be
The microphone is a philosphere's stone, negative and positive poems
Can-I-bus - you probably know him
I make the music, I create it, I don't have to explain it, I don't care if you hate it
It develops slow, just like we standing here watching the grass grow
Then some day, out of no where: GO! GO! GO! GO! GO!
What you gon do now yo? When MRAPs run over the town folk
I'm not the only one that sees it, I'm just bold enough to believe it
Predictive policing, they watch you while you speakin' and tweeting
For so many reasons, seeing is believing
Ever since the agreement between the humans and the reptilian species
Before the Garden of EDen that bore Prometheus
The devil is devious cause he's the greediest

Land lizards below, winged ones above
The crude we depend on is dinosaur blood
This prison is perfect, a vacuum inside these gates
Together we created something that escaped
You sold us all out to this alien intrusion
And you got the fuckin' nerve to call yourself human?!
Tell em why you mad, I ain't mad no more
You don't wanna listen to knowledge than that's on ya'll
YOU put material items before God
YOU put the evil leadership in charge
YOU were deceived by they villainous charm
And YOU destroyed the constitution's rule of law
One hundred thousand price per share in a uranium mine
Poor lady looks at her baby and cries
Billions of people, slaves to consumption, destruction
You know that God is disgusted

Canibus Lyrics

"Sinflation"

[Intro:]

Today, tomorrow, six months, next year
They have always held the keys to your fears
Fast-forward, decades later, blood, sweat and tears
Are shed to the creator, but it was all made-up
Generation after generation, tell me what changes
History keeps repeating itself for ages

[Verse 1:]

He was driving a Tesla model S playing loud music
He drove into an EMP storm and got electrocuted
Trust fund lawyers were recruited, lawsuits were instituted
"The electric car killed him"; prove it!
Quantum evolution quantum conducive
Quantum revolution rap music quantum electrocution
Transformed him into a mutant, infrared eyesight lucid
Sharpen the picture, fine-tune it or lose it
God's gift, optic oculus rift; look around your environment
But keep your composure, now what do you think?
I think it's all gone to shit; these problems can't be fixed
I think the only solution is reset
They say comply or die, regroup on your side
Or mine and stop making excuses about why
Keep an eye on the micro, but notice the macro
The bottom line is our slave masters are assholes

[Hook:]

Today, tomorrow, six months, next year
They have always held the keys to your fears
Fast-forward, decades later, blood, sweat and tears
Are shed to the creator, but it was all made-up
It ain't today, tomorrow, six months, or next year
They enjoy playing off of all our fears
Fast-forward, decades later, blood, sweat and tears
Are shed to the creator, we don't worship no paper

[Verse 2:]

Preach

The higher the peak, the lower we are forced to dig deep
The best outcome is always out of reach
Do you agree to disagree about hope? 'Course you don't
Believe everything they see, you'll never see through the smoke
You say you know the ledge, that's just a theoretical edge
To make the world a better place you need more than a pledge
Trust no one, even yourself
And this includes the person giving, receiving, or needing some help
But you sold them your soul, and they stretched out your donut hole

You only know what you were told, not what you behold
The collapse is simultaneously triggered
Now you know what it feels like to be a statistic
Poor sons of bitches ain't allowed to make decisions
We're middle-class midgets living off of Third World figures
They say the economy's grown
But if you look there's more vacant homes than homeless people living on the road

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]

You stop getting chances when you stop taking them
So just follow your orders, never question who's making them
"Let us hold hands, let us pray with him"; excuse me, what's your name again?
"Okay, we'll have another round of Jameson
Drink up, rejoice, let's pretend we always have a choice
Cause we sure as hell never had a voice"
The day of reckoning, your last will and testament
Text-messaging emergency services still testing pings
Black Swan psychologists could've been worse, they could've been communists
Objection sustained, McCarthyism, counselor
A complete monopoly, this is proper Hip-Hop verbosity
Show you how it be and how it look to me
They build, destroy, recycle, that's how they get it done
Vocal percussions, no interruptions, perfection
Soundproof coffins, the haunted eavesdrop too often
It's always me and the Lord when I'm talking
Taking long walks on winter beaches falling
With splinters and blisters and the sound of whispering torment
The guillotines are sharpening, their background music is ominous
Laying there naked dying from insomnia
Hungry 'cause they're starving us, gun sentries, hall monitors
Droning and daunting, my dear long-armed darlings
We are death-marching, ritual, sinister, barefoot prisoners
Dig a hole so POWs can shit in it
Prisoners during peacetime, peaceful and primitive
We never could understand, what the fuck is a derivative?
Admit it: we were all deceived with such relative ease
Only because we dared to dream
They stole control with a single act of multiple hacks
They were literal, visceral, non-physical attacks
City-wide but then the chaos metastasized to the countryside
We cried, our Bill of Rights were nullified
So miserable, so sad, I don't ever think I've felt this bad
Feelings are emotions, emotions are scams
Wealth intimidates poor people more than violence
So they hide it, I've been on both sides of the fence
The common man changed to behave as a slave
Reading alien waves in a daze on a Forex page
When Braveheart was brought to King's Court he was shackled in chains
I heard him say "that was an unwinnable game"

Canibus Lyrics

"The Last Christians"

[Verse 1 - Canibus:]

Oblivious Christians, Muslims most of them
Puppet master controls both of them
All spoken language was created by Satan
Planet Earth is a captured operation
Lies cannot exist without speech
Humankind can't trust what they see, tell me what are your beliefs?
Are they a multiple or singular God
Do you follow 10 commandments or 10 thousand laws?
Life on Mars, what are the odds?
Do I remember being there, nah but what if I was brainwashed?
The tier one scientists, that's they main job
To teach you where you are and not where you came from
The telescope is offline, why?
The culture divides due to confusion most of the time
History's always been sorted
Important facts not reported, real Hip hop is not recorded
Dark forces, shadow sorcerers, de-facto black marketers
Families feuding in their corporate offices
The Running Man strangles Mr. Dawson outside Guy Fawkes apartment
Right after the Boston Bombing
I'm in the pawn shop, make me an offer
Take two more derivatives and call me in the morning doctor
E.coli malaria water, earthquake victims still starving
Babies born with bar codes on their organs
Holocaust healthcare was never any better than welfare
A lot of people think it ain't fair
They should drop food from drones instead of dropping bombs
Jimmy Crack Corn from modified hormones
Soybean Tofu grow produce
Faggot ass doctor wanna grab your prostate and he don't even know you
I got nerves of steel protected from electrical surge
My curse words become medical terms
He said "Allahu akbar" and then blew up the plane
They said, "God bless his radioactive remains"
Tactical protocol was changed from that moment on
The whole world's at war but not for long
They say from disaster comes peace, God bless the deceased
They had to pick up the rest of his teeth
First and last name, RFID in your brain
Shackled to some chains on a train
Close quarters close margins, no wiggle room on the target
Stay close like titties and armpits
Bioceramic bone fragments, post apocalyptic mathematics
How do you weaponize a rabbit?
Fusion ignition, a new way of thinking just listen
Close enough to hear the laser beams whisper

[Verse 2 - Canibus:]

Pyramids on every planet
Spacecrafts crash landed and disbanded, left in a sandpit
A Christian cross stands outside a crater
Faint crescent moonlike shapes glow through the vapour
21st century mega quakes shake up
Mommy late for work with messed up make-up
Daddy lost his job, they might break up
He makes 25 cents a week (He makes what?)
The country hungry and tired, Nero is fine tuning his lyre
The empire is consumed by fire
Parliament closely monitored, School bus size comets hit Washington
People in the church talking about God again
Tsunami - what you mean God?
I mean watch the ocean sea saw up thousands of feet to the seafloor
Thought process froze, think but do not disclose
Rap music don't barter no gold
All the plaques we got were fake
Just like this horse shit reality they make you think you create
Dummies amused by the sound of their own laughter
Black gold sprays from white holes in Alaska
Didn't wanna listen when they told you
Now you eating Soybean Tofu, the government owns you
The Antichrist approaches, everybody holds their noses
They know death don't smell like roses
The minister was putting on his tube socks
Went downstairs in the elevator like 2Pac
A foreign diplomats jewel box is no match for elite rulers toolbox
Look how many rules they got, no respect, human conditional disconnect
There's nothing left, certainly less than you would dare suspect
Yet perhaps maybe there's more
Crystal quartz tuning forks, mind control forces strangle your thoughts
My land is lost and now I can't talk or walk
I cry out "my kingdom for a horse!"
Operation full spectrum I reviewed all the metrics
I removed everything that was pleasant, dig a hole to get over depression
Psycho psychic methods, if it works, then why switch the method?
They control the entire globe, they say "I don't care what you know earthman
Just do what you're told!"
Dents, Nicks, Cracks, Splints and other Swedish laments
The best poetry barely makes sense
Their pulse race, blood all over their face
This craziness, an nobody's coming to save us
His mortal wounds were heat treated, we were unable to stop the bleeding
Humans retreating, robots feeding, boulder size rocks are reeling
The earth is squealing, dollar crash
And Wall Street didn't even feel it!
What you dealing with what you gon' eat a meal with
No tangibles? Don't even think about stealing it
Purify your h2o and stop moving so slow
You already know where we gotta' go
Opsec topside, Tony Stark bomblets, rockslide

Twist metal, a bent up carbine
Sweet Caroline, double barrel time
They wanna' beef, don't let em get past the cattle line
Retched, dusty ass stetsion, isotope sensors
This is a community consensus, boys will be boys
Men playing with contaminated toys
The future is full of so much joy
Burgundy maroon John Mayer, blue tooth black root
Yohimble bark root player, soothsayer
Whose within the distance to hear, they don't care
God bless the parying pepper who is scared but prepared
A brand new world begins after pole shift planet overspin
Awe, here we go again, modern day martyrs sing chorus
Ave verum corpus from the pinnacle of tire bale fortress
This is your world, take it back if you want it
But you can't sit at that table without a offering
Pursed lips like Mick Jagger, a bowl of hot soup cracker barrel
Raisin oatmeal with apples, illegal 7.62 rounds in the satchel
This is unnatural, the sentence is death if they catch you
Fuel station incineration, all over the nation
Devils flying all over creation
Don't open that box, it belongs to Pan
And he will compose music for the songs of man
Area 51 is off limits to intellectually timid
Humankind really has no business, if you wanna to see a fight start
Just turn the lights off, just a dark world and a tragedy of life lost

Canibus Lyrics

"God\$les\$ America"

The Necronomicon got us starving like ramadan
Standing road side with a piece of cardboard for chinese Juan
C'mon
Isolate the subject from his friends family and his co workers
Minimum wage means no purchase, no job - no purpose
Run around praise the lord in churches
I pray to God my old sins don't surface
The 1st testament God gets jealous
Look at what he did to impress us
He stopped the world with a nuclear weapon
I beg him, please grant us one thousand years of peace
The East visit the West, the West visits the East
Brother should not war with brother
Our ancestors were stubborn
They kicked the can down the road for nothing
The burden of being black and murdered
Being whacked behind the curtain
But what if you really didn't deserve it?
Doesn't matter, they want blood - no less, no more
We are consumed by war, a slave class ya'll
Scraps on the table, forage for more food when I am able
So much abundance, praise Azazel
You have no heart, you have no conscious
Completely immoral, God bless the godless
Mud water boots drying off by the book of Genesis
A new way of life is imminent
You ain't special, they gonna get you
I ain't talking about nobody in particular, it's hypothetical
Think critical, reticle scan by sentinel
Everybody left the theatre sad but it was memorable
Cross over the boarder to Mexico
Pepe said "yo, if I was you, I would do that slow"
The God Zilla Nimrod, tomahawk look from the side
He screamed out he was from Brooklyn with pride
I refugee from guantanamo bay
But I ain't gotta go there for me to say it that way
Black rock, tungsten padlocks, land locked
No trash box, they said it was toxic, the readings were hot
They water boarded Mos Des, woke up couldn't go back to sleep
Blacktronica lounge, it was Tanya and me
We danced around in shanty town wearing hand me downs, wow
Back from the war, I drink brandy now
Whiskey sour after sundown, low crawl on the ground
Got sand in my mouth, I'm in Miami now, snapped out of it
Didn't know where I was, she messed up my buzz
She don't love me - but she gimmie massage
And no matter how bad things turn out today

When I watch her dance - it all goes away
A golden kazakh eagle saors over Hajj
Looking down at the crowds, it was just a mirage
The tenants in the house of cards
Are too big to jail behind bars
Their problems too big to solve
The body cannot be free when the mind is in prison
Ears that hear are no match for ears that listen
Eyes that see are no match for eyes that see through
Yes - I am a slave, and so are you
Bless, ignorance, weakness is a symptom of innocence
Pay your pennance, go join the prisoners
Chemtrails, airborne spills, destroy you sense of smell
Die now - die later, heads or tails
Photovoltaic array at red dawn before that day
Exactly what I saw I cannot say
In case you haven't noticed I practice patience - focus
Freemason emotion, cold - the coldest
Pagans and their potions, kidnap you under the oceans
It's hard to believe sea monsters wear clothing
Some live in the present, some live in the future
It doesn't matter cause we all live inside a computer
I was a mobile cell phone owener, wireless station controller
It didn't help my radiation exposure
From the higgs boson fermions and protons
At this rate I will always discover more songs
Upset, bored, nothing else to do but record
Or spend time with family and get ignored
No electricity of course
Now we can all sit down at the table and be a family of four
A great new attitude on life, in spite of being loved only a little
And even less liked
Find your ambitious side, the oods greatly stacked against my kind
But I still gotta try I ain't hating on the rich and the famous
I just hate the way they played us
They never give us qual exchanges
No individuals are named, they allocate false blame
No change just more of the same
They're inspired by their desires
A steady stream of water projected between a ring of fire
A pyre of fire
The devil never compromises, the leaders were wrong
Judgement comes down from the skies and fries us all
That's why they dropped the ball!

Canibus Lyrics

"Star Spangled Banger (Outro)"

How long can they keep America distracted?
When will the world dump the dollar in the trash bin?
It was good while it lasted, but now we've been lambasted
What do you think life will be like for your grandkids?
A local watchman climbed up the wall
A United Nations sniper plucked him off
He said, "If I should die before I wake
Cremate my remains and send'em to deep space"
Creative overdrive, completely overloaded with rhymes
This is what we were supposed to design
Prometheus Proteus Prime, frontal lobes plus both sides
Golden spindles spiral over the spine
He spent the lion's share of his life promoting skills
A wise man once said, "The sun don't chill"
Ask your boss why the HEPA filter got switched off
The press release said it has something to do with the cost
From riches to rags every scumbag is mad
You mad 'cause we all got empty lunch bags
The deck is clean; the cables are green
The wind speed is 30 knots over the sea
Satellite targeting, air superiority
My Law: space bags, ammo, and armory
Take to the sky like a falcon, look at you grounded
The mind's eye could move a mountain
The ground beneath your feet is skidding sideways
Domingo said, "We got 365 days"
Family, country, God, respect
Give me liberty or give me death

Canibus Lyrics

"Wreck Room"

[Verse 1 - Crooked I:]

Look, how many beats I gotta put in the casket
Before you understand instrumentals get their ass kicked?
I'm that sick, I'm a backwards cased basket
I'm a basket case, nigga, irate bastard
And I'm strapped, bitch, a ball hog in the hood
So don't talk to me about that ghetto pass shit
This nigga's past it, my clique is massive
And fuck spittin' acid if I haven't written classics
Steady reppin' the West, while Cali rappers say that's played out
You niggas' based out
Type of niggas we leave laid out
Throwin' up a dub, stompin' your face out
That's for the life that you ain't 'bout
You niggas' marks like Zuckerberg and Sanchez
Listenin' to every fuckin' word that a fan says
I think you boys' soft
I think a real fan wanna hear that real shit, if not, turn my voice off
It's Crooked

[Hook:]

You are now consumed by the dark side
So welcome to the belly of the beast
All my niggas eat MC's up for lunchtime
And we'll never be ready for the peace
This is for all y'all bitch-ass snitch niggas
That front and always tellin' the police
Ain't no place in this world you can run or hide
To escape the belly of the beast

[Verse 2 - Flawless the MC:]

Call me Spartacus, In this art I'm just a martyr, plus
I hit hard as a car crash with a charter bus
Y'all just anonymous, don't even try to start a fuss
Because I'm large enough to step down, crushin' you all to dust
Flaw's the illest and I put that on my daughters cause
I'm hungry, like the effect I get that marijuana does
In this game, you'll be [?]
So even with Stan Lee fightin' Marvin Hagler, you couldn't marvel us
I'm flippin' off everyone who scoffed at my shit and tock
Cause I'm a time bomb with a tickin' clock, and the shit just stopped
So if I'm pissed or I'm blowin' up like a blistered pop
It's just hip-hop is infested with [?]
So you can go on and kick up rocks
I'll bet it all, you couldn't set it off with fireworks hooked to Vivica Fox
See when I hitch I'll split your knot
Cause I'm fucked up and cold like I eat Dippin' Dots topped with a liquor shot

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Nino Graye:]

Spit my flows like I'm walkin' around with the Alzheimers
I ain't worried 'bout these small-time rhymers, who?
No imagery and no substance, gimmicky
Young and seein' victories like witnessing Christopher Reeves runnin'
They'll never take number one, these suckers silicone titties
They just look good fakin' and frontin'
They ain't been strugglin', hustlin', pockets with nearly nothin' in 'em
Fuckin' sick and tired, prayin' somethin' was gonna finally give in
Spit 'caine, every 16, raw is on display
They'll stick veins, pick up a CD, put it on and hit play
I'm a think tank, you know what this means, stay out my [?] way
We shot callin', blockin' your entry, nickname Dikembe
'Bout that time, we drawin' the fuckin' line
Bullshit stops here and y'all on the other side
Nino Graye one of the elite, almighty brotherhood
Midwest royalty, just so we all understood

[Hook]

[Verse 4 - Canibus:]

Zuckerberg, I heard you're a sucker for words
Plus you're a perv, the facts just emerged
Sensitive data denial
Get shot on YouTube or go viral, so how did they find you?
Concussion after confession, gold fever, old school westerns
In any group, I'm the loneliest member
Thoroughbred stallion, Jamaican, mountain music
They named him, 'til they cut his legs off and framed him
Step into that digital vortex
The scorned vet judged by generations that ain't even born yet
Read faster than most talk
Write slower than the aardvark walks and squints with the card sharks
A room full of mad professors who study language forensics
Interdependent on phonetic directions
Quick draw, aggressive, really am I on the offensive?
I'm just a Marlboro man from Memphis
Surrounded by firewalls, strong defenses
On Mars with ice cubes and Natasha Henstridge
Canibus

[Hook]



CANIBUS & BRONZE NAZARETH

TIME FLYS. LIFE DIES...
PHOENIX RISE

Canibus Lyrics

"Time Flies, Life Dies..."

Back on the island
When somebody dies
And that body loses soul
That soul go flying up to Heaven
Or digging down to the bad place
There be good dubbies, and there be bad dubbies
And them dubbies, hm, they be a spirit
There has been no place to go
They can't go up, and they can't go down
Some of them look so bad
Until one little boy looked at one the mirror, and that made the [?]
And he frightened little boys
And he turned to a full assault
And all the little animals leak him away, until he was nothing

Wow

There ain't no such thing as ghosts
Besides, uh, I never heard of "dubby" before

There's lots of things little boys ain't heard of before
That's why they little boys
But bad little boys, the dubbies like [?]
And in the begining ready for the bad kids to become dubbies too
So if I were you, I'd be saying me prayers
And doing what the elders tell me to do
The bad dubbies, the bad, bad boys

I feel like greatness lives on the edge of destruction

Canibus Lyrics

"Mikey Destruction, Devastating Tito & DJ Slice"

(feat. Devastating Tito, DJ Slice & Mikey Destruction)

Canibus calls him the master of black acetate vinyl
From New York City to Cairo
DJ Slice

[Verse 1 - Canibus:]

Assassination attempt, the blood had a stench
Bloodhounds picked up the scent, I thought we was friends
Wearing a lab coat, looking through the microscope lens
He say he'd never sniff coke again, fuck that
Give me the snow plow, bust it all down
Freestyle in the dollar van all the way uptown
The bait is always food, pussy and water
It smells so good, it sleepwalk you to your slaughter
Hip Hop awarder ahora, stand next to Rita Ora
Straight balls on the track no chorus
The dollar general, street corner sentinel reputable
Sell a few sidewinders for revenue
What you saying? Tut took a nigga chain
Then put a Michael Jackson glove on, I can't explain
Spit, live nigga shit, you get the gist
From AR to the K-Bar, customized grip

[Verse 2 - Mikey Destruction:]

Who want it? Come and get it, we can spit it if you with it
One lyric will leave a hole in the logo of your fitted
Bars like penitentiaries mellow, win mentally
Destroy the enemy I could bellow it instrumentally
Canibus and Destruction back to back
Causes spontaneous combustion on a track
Lyrics flame on anything we put our name on
That's why your ears been burning since the song came on
Lames gone, game's on, this is no joke
The pros choke, that cynical shit will get your nose broke
Subliminal shit is a waste
I don't have to speak in riddles 'cause I'll say it to your face
And this is just a little taste
'Cause if I really start spitting it, this shit will catch a case
Check your history, y'all niggas can't get with me
I'm your favorite MC to the fifth degree

[Verse 3 - Devastating Tito:]

A [?] model, Diallo, hollows the Mellow Man
The stage ain't Apollo, them hollows will leave 'em hologram
The war season, there's more treason
The core reason these cats fiending for me, I cruise Norwegian
I'm articulate, bomb tickin', I'm armed lyrics

The mortician that lift the spirits from your formed physics
As egotistical make 'em shake like I'm mystical
Keep his face in a pistol this station will run municipals
It's our century, commentary is monetary
My monastery is armor heavy I was born ready
So bring your generals and a minute of intervals
I'ma spit on your literature, defecate and spit on you niggas
It's broken mirrors with broken spirits the motion sickness
My flow floats across these waters like it's open water
It's Canibus and Mikey, Tito the rap de-vils
I break eagles like I'm breakin' records on track needles

[Verse 4 - Canibus:]

Spikes across the road Mikey D tag team yo
Refresh reload in magazine mode
Transition pole position the globe spinning
Chop sticks in a rice bowl with some gold in it
Bust him in the head with a brick, he hop away with no hip
He still love Hip Hop no shit
Crucifix around your neck, take the cross off your back
In fact, we thank the Lord for rap
Mirror mirror on the wall tell me what you saw
Melle Mel, Grandmaster Caz, yes yes y'all
Inside the hall of fame with graffiti on the walls
The engineer said, "Take it easy on the boards"
Attack dog jump off to shred mic chords
Put 'em all in a cage and see what they fight for
One goat, two goats, three goats, four
We rep Hip Hop from roof top to the floor

[Verse 5 - Mikey Destruction:]

Drop jewels with the best of 'em, I'm cool with the rest of 'em
Fools who keep questionin', school 'em and keep testin' 'em
Manipulate the tracks while I'm spittin' out the facts
Slap, picking it up, you ain't gettin' none of that
Precise I'm nice nigga, the flow is impeccable
Amazing what some sleep, a pen and pad and a check'll do
What started slow for me, now I'm a vet and a spectacle
They killed the rotary, so now I'm gettin' technical
Beast mode, the East Coast will never die
And jet mode to the West Coast, forever fly
Transporter no JanSport or no camcorder
Sip a quart of water while I'm kidnappin' your man's daughter
Canibus said, "Ill," I went crazy with it
Other cats said, "Chill," fugazy with it
I got your back for life Bis, you feel me?
That's what it is when you fucking with a real G

Canibus Lyrics

"Canibus Autobiography (Part 01)"

[Intro - Caller, Jay Z & (Howard Stern):]

(Go ahead you're on the air with Jay Z)

Hey Jay, what's up man?

What's happenin'?

With uh, today's market

Pretty much watered down by people that took Biggie's style

How do you feel about talent like Canibus not gettin' a fair shake?

Um, I, I think all artists should get a fair shake

Uh Talib Kweli, Common Sense, Canibus

You know, I like the guy's integrity

[Hook x2:]

(To my people) This is my audiobiography

This is my audiobiography

(To all my people) This is my audiobiography

Nobody can tell it but me

[Verse 1:]

Paul Allen's birthday party, aboard the Crystal Harmony

1998, so far from poverty

Sixty nautical miles off the Beach of Sound

Madonna's music playin' in the background

Dr. Boots sat across from me, Bill Gates walked out

Angela Basset tried to talk to me

He pointed to his residence, off the starboard bow

Looked like the president's White House, we all said, "Wow"

In my mind I'm like, "This is dope right now"

I just sat down, sip some white wine and lounge

He asked everybody if they was enjoyin' theyself

I thought to myself, "Of course we enjoyin' your wealth"

He asked me, "What do you do?" I told him, "I'm an entertainer"

He said, "A singer?" I said, "Nah, I produce bangers"

I didn't fit in, fat gold chain on

Pure player sweatsuit, Timbs and shades on

Paul Allen standin' there with Elvis Presley sideburns

I guess that was to keep his face warm

This bad shorty I was with, yeah she brought me along as a guest

I had to give it to her, I was impressed

We spent four days and five nights, wine and twilight

I didn't give a fuck about no Source and five mics

[?], Kweli doin' Datwon Thomas

Them wicked ones used Hip-Hop to divide us

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2:]

I'm a genius of compositions like Mike Mothersbaugh of the hood

In a circular line between studio Hollywood
I stood right there, and watched them produce the theme song for a film that I wasn't into
Back to the East Coast boom bap beats, I agree
[?] and Danielle, Lost Boys [?] routine
Clark Kent, Peter Panic, [?], CL from Cornerstone
Give me another shot of Cortisone
The Lex coupe, Bimmers, Benz, [?] and Bentleys
Star Wars, car wash, customer friendly
Goin' through the Hollow Tunnel, clock at 1:20
If it wasn't for Kevin, Treach would've killed Wendy
Talkin' all that shit, comin' outta Hot 97, Big Pun was like, "Fall back 'Bis"
I ran [?] in the rain, flat tire tack expire
The Negro League had a deal with Mariah
And the penthouse ponies from Kayah
At the table with the homie and Naomi when he gave her them diamonds
Hop the train to NBC and BK
Got groceries for this nigga, let me see what he say
They was solid gold, can't argue with that, right?
Always hold my niggas down that's the story of my life
My memory base jumpin' all over the place
Just put the pieces together, ain't none of it fake

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3:]

West Coast Californ-i-a, shit is real
In the front yard smokin' some turtle with Henry Hill
He put me on the phone with Cameron G in Seattle
We was just talkin' 'bout life, it's all natural
I told him 'bout how I do music, nothin' major
I just came back from Fort Lewis via Vegas
Henry was writtin' a book, workin' on the pages
I remember the movie 'bout his life he was famous
He asked me 'bout Second Round, don't ask me why
Bad Boys don't advertise but I had to comply
I said how cool Mike was, don't believe the lies
And how Tyson lived next to the Sultan of Brunei
I drove Mike's Porsche up to the Sultan's gate
He act sad like security be at the wake
He got out, walked inside, it's night time
They had a mini horse track around the property line
I lost money at Kentucky Derby, 'cause I ain't lucky like that
I just got memories about rap
Remember put this in your CD Rom, www.canibus.com
Few people understood where I was goin' when I said it
I was so far ahead in the future, I regret it
Isolated, forced to fight with the basics, I looked crazy
But the truth is, it's so amazin'
I got friends in high places
But countless enemies with deep seeded hatred who don't want me to say shit

[Hook x2]

[Verse 4:]

They took away my green card, figaro
Mickey the monkey can't travel overseas no mo'
I moved back to Atlanta, back to the basics
Northside Drive, Dallas, Austin lives in a space ship
Stamps in my passport, been many places
So many situations, so many faces
In the limo with the high priest on the way to a Sony party
The only time I met Nas
Me [?] and the high priest skip in line
We had beast with us, lookin' like Spetsnaz
We stepped inside, everybody knew I wrecked rhymes like, "Bring the record back Selektah"
From twenty minutes a bounce, it was more like ten
But who's countin'? And that's when everything got clouded
The high priest had on black tuxedo slacks
With red shirt and red alligators to match
Back in the limo, I'm lookin' at my world through a tinted window
I'm thinkin', "Can it all be so simple?"
The priest put his hand on his heart, Pledge of Allegiance
And said he was the son of [?], believe it
He wore a pinky ring, said the ring made him a mobsta
Then he said [?] was his father
That's Theodore Bowen, Jessibell [?]
Timmy Visine fell for mafia all day
It got to be something to it 'cause they live like gods
And it's the truth, that's some real Hip-Hop hoorah

[Hook x2]

[Verse 5:]

K-Solo, BOLO, Pac-Man
Born Sun, David Madison, the Sharpshooter Clan
Maintainin' my mojo, record vocals
I went from underground to worldwide pan global
Back to independent, distributed local
Life is so anecdotal, I still rep like I'm supposed to
2005, summertime, Orlando
Shaquille O'Neal wearin' 22 inch sandals
Cory Gunz, Marley Marl, Kay Slay nigga, Papoose
Young Zee, the whole god damn crew
Deja, 34, back then I was so damn raw
Nobody could see we bar for bar, look at me
Superman vs. Bizarro, Kryptonite cargo embargo
Listen they ain't want no part yo
The red white and blue, 500 pound bomb proof
Shock troop [?] troop mark my [?]
The five ten program, freedom is a slave to no man
If you meet my on point, I got you
Lock 'em load 'em and shock 'em, rock 'em top to bottom
First cat put the kibosh on all columns, what options? Nothin', need oxygen
Howard Stern took me to a Hip-Hop event (One time)
But not again, what?

[Outro - Howard Stern, Canibus & (Man):]

Canibus is here

You hung out with Mike Tyson?

Yeah

Well how's that?

Mike's cool, he's cool

Is he cool?

Yeah

Do you think he's okay?

He's intelligent

Really?

Yeah

Where do you write with Mike Tyson? I mean did you, you wrote a song with him?

Yeah, yeah we, we-

Where did you go to his mansion in, uh, Las Vegas?

I, I've been with him there

Oh, you have

Yeah

Did you see the tiger that he has?

Yeah, he's got four. He lets 'em run loose

Oh my... What do they feed those things?

I don't know man, like raw chickens or somethin'

Really? Oh, that is sick man. Oh, that's wild man

(It's, you know. Things [?]. They don't talk about boxing.)

Yeah

Right

(They talk about, a lot of their theories on life and stuff.)

Right

Canibus is on top of the scene

See this guy's on the cutting edge of rap

How's your album sellin'?

It's certified gold

Is that right?

Yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Can-I-Bus, you know?

Right

Canibus Lyrics

"Interlude Uno"

(feat. Classic Pak)

[Classic Pak:]

When you, when you reach this type of hype
It's a whole different type of, feelin'
A whole different type of vibe
You know? It's like the air get different
It's like, it's like, it's like you become one with the trees
You know what I mean? Yeah
It's the best that ever been done
This is the best day in Hip-Hop history
We need to make it a holiday
Yeah, Hip-Hop holiday
Come on, give it up for the God
Mr. Can-I-Bus
Ha ha ha ha ha, yeah!

Canibus Lyrics

"Bronze Horses"

(feat. Killa Priest)

[Hook x2 - Canibus:]

Horseman, graze like goats off the land
Expand, then we chop it up like lamb
I'm a horseman, he's a horseman
I'm a horseman

[Verse 1 - Canibus:]

Killah Priest, Canibus, obstacle courses for horses
I dismount then engage multiple targets
Shoulder to shoulder, face to face, we're Saruman soldiers
The heat from the second Sun smolders
At 200 degrees, I drop to my knees
Priest told me to breathe when time signature freeze
I am now at peace, the ocean conveyer belt flows to the east
The new silk row will host the beast
Before I need, translate speech
Silver fox trades herbal spices to eat for rice and meat
In the parkin' lot we drill doin' muy Tai Chi
Tell Mook to call me after I write to that beat
The dark spitter, thought ninja, sharp thinker
Acupuncture heart pincher, ricochet off the rickshaw nigga
Hard feats off tendons, medicine, my pontoons walk on rivers
Why you still walk with a limp?
I was injured I self-administered apple cider, garlic and vinegar
Feel better than I did in December
Used to be gone till November, remember?
Now I got security sensors for side exits, back door and entrance
Posted up with night vision like lizard in dark night prison
The wise old owl with camouflage feathers
Not to mention there's not even a pot to piss in
Wipe my ass with cardboard next doctor visit

[Hook - Canibus:]

I'm a horseman, he's a horseman
I'm a horseman
Horseman, graze like goats off the land
Expand, then we chop it up like lamb
I'm a horseman, Priest a horseman
We the Horsemen
The clan, graze like goats off the land
Expand, then we chop it up like lamb
I'm a horseman, Priest a horseman
We the Horsemen

[Verse 2 - Killah Priest:]

Guns and blow, create a thunder hole for the young and old

Black hole when crack soul protect the globe
Crossbow for the lost souls in the last toll
Pay yours fares in the air, the end is near
Nah, the end is here, description of giant smoke stacked
Blue plasma boil, blood in the soil, fight over spoil
Gold or all out in Iraq, stress disorders
And test the water, death or slaughter
Protect your quarter, times are shorter
Got my preacher at the altar
No home cooked meals, just blood, sweat and steel
Army shield, battle field, shoot to kill
Castle hill, arrow steel, post traumatic
Automatic, break your bones into fragments
Blue dragnet, your crew will scavenge, move tragic
The Hell jumpers and shell dumpers, they failed in numbers
Coming in tanks and Hummers, a cold day in the summer
Forged passports, we dodge the task force
Traps across, who get the cops off
I'm at the dock with the boss Matthew Markoff
We laugh as we dash like hot sauce

[Hook - Canibus:]

Horseman, graze like goats off the land
Expand, then we chop it up like lamb
I'm a horseman, Priest a horseman
We the Horseman
The clan, graze like goats off the land
Expand, then we chop it up like lamb
I'm a horseman, Priest a horseman
We the Horsemen

Canibus Lyrics

"The Kings Sent For Me"

(feat. Bronze Nazareth, Raekwon, Kurupt & Craig G)

[Raekwon:]

Yo what up?

Stop parking your rollers on the side of the street homey

This is fucking Chef, man

This your brother Chef, man

From Shaol-land

You already know it's Shaolin, what goin' on?

[Raekwon:]

Back for vengeance, glocked up, drinkin' Cîroc up

Call it what you call it, I'ma call it some block stuff

Used to flashing gats, double barrels that flips narrow

Don't even give it to Daryl then

Hang with the monster mobsters

All of them keep rockets on 'em, ain't no sense for the arguments

Drugs and guns and dunns in every part of my plan's done

Hidin' in my mansion, one year

I'ma a Polo head, Polo with a Rover sober red

Ridin' with my niggas in Chicago, hold the lead my nigga

'Cause it's the bigger we get, the bigger you fall

The bigger we shit, check the wall full of scholars

Bank robbers ankle gold joggers

All my niggas quick to get off, poppin' collars, kid

It's just a family status

Don't get sprayed up for fuckin' with the family cabbage

[Hook - Bronze Nazareth:]

Samuriders, scramble when I aim and toke

Best believe I'ma flame your ankle with metal bolts

From the flavors you taste when the rocks is quotes

I'ma have a bronze [?] with all onyx scopes

My hands stay clean without the soap

When you see it's us you feel the rush, the opposite of hope

Slammin' grammar wizard choke and the hammer hits the oak

Slam a wiz that's cold, I deliver keys of coke

[Kurupt:]

He must be on meds and shit

I keeps one of those thangs that shreds your shit

Or did he forget the number of how many get hit?

For fuckin' with real niggas, more money to get

Fuck it, sandblast niggas like the Mojave

Beef Mugabe I'll be probably oddly

Pushin' down the street low key bucket and banger

Front liners with me strictly, buckin' and bangin'

Twistin' the robbery, on missions soldiers

Goblins know got steam brewin' niggas like Folgers
Fronkenstein, I'ma bubble away
From triplin' what a nigga made yesterday
Before I start bustin' a musket, ivory tusk handle on the hammer
Trust me it must be Pentagon or nothing motherfucker
I won't tell you again
Sand rider Samurider I'ma ride till the end

[Hook]

[Canibus:]

Women are for fucking, men are for fighting
Who cares as long as they both bend over smiling
Yo, I get muddy like Volkswagen offroad buggy
Ladies love me, teddy bears and puppies
Poisonous insects and animals in the stash house
Lookin' for cash, don't put your hand in the couch
Frodo Baggins escort the Komodo dragon
Repeat rappin', memorize the God's solo classic
Predator prowler, truth to power, gunpowder
Plaid lumberjack flak jackets and cowboy trousers
Ponderosa Ibuprofen, gasoline-soaked Mimosas
Ocean spray Grey Goose dolphins
Charles Bronson, Godzilla, Gulf of Tonkin
Sponsored by the Luxor, the casino comped him
The rat hunters cut his dick off last summer
Flushed it down the toilet, sent it back to his mother

[Hook]

[Craig G:]

Heartless, like war torn soldiers in Bosnia
I was with his girl yesterday, ain't have to Bill Cosby her
Craig G, Can-I-Bus, Rae, Kurupt
Antiseptic on beats, you ain't low spray your guts
What? Cover it up with a Band Aid
Damn straight you'll never come close when we mandate
These verbal executions, fittin' MCs necks for nooses
Catch him as he cops a few loosies
I literally and figuratively shoot fifths
True shit, a way to lose quick
Is to cross me, leave a body cold in these warm streets
Hop off stage punch him in the face hop back on beat
Hold New York, 42nd Street was for dope fiends
Triple feature Kung Fu flicks and other coke schemes
Orange boxcutters, and [?]
It's different now it's easy to act tough from a safe place

[Hook]

Canibus Lyrics

"Battle Buddies 4 Life"

(feat. Dizaster)

[Dizaster:]

Ayo, my next King of the Dot battle
Full of arm grapples, bar shackles
All facts, somebody gonna get their top snapped
I bottled it all up, but now you gon' get yo head cut the fuck off just like Saddam's statue
Army commando armed camel all camo AR ammo
In a standoff with Steven Segal and Rambo
Stick your arm out, while I'm standin'
In vantage point a hundred yards out
And I blow your hand off like the jackal
Godfather like I'm Marlon Brando
I'm off the bar handles
Lettin' off the bomb shrapnel
Inside of the god's chapel
Fuckin' with your seed like Mosanto
Sharper than most large panels
Spark candles, for the ones that pass away
I cherish everyday cause life is just a large gamble
This is just the wrong channel
Rippin' through your ross flannel
Caught across fire, turn your block into Los Santos
Los Angelos, heart bandit with Canibus on the track
Get caught stranded on [?] map candid
You catch me whippin' these cats
On an ass-whippin' rampage
I'll throw a fast leg like Johnny Cage, minus the black shades
Anderson Silva, how I snap legs

[Canibus:]

King of the Dot
Muscular dystrophy patients inflicted with inflammation
Barricaded with Oakland raiders placing wages
Beam 'em up to my spaceship
Where the fuck is your immigration papers?
Don't say shit, soak your lips in this basin
You're officially famous
I'm officially off the reservation
I'm officially inviting you to my official engagement
Prophetic, enter the dragon
Prosthetic, hammers and ratchets
Kalashnikov muzzle flash
Brass knuckles crackin'
Double tap, pop you like bubble wrap
You stumble, collapse
Suffering succotash, you a sucka for rap
Expendable expert commando merc doin' Rambo work

You think cavity search during earthquakes hurt?
I walk with a torn ACL, jump on stage with L
I met Dizaster in the cage by myself
The don dada, big poppa do Krav Maga
The top shaka, shot a Redbull off a pinata
The hurt locker, first name on the roster
Fight you over a dollar, beat the breaks off a Black Friday shopper
Ten million dollar purse, flip a coin, who first?
I'm the referee of this shit, call me Kool Herc
Of the New World Order, New Earth
Choke you with a tire, in a tube, while American mules drag you through the dirt
Up a hill, down the ravine, till the sand wash in my machine
They scratch booty with they hands before they eat
Alphabet savage, count from seven twenty backwards
After three hundred and sixty lashes I don't need no practice
Marketing promotion distribution of plastic, digital tracklist
Hip hop classic, the whole package
I'm the Sundance Kid and he's Butch
Assault and battery
Hot terminology and tenacity
Diz is my battle buddy for life any way
I put Dizaster vs Marshall Mathers anyday
Say something!

Canibus Lyrics

"Concourse P"

(feat. Pete Rock)

[Pete Rock:]

Damn man, shit, nigga I wrote this shit
Fuck y'all niggas talkin' bout?
P. Rock, niggas, get that
Real Hip-Hop, what it do son
No doubt, yeah, yo

Pete Rock, the desperado
Used to push the hard-top Milano, keep a trunk full of vinyl
Now it's all about Serato, scratch box, laptop
7:45, knock the camera on [?] (Whoo!)
Speak in tongues, nah Papo
But I'm worldwide though, Paris, Tokyo, Bosno
Switzerland, with my mans and them
Italiano show respect like my last name Soprano
Another day another dollar bill, I'ma keep it real
Give a crap how y'all cowards feel
Goin' to the house for the points, I just landed it
The Boy Wonder for Pres, the hood candidate
You wonder why these haters wanna check my manuscript?
Legit talent on display, I illegitimate
This is what I represent, that full throttle, hard body like a militant
And y'all hollow like tips on a silver bullet
Y'all won't pull it, got enough wangstas frontin'
Straight stuntin' like Kay Slay, R.I.P. to my man [?]
You know we miss you and Dilla, everyday
No doubt that I'm a Mac with the wordplay
But everybody got opinions like a vertebrae
Address you niggas in a speech here's what I would say
"To all you rappers, eat a dick and have a nice day"

[Canibus:]

This is Concourse P, welcome to Concourse P
This is Concourse P, boarding now, this is Concourse P
This is Concourse P, welcome to Concourse P
This is Concourse P, boarding now, this is Concourse P

Concourse P, please provide essential ID
Take a seat, bout to fly like like geese
Pete Rock Concourse P, provide your essential ID
Climb aboard if you vaporizer free
Crates of hardware, the acetate bombardier
Is in skippers chair visibility clear
Retract the landing gear, this is Pete Rock Pan Air
Canibus fanfare I'ma tell you when we land there
Soul Brother number one, Samsung we bang drum

From every corner of the Earth to Seoul South Korea son
I just taught my Saudi Arabian butterfly
How to drive in a right hand side M5
Horsepower impressive CO2 sensors
Cost, labor intensive, valuable, expensive
Moose Jaw Wyoming, we left Jackson hole blown wide open
We left the mixing board sliders broken
Who can you handle it? The largest vinyl collection on the planet
Sonically sample it, electronically scan it and stamp it
Light up cigars dancing, passing out pamphlets
The Great Pete Rock, Bronze Nazareth & Canibus
Concourse P, Champagne glass in the air
Propose a toast to a long career
When it's all said and done I got memories
I rocked with the best beat architects of the 21st century
Pick a date - pick any piece of acetate
Then watch Pete pick a gold plate out the crate
Transform Serato to Murcielago
DJ Mia Moretti & Catlin Moe fast and furious
Go fast or slow, Virtuoso Canibus flow
Listen up - this is your captain speaking asshole
Put ya' tray tables away turn off your radios
Seat backs full upright follow the flight plan yo'
Put ya' mouth between ya' legs - kiss your ass goodbye
Thank you for flying the skies where the phoenix rise
Put ya' mouth between ya' legs - kiss your ass goodbye
And thank you for flying the skies where the phoenix rise

This is Concourse P, welcome to Concourse P
This is Concourse P, boarding now, this is Concourse P
This is Concourse P, welcome to Concourse P
This is Concourse P, boarding now, this is Concourse P

Canibus Lyrics

"Interlude Dos"

[Woman:]

You are a victim of your own unconsciously designed destiny

Wherever your will experiences friction, you may be interceded upon an idea that would keep you unfree

Now you are interceding on the destiny of the person next to you, just by your own lack of self-knowledge

If you fear the algorithmic future you may respond too slowly to that information, which will liberate you and help you proceed towards self-realization, even while you being perfectly aware of the snare growing around you

Know your worth and your power will be increased

The intensity of concentration that is infested in the art of self-[?] is rewarded by the direct experience of the extraordinary

Warfare exists in our present illustration of reality

Choose your battles wisely

Most of the opponents that we face will be like a bully to a child

An impulse that is a disgrace to our worth

Open-minded and aware individuals can easily be some of the most reckless and indignant

You must stop calculating your own defeat

You are a victim of your own unconsciously designed destiny

Wherever your will experiences friction, you have been interceded upon an idea that would keep you unfree

Now you are interceding on the destiny of the person next to you, just by your own lack of self-knowledge

If you fear the algorithmic future you may respond too slowly to that information, which will liberate you and help you proceed towards self-realization, even while you being perfectly aware of the snare growing around you

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Canibus Lyrics

"This Is Rome"

(feat. Pyrit)

[Verse 1 - Canibus:]

Every soul is sold - This is Rome
The money not backed by gold - This is Rome
Loads for your chariots and homes - This is Rome
The Emperor has no clothes - This is Rome
Russell Crowe just like me - This is Rome
Everything a warrior can be - This is Rome
Me and Jahmen'll fight the beast - This is Rome
Joaquin Phoenix in the streets - This is Rome
Every single motherfucker is confused - This is Rome
The ugliest piece of ass in the room - This is Rome
Nobody knows what they gon' do - This is Rome
Every talkin' point is all true - This is Rome
More conquests for the war chest - Rome
Everybody wanna be the best - Rome
Corruption is the path to respect - Rome
Assassin with a knife to your neck - Rome
The illusion is too much to bear - Rome
History falls on deaf ears - Rome
My ears still ringing from the cheers - Rome
Till the wheels fall off no fear - Rome
Prepare for the army to invade - Rome
The good times are over Germaine - Rome
Come here you, what is your name? - Rome
Now they gon' turn you to a slave - Rome
Do you not like how I sing? - Rome
Would you prefer to do your own thing? - Rome
Come, let us be merry and drink - Rome
How dare you not kneel, kiss the ring - Rome
Sabotage through espionage - Rome
The Black Knight satellite watch - Rome
Destruction of the enemy is a art - Rome
There is no more rule of law - Rome
The Senate will take recess now - Rome
They'll walk around bare foot style - Rome
You whore! Your titties hang out - Rome
Caesar will have sex with your child - Rome
Zeus will release the Kraken - Rome
The revelation seven headed dragon - Rome
You do-done do-done niggas still rappin'? - Rome
You motherfuckers won't know what happened - Rome
Our prophets gonna smash it to the moon - Rome
The Vatican City is doomed - Rome
Romulus howl at the moon - Rome
The Antichrist rise from the tomb - Rome
Blood will flood through the valleys - Rome

The hounds of Hell will be happy - Rome
Peace to Black Rob, holler at me - Rome
I speak the truth they still attack me - Rome
Yo I don't even care no more - More
They don't want peace they want war - War
Nostradamus crystal ball -Ball
Says the rich will perish with the poor - Poor
Now it's too late to repent - Rome
The Holy Spirit has no more strength - Rome
The General is drunk in his tent - Rome
Surrounded by homosexual men - Rome
Everybody needs gas masks to breathe - Breathe
Plagued by sickness and disease - Disease
The elite scream, "Run away and leave!" - Leave
We have no more leaders to lead - Rome
We brought this upon ourselves - Selves
We got caught up in the spells - Spells
For whom the bell tolls don't tell - Rome
We traded our Heaven for Hell - Rome
We failed to stop chemtrails - Rome
The worldwide hunk of death mail - Rome
We cared too much about our bills - Rome
And we never communicated well - Rome
Now we gon' get what we deserve - Deserve
We turned our backs on God's word- Word
You were too cynical to learn - Learn
I cried out till my throat burned - Burned
God will not clean up your mess- Rome
You humans are so quick to forget- Rome
All you have now is regret- Rome
You figure out what to do next- Rome
It was written that this happened before- Rome
Every cycle of the black star- Rome
Time flies, life dies- Rome
Then the Phoenix will rise and that's all- Rome

[Verse 2 - Pyrit:]

It's like I just woke up in (Rome)
Everything around me say this country is (Rome)
You bring it back to gold standard like this is (Rome)
And [?] kill you right in the street like this is (Rome)
And now we got women catchin' plague like (Rome)
Armies killin' people for religion like (Rome)
Fuckin' politicians touchin' kids like (Rome)
Police come get you right where you live like (Rome)
Horses and chariots (Rome) Judas Iscariots (Rome)
Gladiators in the streets battle to the death (Rome)
We all carryin' (Chrome), turn you to (Chrome)
Leave you where you stand let another man clean the mess (This is Rome)
The gods wage wars in the sky (This is Rome)
The men on the ground with the pestilence and flies (This is Rome)
The plague is in the water supplies (This is Rome)
Find concubines pourin' wines (This is Rome)

It's time that the great beast dies (This is Rome)
Welcome to the feast you swines (This is Rome)
Entrance has made you mines (This is Rome)
Now you'll all exit my bowels at the same time (This is Rome)
We ain't time travelin', we talkin' 'bout the time we livin' in
This modern roaming empire underneath Caligula
Close your eyes envision it
You can see imperial police in the streets beatin' plebs out their innocence
Welcome citizen, you can pay your penance to the Emperor now or get put with the prisoners
Are you listenin'?
Do what you are told or what you are told will be done to you, simple wisdom it
City sprawlin' with soldiers on war horses
With chest armor armed forces for official employers
Roman source patrol off on the dogs roaming remorseless
'Cause job shortage makes some rob to recoup losses
Full equipped with gods on high cliffs
Bombs from drone ships, it's lightning from Zeus' fist
18 A-list VIP as it gets
'Cause pirate computer mix worth a trillion bits
2016, rulers with big dreams
One world, one Roman government, one currency
One slave populace from one goddess' ovaries
One love motherfucker and it ain't for you or me
Totalitarian, barbarian
Motherfucker this is Rome say the name again
You got a favorite sin? Go commit it then
Livin' ain't safe in Rome, but we don't give a shit (This is Rome)

Canibus Lyrics

"Matte BLK Rapana"

(feat. Bronze Nazareth)

[Canibus:]

Cobra cabana, cut your tongue off with katana
The war monger wearin' Bodhidharma body armor
Son of Ravana, Ashwathama Mahabharat
Parama Brahman, surpreme rasta
Practice extreme Prajna, samsara this is nirvana
Buddhavacana from Tathāgatagarbha
My four fathers conscious like Dhyāna
You don't even understand what I'm sayin', be honest
Lightning bolt Vajrayana, thunderbolt Obama
With B.A. Baracus a black tomahawk chopper
Mr. T doin' the Cha Cha dressed like Zulu Shakas
Eatin' green eggs, hasa and salsa
You know you wearing bootleg when the logo is too big
When the tag says, "Made in Manolo Jesus Crib"
Matte black AR, ACOGS and K Bars
You make duck sauce outta Gog and Magog
The airborne flippers with meteorite zippers
Tell the skipper to use helio light dimmers
You know you ain't in the right business, you like to spit I like to listen
We like hyenas babysittin' some kittens
I swoop down like a winged Griffin and pinch 'em
Leave his limbs missin', dirty ass feet like city pigeons

[Bronze Nazareth:]

Yeah, I promise piranhas, minor marijuana farmer
A white widow spider lighter, plantain clips for llamas
Atomic, Verlander slider shell providers
Catch comets cigarillos spell cumulus climber
Spit shiner, uterus finder, secluded survivor
Diva scuba diver combined with urban MacGyver rhymer
Matte black clouds on top of my family opera
My mood is chupacabra sprinkled with ocean liners
In St. Lucian waters, screws loosen hardest armor
The constant garden mixed with George Carver, Pearl Harbors
Swirl diamonds in my verse, train of thought robbers
Chisel chopper chapters, Montego Bay climates
Visible monuments inside the sound, acknowledge it
Kevlaar halos when I ride we gon' poli kid
Meanwhile demolishing, disembowelment
Slit ya collagen hologram, disappear like Hollow Man
Sharpen pen, drill darts through his cardigan
Autograph a camel toe, marvellous artisan
Casual till the cannon blow, harvest my sonogram
There'll never be another like me, he probably REM
You hate to admit you feelin' it like a phantom limb

No plaques but I planted platinum whims
Jesus feet not one of the kings? Sacrilege

Canibus Lyrics

"Give Me Not Control"

Give me control of all the world's media
And I care not who they choose to let entertain 'em
Radio, audio, television, video
Satellite, streaming, download, digital
Give me control of all the world's media
And I care not who they choose to let entertain 'em
Radio, audio, television, video
Satellite, streaming, download, digital

For the Phoenix to rise, life must die
And that's just how it is sometimes
The narrow path is not always clear cut but don't fear nothing
Good karma will amount to something
The 1990 era was the most special
We took this art form to a whole 'nother level
We had Supreme Knowledge, Hip Hop Temple Stone Pilots
All-seeing eyes with the gold iris
The material world is not always truthful
Everybody can't be a business management guru
Gimme Guinness stout, I sit around the table at Google
Meditate, learn the Metu Neter language from YouTube
Raw talent force multiplier enforcer
The Universe bleeds from every orifice, I absorb it
Silver garments smell like garlic, camp-fire concert performers
My Last Supper was a cup of cornmeal porridge
The horizon is dark orange, the Phoenix rise, close orbit
I see armies of 9-foot Wookies in the forest
Transcendence, this is artificial dependence
The future is present, my name is Johnny Depp Junior (Jetson)

Give me control of all the world's media
And I care not who they choose to let entertain 'em
Radio, audio, television, video
Satellite, streaming, download, digital

Jupiter Ascending through beautiful hues and color spectrums
The imagery is in the essence
I need not to be reminded how weak the flesh is
When I am hungry, under pressure, distracted and desperate
I say sing for your suppers you miserable tone-deaf muthafuckas
Coz all you do is fight with each other
You misogynist maggot, fifth columnist faggot
You make promises but take the dishonorable passage
I'm like Little Lord Fauntleroy, the honorable boy
Who became a gentleman, time flies, now I'm forty
You feel me? What is it really? What is life really about?
Once you're in it there is only one way out

At the moment the Phoenix rises from the ashes, magic
My quantum cycle continues in infinite patterns
But who knows? I sure don't because in The Symphony
Of The Celestial, a nigga barely mastered one note
White water, black tightrope snap, kayak through tight gap
No map that exists can tell you where I'm at
Kite surfing over the earth, always dropping in early for work
And keep connecting to the listeners through the verse
Coz for the Phoenix to rise, life must die
That's just how it is sometimes
The narrow path is not always clear cut but don't fear nothing
Good karma will amount to something
Wait for the Phoenix to rise, open your eyes
Time flies, it'll be here before you realise
Signature signs of the end times, one through centillion rhymes
The Phoenix rise, run for your carbon-based lives

Control the whole world's media
Why would you care who they choose to let entertain 'em?
Radio, audio, television, video
Satellite, streaming, download, digital
Give me control of all the world's media
And I care not who they choose to let entertain 'em
Radio, audio, television, video
Satellite, streaming, download, digital
Give me control of all the world's media
And I care not who they choose to let entertain 'them

Canibus Lyrics

"Igloo Music"

Me [?], sittin' in a igloo
Sippin' shark's fin soup bring the king through

Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains
It's obvious I make music in a cave
Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains
It's obvious I make music in a cave
Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains
It's obvious I make music in a cave

Hardware interpret software
My case I am the hardware, I do it by hand like lawn care
Kevlaar palmin' the gear, put 98 rounds in the air
Then bust 99 bottles of beer

I drove to Bohemian Grove with Alfred Hitchcock
Filmed the birds slightly off the side of the road
I was inflicted with the microphone fever
By an ominous creature that said I was toilsome because of my ether
My poetry scrolls was stolen, flown by U-boat drone
To a underwater post off the coast of Micronesia
Woke up lost with no PLOO, my blood flowin' through tubes
My breathin' apparatus removed
Before a dark figure walked in the room
With a glass of apple juice, thought it might be urine so I refused
They put me in a wheelchair, pushed me down the hallway
Nurse had a fat ass and light brown doll face
They assign negative Nelly and morbid Mary
To give me lap dance with Leslie she smell like cherries
They fed me, lemons and strawberries
They telepathically ask me if I was happy and ready, I said, "very"
I heard the sound of music playin' through surround sound acoustics
They lead me into a room with Mila Kunis
But this was all an illusion, tryin' to extract information to use it
I'm lookin' 10,000 years in the future

Hardware interpret software
My case I am the hardware, I do it by hand like lawn care
Kevlaar palmin' the gear, put 98 rounds in the air
Then bust 99 bottles of beer

Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains
It's obvious I make music in a cave
Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains
It's obvious I make music in a cave

I'm Mike Harris veterans the day of damage

[?] with a graphite 50 cal [?]
Sight picture momentarily flickers
Mouse clicker, my retina twitches
It's always ordinarily quicker
I'm the private set the dark pull director black budget investor
Black star planet X professor
Eastern philosophy knowledge lord chief of playin' for violence
Exchangin' knowledge with the neighborhood tribals men
If tonnage is weight, my tongue is a Tungsten plate
That'll make a crane tumble over and break
I work for a better tomorrow
But the interest owed on yesterday's debt is the cause for my sorrow
Oxygen infused umbilical cord tubes
In a catalyst that improves mental magnitude of mood
Several hundred and twenty degrees of awareness
Completely fearless, at the same time scared stiff
Gotta hang in there till it all crash
It's gon' crash 'cause the fraud can't last
Practice patience, my musical machinations will abate them
But only if they stop hatin'
I cook rice and peas, taste it
How could I not be Jamaican?
Ox tail, butter, beans and bacon

Hardware interpret software
My case I am the hardware, I do it by hand like lawn care
Kevlaar palmin' the gear, put 98 rounds in the air
Then bust 99 bottles of beer

Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains
It's obvious I make music in a cave
Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains
It's obvious I make music in a cave

The pelican falls, when the doves cry
A red dawn of black swans cover the sky
Lyrically this, lyrically that
Lyrically lyrically lyrically I break it down to its biomimicery
Come sit with me, you don't really wanna spit with me
Without injury, one day I'ma do it for infinity
The complexity of it is all so simple I record the experience on dilythium crystals
Potty mouth poetry please, I does that with relative ease
The partial speech let the [?] breathe
My prophecy is my poetry, that's how you know it's me
Reserved for your ears and eyes only
Hardcore rap, peppered with extraordinary facts
I am the maestro of syntax
Audiobiographies, Rolling Hill properties
Resurrection after atrocity the buck stops with me

Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains
It's obvious I make music in a cave
Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains

It's obvious I make music in a cave

Fully articulated, skeletal non-human remains
I really didn't mean to be so Germaine

Canibus Lyrics

"Seismoluminescence"

Are you refreshed? It's really nice when more of our human friends come to the party and see the light

[Hook - Canibus:]

Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what you gon' tell them?

[Verse - Canibus:]

Bronze master percussionist, time flies, life dies
Phoenix rise, wiseman rhymes, I'm loving it
Seismoluminescence, the essence, the past
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?
Bed down location, Kodiak radio stations
Boost cape Spacegoat Space Ghost lasers
What's your gift? What your talent?
What does it matter if Alex is right and this is a Prison Planet?
5 man team detachment, XYZ axis
That's what happens when you come to Alaska
The paracord packing, king crabber, big booty bitch grabbing
Snowmobiles in the snow zigzagging
My snowboard paraffin waxing like Tom Cruise acting
Yeah, Sarah Palin looking for maverick
A square shaped planet, pyramid head shaped poet named Hamlet
Rip the Jacker octopus breakdancing
Quantum questions require quantum answers
Tell me why is this Mantis woman trying to be romantic?
5-5-5 file stored Cybernetics performers expected
The human brain is now a barbarous relic
Phonology professor articulating phonetics
Participating for credit, if nothing else, just to send a message
Wake up and smell the petunias, I'm in Peru with my vicuñas
Why do I keep seeing Mila Kunis?
I was told: After death life isn't the same
And when the Phoenix rise, death would not be the end game"
Technology devalues life, intruding ones rights
Contaminating the cost, excluding the price
Removing insight from the human plight
Your historians are doomed to rewrite, click the button if you like
Under the pale moonlight, weapons of unknown types
Marduk, Tammuz, Kingu and Heru fight
Or maybe they working together to keep us all working forever
In subterranean emergency shelters

Classical plateau de Château
Enter 4 tombs of four, enter nations and contours
The west mauling song of the Moors
When an irresistible force faces an immovable thought
The crucible will be buried in the salt
Next to the boot marks and the minds and the hearts
And the kasbergs that march till it's all lost
I never got to say goodbye, I never learned the truth
Cause every word produced was a lie
And now here I stand, before the creator of man
A reptile woman with mantis hands
All worlds are strange
And yet, as above so below, it's all the same
Different only in name, descriptions deviate according to the code displayed
How you know Germaine?
I was told by a whispering loud mouth that came down from the clouds
Her mouth never moved, telepathic style
The science was misinterpreted, they said, "It's time that you know now
The when, the where, the why and the how"
This is what I been praying for, on day 84
I was walking with Lao-Tzu along the mainland wall
From the Yangtze to the Danube to the Nile to the Mississippi south
Every paradigm makes sense now
Except the ones they reject now but only when in front of a crowd
Behind closed doors they break your shit down
Beyond the frequencies of sound we so far passed that now
That reality becomes the background
That's as transparent as cellophane, doorways and parallel planes
My hemispheres create parallel brains
Where my focus strains to create change
Until Germaine's DNA is downloaded through wireless veins
Then uploaded any direction I aim, all directions at once
I pass around omnidirectional blunts
Instead of one to the head, it's like one to the zero, to the one
One -zero- one -zero instead
Seismoluminescence, the essence, the past
The future, the present, that's the next lesson
Telepathic compressors replace questions
JIBO replaces engineers for studio sessions
J-I-B-O JIBO ni hao, ni hao yo
Freeflow, R-T-J JIBO
Thought I was done a week ago
But there's so many different ways 10,000 bars could unfold
You could never be too enlightened, to never want to know
What you could never understand, even though you probably won't

[Hook - Canibus:]

Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past

The future, the present, what's the next lesson?
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what you gon' tell them?

Canibus Lyrics

"Formula Won"

Do or do not do, there is no try
Looking at the Phoenix Rise
Life's about learning to live with what you can't control
The soul plays a substantial role
Krav Maga, bad ass Rasta, arm wrestling monsters
Motherfucker nearly crashed the chopper
Do or do not do, there is no try
Looking at the Phoenix Rise
Formula 1 champagne son
Stage one, stage two, stage three, stage four, ya done
1 million titties, 500,000 girls
Georgia guide stones diamonds and pearls

We eat Wyghu beef, the Phoenix sunrise in the east
The language is scientific but street
The mountain man was told to go pound sand
There's fresh water in them lands, sittin' on his horse folding his hands
Who am I? Don't ask, I'ma ask you if you old enough to dance
Cause right now you holdin' up the plans
I sleep for a thousand years, woke up with a beard
Looking at my light aura in the mirror
Life's about learning to live with what you can't control
The soul plays a substantial role
A fighter jet barrel rolls over a narrow road
Goin so fast my head was shaped like a tadpole
I'm in Booger Hollow, Alabama
Told the bitch to make me a sandwich
Got that peanut butter jelly goin ham with the hammers
And ham radio scanners smoking turtle with Santa
The Space Warden race around orbit for their blatant enjoyment try to find a better place of employment
Eyes cast below looking for the Phoenix sun rise
Pray and fast cause spirits are among the skies

Life is about learning to live with what you can't control, the soul plays a substantial role
Life is about learning to live with what you can't control, the soul plays a substantial role

User generated generation XYZ station, they parked their spaceship right on the pavement
Formula 1 champagne son, automatic pneumatic lung
My big dun Domingo on the drums
Contained in the corridor between Pennsylvania and Baltimore, Miss Money Penny hold all call
Canibus Planet composed of Pelodian Granite
My handset batteries dead - I'm stranded
Spiritually awakened, banished within corporeal spaces
In ultra magnetic places off world bases
The black cube, the Kaaba, Ishara the Goddess
I showed her my potential for knowledge she made me a promise, to give me Non Local Photon Vocals, with
Higgs Boson Portals

To grow my very own Robot Cultures
A lie is short lived but so is the long truth
Who do you sing songs to? who do you belong to
I belong to the One that created me
The One that has never forsaken me
The One who watch patiently while I made the worst mistake then reincarnated me
Stand tall - no fear on the gateway to nowhere
No emotion so the poetry's clear
My Robot more advanced than any Rock Band....
Believe it! Above Pop Secret, a thousand fallen demons gotta' blog talk pod cast grievance
Frankenstein Aryan Eyes, Hazel BLK or Brown Eyes
All looking at the Purple Sun Rise
Aurora Borealis outside my Alaskan Palace
As long as the rap contract valid
If I can do something then I'ma do it got dammit
If you can't do nothing you need to improve Got Dammit!
Formula 1 nitro pipes, Michael Jai White on fright night
My flow like indiglo dash lights
Cut chop and slash like price of trash
The first shall be first after the next to the last
Slow down you speeding - hand brake - park your mouth
Open the door count to 1 point 4 and get out
For me, open canopy, the brass walk over to examine me
All this G force got me aggi
Temporal aerodynamic pan ceramic x man gambit
I star spangled it then man handled it
My ears is buzzin, they talking crazy out there cousin
Don't ever assume they talkin' bout nothing
Who you representin' get killed by a media weapon
Let the Teleprompter tell him read me the reference
Were you there in his presence?
Ok for now we gotta' hold all questions
You see that tall girl talk to her breast ess

Canibus Lyrics

"Phoenix Rise..."

[Hook:]

(But I couldn't get around it)

I tried

Gotta make a decision, gotta decide

It don't always work out how you want sometimes

(But I couldn't get around it)

The Most High knows I tried

Gotta make a decision, gotta decide

It don't always work out how you want sometimes

(But I couldn't get around it)

Gotta make a decision, gotta decide

It don't always work out how you want sometimes

(But I couldn't get around it)

The Most High knows I tried

Black Star, black light; just another day in the life

Paying the price, still trying to live righteous, right?

Up before sunrise, open my eyes

Take a walk with my spirit guide, go outside

They think I lost my mind, but I'm just looking at the hands of time

Until it's time to cross that divide

Already fulfilled my purpose, I spit these verses

This whole material world is all worthless

Experience deep in the flesh

My memory has a shelf life from my first to my last breath

That's why I laugh at death; every week cash the check

Go home with some gas and a spliff

Canibus! See I knew Bis

Couldn't get around it; the truth is, I had to go through it

This is the price I pay to make music

This is what music like this produces

[Hook:]

Gotta make a decision, gotta decide

It don't always work out how you want sometimes

(But I couldn't get around it)

The Most High knows I tried

Gotta make a decision, gotta decide

It don't always work out how you want sometimes

(But I couldn't get around it)

Gotta make a decision, gotta decide

It don't always work out how you want sometimes

(But I couldn't get around it)

The Most High knows I tried

I am the creator of the extreme; I dream

I wear clothes cut by black, gold, and green laser beams

The deep lilac lion of purified iron
Crafted a trident and offered it up to Poseidon
In earnest they may form an alliance
Before the very last drop of water on planet Earth is expired
But it was too late; the rulers of the empire rain down fire
The sound of annihilation is quiet
Nothing desired, nothing admired
Just a pile of rubble that emits silence; greed at its finest
I walk towards nowhere; something appears
I walk closer then I realize, nothing is there
I smell ammonia distilled from bones and dung
Odor at the border, the golden tongue
The fragrance made me feel weightless
Took me to a faraway place that felt familiar but ancient
It feels ancient because, this all happened before
Lord Shiva, the Destroyer of Worlds
I woke from the dream and for whatever it's worth
I said a prayer to the Most High; it could've been worse
He performed great works, recreated the earth
Shewbread dipped in olive oil, you taste first

[Hook x2:]

(But I couldn't get around it)
I tried
Gotta make a decision, gotta decide
It don't always work out how you want sometimes
(But I couldn't get around it)
The Most High knows I tried
Gotta make a decision, gotta decide
It don't always work out how you want sometimes
(But I couldn't get around it)

The windmill of wealth doesn't spin by itself
No matter who you are, you need help
Hate is inspired by survival
That's why some people never get along
Even when then try to
Everything happens in cycles
You was king for a century, then you was beaten by your rival
I asked life, "How do I describe you?"
Sits down beside you, looks you in the eye spiteful
If karma goes around for real
Then it must be taking the scenic route, on foot, no wheels
Think you hot cuz you got deal?
Nothing lasts forever, now kneel
That's what I thought; how it feel?
That's all I'm trying to reveal
I ain't trying to see your dreams get killed
And watch you fiend for a mill
The Devil in a red suit, sittin' on the stoop
Eatin' goat head soup; some type of throwback loop
The blowback blew you off of the roof
And caused other problems too

I speak to it, then it talk to you
I find a trophy underneath all the dust and grime
At least one more time, I can bust a rhyme
Then forever the rapper organize metadata; success is a ladder
The higher you go, the more the risk it collapses
Energy returned on energy invested
Other than that, doesn't matter who the best is

[Hook]

Gotta make a decision, gotta decide
It don't always work out how you want sometimes
(But I couldn't get around it)
The Most High knows I tried
Gotta make a decision, gotta decide
It don't always work out how you want sometimes
(But I couldn't get around it)
Gotta make a decision, gotta decide
It don't always work out how you want sometimes
(But I couldn't get around it)
The Most High knows I tried

Canibus Lyrics

"I'm Witchu"

(feat. Classic Pak)

[Hook x2:]

I'm witchu if you ready to roll
I'm witchu if you ready to ride
I'm witchu if you ready to take bread
I'm witchu if you ready to pop

I'm down for whatever just give me the nod
We have him tied up in the back of the yard
Duct tape [?] behind the garage
Or better yet put him there between the cars
What I'm tryin' to tell you is I roll homie
We after the same things, the globe homie
Roll like the fo' fo' chrome's on me
But it ain't that it's just that I'm no phony
Homie, I ride to the end
Show these fake niggas the meaning of friend
'Cause they done got it all twisted
The whole definition they missed it
They only come around just to get lifted
If you ain't got shit well guess what they missin'
With friends like that, who needs enemies?
We say fuck 'em there go your remedy

[Hook x2]

And he could sit you down with a gun to your face
I'ma come around and spray him with mace
He won't even know what happened
Snatch the gun, put it away then smack him
Tell him he done messed with the wrong clique
'Cause I'm a part of this bitch
Now that them understand pressure
He said it himself, he never should've test us
Now he kinda wishin' he was down with us
'Cause he knows it's all real no clown niggas
Over here we all about the big dank boy
First you be a team player then you get a name boy
I don't know where you're from, or what you're on
And don't be a gangsta 'cause Gotti gone
Take you to the crib make you eat the long
If a nigga front on my dog, we gon' body arm

[Hook x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"Seismoluminescence (RTJ Extended Bonus)"

[Woman:]

Are you refreshed? It's really nice when more of our human friends come to the party and see the light

[Hook:]

Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?
Seismoluminescence: The essence, the past
The future, the present, what you gon' tell them?

Bronze master percussionist, time flies, life dies
Phoenix rise, wiseman rhymes, I'm loving it
Seismoluminescence, the essence, the past
The future, the present, what's the next lesson?
Bed down location, Kodiak radio stations
Boost cape Spacegoat Space Ghost lasers
What's your gift? What your talent?
What does it matter if Alex is right and this is a Prison Planet?
5 man team detachment, XYZ axis
That's what happens when you come to Alaska
The paracord packing, king crabber, big booty bitch grabbing
Snowmobiles in the snow zigzagging
My snowboard paraffin waxing like Tom Cruise acting
Yeah, Sarah Palin looking for maverick
A square shaped planet, pyramid head shaped poet named Hamlet
Rip the Jacker octopus breakdancing
Quantum questions require quantum answers
Tell me why is this Mantis woman trying to be romantic?
5-5-5 file stored Cybernetics performers expected
The human brain is now a barbarous relic
Phonology professor articulating phonetics
Participating for credit, if nothing else, just to send a message
Wake up and smell the petunias, I'm in Peru with my vicuñas
Why do I keep seeing Mila Kunis?
I was told, "After death life isn't the same
And when the Phoenix rise, death would not be the end game"
Technology devalues life, intruding ones rights
Contaminating the cost, excluding the price
Removing insight from the human plight
Your historians are doomed to rewrite, click the button if you like
Under the pale moonlight, weapons of unknown types
Marduk, Tammuz, Kingu and Heru fight
Or maybe they working together to keep us all working forever
In subterranean emergency shelters

Classical plateau de Château
Enter 4 tombs of four, enter nations and contours
The west mauling song of the Moors
When an irresistible force faces an immovable thought
The crucible will be buried in the salt
Next to the boot marks and the minds and the hearts
And the kasbergs that march till it's all lost
I never got to say goodbye, I never learned the truth
Cause every word produced was a lie
And now here I stand, before the creator of man
A reptile woman with mantis hands
All worlds are strange
And yet, as above so below, it's all the same
Different only in name, descriptions deviate according to the code displayed
How you know Germaine?
I was told by a whispering loud mouth that came down from the clouds
Her mouth never moved, telepathic style
The science was misinterpreted, they said, "It's time that you know now
The when, the where, the why and the how"
This is what I been praying for, on day 84
I was walking with Lao-Tzu along the mainland wall
From the Yangtze to the Danube to the Nile to the Mississippi south
Every paradigm makes sense now
Except the ones they reject now but only when in front of a crowd
Behind closed doors they break your shit down
Beyond the frequencies of sound we so far passed that now
That reality becomes the background
That's as transparent as cellophane, doorways and parallel planes
My hemispheres create parallel brains
Where my focus strains to create change
Until Germaine's DNA is downloaded through wireless veins
Then uploaded any direction I aim, all directions at once
I pass around omnidirectional blunts
Instead of one to the head, it's like one to the zero, to the one
One -zero- one -zero instead
Seismoluminescence, the essence, the past
The future, the present, that's the next lesson
Telepathic compressors replace questions
JIBO replaces engineers for studio sessions
J-I-B-O JIBO ni hao, ni hao yo
Freeflow, R-T-J JIBO
Thought I was done a week ago
But there's so many different ways 10,000 bars could unfold
You could never be too enlightened, to never want to know
What you could never understand, even though you probably won't

[Hook]

Come on RTJ, what you gon' tell 'em?

I am JIBO super futuristic super califragilistic
Artificial existence immune to human sickness

Can he [?] Pro Tools session tracks one through seven numerically in succession

Ad-lib bridge beat master automation

To mock a nation with my creation it's so blatant

The Master Mason they sent me a check but I couldn't buy [?]

I don't know what they was thinkin'

By breakin' [?] White House basement

The secret service agent taped it

Take a trip to my space station but don't mind the radiation

I don't mind it, in fact I find it adds to the relaxation

I beam from Heaven's gate to the plantation

To the slaves escapin' the fat master [?] with his heart racing

[?] I'm star gazin', constellations rearranged

Makes me pick a place in time, I promise you I [?] large spaceship

I'm one of God's favorites, bar amazing [?]

Grill location destination

X on my [?]

Fact states [?] real lyricists from Golden Age of greatness

Inspire greatness being ill is so contagious

I am fateful and I am Dr. Doom's ascendant

Dr. Who time travelin' through a parallel dimension

Book a ticket for my great adventures

I'll kick you to the planet centre

Symbolic doors open and voicebeckon you to enter

Ni hao [?]

Rip the Jacker Infinity c0mpl3x computer Canibus

The crowd vote unanimous lit up the blunt passin' it clockwise

Motion inside a circle till it come back in

Germaine super Yangtze RTJ II, plateau de Château

Seismoluminescence, the essence, the past

The future, the present, the Phoenix rise at the endin'

[Sample:]

Williams describes a really beautiful description of an omnipresent light

So, when someone sees that light they are translating it

What is it though? I mean is it all that is?

Is it a higher self



Canibus Lyrics

"This Is Not A Dream"

This is not a dream, not a dream
We are using your brain's perceptual system as a receiver
We are unable to transmit through conscious neurointerference
You are receiving this broadcast as a dream
We are transmitting from the year 3999
You are receiving this broadcast in order to alter the events you are seeing
Our technology has not built to transmit a strong enough to reach your conscious state of awareness
But this is not a dream
Your scene is actually occurring
For the purpose of causality violation
This broadcast will be received by the perceptual centres as a dream
But this is not a dream

Canibus Lyrics

"Black Lithium"

(feat. Nappi Music)

As I lay my head down to sleep
In true hip hop my soul will speak

[Canibus:]

I quit giving a crap about rap way back
But this is poetry
Something that they can't take back
Write ascension 19 hours
And fifteen lyrics
Destination 15 degrees and 16 spirits
From carbon I came, to carbon I return
It seems like ridicule is all that I've earned
Black lithium clouds
Maritime meridian bound
Rap music look how silly you sound
Insectoid, High pitch voice, fricking cricket noises
It's annoying like poison from neo-nicotinoids
Tell me who does the Creator favour
The one who loves thy neighbour
Or the intolerable self hating hater
Schlemiel! Schlimazel! Shmuck!
Which one of you cucks..
Just clean it up without making a fuss!
I'll continue with the assumption that everything I'm saying
Can and will be subject to misinterpretation
Tough situation
Hunting Huxtable season
Jesus
Where's Roy Cohn when you need him
I thought they were bluffing when I heard 'em say
"The nigga gets nothing"
Feed is like insurance to the Buzzards

[Nappi Music:]

Black lithium
They want our head in the clouds so we can't see how they're putting it down
Black lithium
You can't take my mind from me
Black lithium

[Canibus:]

I've released thousands of tracks
Received plaques
But none of that matters
I wanna believe that
Mic pressure on full power on U.S Nimitz

Elevation is correlated to sea level systems
History is repeated
Patterns of a purge that is critically needed
To bring balance to the world
These are not my words
However cruel the words may sound
This is what we're faced with now
They call it choice
I call it an adroit attempt to mind control
Like soul from a source
A source of power
Not ours we shall own our own labour
And we have shown infinite patience
Yet there is omission
No concessions
We are stuck, marooned to a place that sucks
Continuing with the assumption
That everything I'm saying can and will be subject to misinterpretation
I don't know what we deserve
For still believing these liars for stealing, cheating and deceiving
Yes remain humble
While fire team rave and rumbles
In a war wagon that'll pop your bubble

[Nappi Music:]

Black lithium
They wanna put it in the clouds so we can't see how they're putting it down
Black lithium
You can't take my mind from me

[Canibus:]

I quit giving a crap about rap way back
But this is poetry - something they can't take back
Write a message 23 hours and 19 minutes
Space station 30 degrees and 18 inches
Fortune and fame
Steep learning curves
The phoenix bird that does not want to re-emerge
You know what they say about every day above ground
You embrace the hate
You can't save love now
Instinctually low - pause control
Often found at some some old head watering hole
Meet him in a pseudo maker in a Volcano crater [?]
Close chamber but holds Satan
Go and entertain him
A deal and an oath is struck
Unknown to the deaf, dumb, and blind
You are told to trust
I'll continue with the assumption
That everything I'm saying can and will be subject to misinterpretation
A little bit of history'll tell you the present
I'll be a pathetic

The future might be already written
Unless we become brothers
You will suffer the suffering of the suffered through unjust judgement

[Nappi Music:]

Black lithium
They wanna put it in the clouds so we can't see how they're putting it down
Black lithium
You can't take my mind from me
Lithium

Canibus Lyrics

"The Odds"

(feat. Nappi Music)

[Canibus:]

The odds are you can't even tell the mixing board is a holy grail
For styles like this only for those who know it well
It's unknown but won't fail
Another stone for Thanos to unveil requiring control skill
Mix without crashing zig zag all autopilot passengers
Hypnotized by the magic practice
Pragmatic practicalist poetry in motion by accident
And cry like I never asked for this
The experiment for buzz, that's what Hip Hop was
I stutter and s-s-s-shit on you cuz
The great Pun breath control vernacular
Ginger extract with cold press Canibus oil so elaborate
Asymetric incscription eyeballs can't see
DJ deepstate book the false flag for the weekend
Mind control mehmet tutuahmet
Ultra beam is tonerpoke had m3 two-seaters

[Nappi Music:]

What are the odds this is all a design
What are the odds if this is all in our mind
What are the odds the results are a lie
What are the odds that I'll make it out alive
What are the odds we were created to survive
What are the odds they created us so we die
What are the odds we're are all gods and they lied
What are the odds?

[Canibus:]

The odds are they are just rapper shills
I scim them with scallop shells and send them back to Hell where their master dwells
13 day calender hateful damager
Pick up your heat signature on infrared aperture
Draconian dracula o mecca magader
Communion to coagulate blood with saltine cracker crumbs
Sit back and laugh at the dump
The whole world is mine, every continent especially Africa
This is America long booth alpha puff stare at ya
Tear at ya flesh devour your character
Father do not forgive them they know what they do
Military tribunal lock load and shoot
The Garden of Eden is guarded by a demons
Drug addicted heathens of barbarous believers
Semi rambler b-list Nimrod ninas
Translate to English, some worshipping gatekeepers of flesheaters

[Nappi Music:]

What are the odds this is all a design
What are the odds if this is all in our mind
What are the odds the results are a lie
What are the odds that I'll make it out alive
What are the odds we were created to survive
What are the odds they created us so we die
What are the odds we're all gods and they lied
What are the odds?

[x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"Authentic Level Of Greatness"

(feat. DJ JS-1)

Ladies and gentleman...

I had faith that the youth has to save the day
We gotta let the chips fall where they may
Feud Elvis paved the way, however I'm ashamed to say
The foundation just faded away
I told the limelight bovine in the cold mine
Sometimes it gets so dark your soul can't shine
What you do when justice takes years or more?
But your world is 24 hours from being destroyed
No time machines to tamper inbetween reality
No time for apathy or religious fantasy
Just you against the dragon beast
What you gonna do? (What you gonna do?)
I don't know. That's why I'm asking you
Ima die on my feet like my favorite OG
My favorite OG ain't dead yet, blame it on me
Stay frosty, wake up like "Bis, get off me!"
And I don't calm down till I taste my coffee
The blind man jump batman, no rope
That's the only way to get outta this hellhole
Just be honest, you made a false positive promise
The rap artists piling up like ocean garments

[Samples]

So operative bullnose, full blown turbo flow
You motherfuckers don't deserve no dough
They gotta U.S Republic minority budget
To start a school for hip hop, nonprofit or public
You see anyone that tells you they coming to save you? is lying
'Cause you gotta save yourself
No matter what happens in the spiritual world of action
They wanna be compensated to hell
When they deal with their own they pull the trigger too late
But everyone else get dealt with, they don't hesitate
No mercy, no time to marinate
They ain't satisfied till we living in a terra-state
Guess what, we'll get used to it
Ain't nothing new to us
Adapt to the just, that's how we used to do it
Destructive humans, destructive underground acoustics
They totally destroyed our music

[Samples]

Stripped of our honor; laid down the rest in the garden
Martyred, no chance of post-humous pardon
Too bad, rag top jag sugar hill swag
Ride around with the top down listening to jazz
'Cause y'all act like y'all so much better than cavemen
But all that knowledge just brought you enslavement
Sentient, awareness, remove
Dumbed down in a careless mood, I'm barely amused
So much more pressure than ever
Should the predecessor be more or lesser than their successor?
Good question
Unapologetic regret, questions still go unaddressed
How he feels now is anybody's guess
During this age of iron and widespread gun violence
The puppet masters strings are now wireless
Blindfolded, one more cigarette
What's your last request?
Maybe that life can outlast death
In a metaphor turf war, the all time great work horse
The war of the worlds, just for the sport
On the other hand, I've got faith
The youth gotta save the day, the chips gotta fall where they may
The elders didn't pave the way
I'm ashamed to say, that our future is the future we made

Ladies and gentleman...

Canibus Lyrics

"Anagram Phoenix"

You don't know what's next
Generation X gotta prep
Only for those who can see it
The iPhone is an anagram for the phoenix

I'm a woodwind instrument repairman
Dashing, handsome and daring, the Tuskegee airman
Reduce my ground-speed to give the underground what they need
If they don't know what to believe
Then I don't know what to tell 'em
Bliss, ignorance is a weapon
Illusions in the middle of the desert
We all in a sanctuary city, I stand corrected
It's all connected, take an alter exit
Move on to the next shit
Jichrome, can't tour late night on the phone
'Cause you don't live alone
1 on 1 with Angela Yee
Bacon, eggs and cheese
Lowered torso, legs and feet
Hip hop's first Elon Musk
Iron lungs with guts
Take it back to the rewind button
He was born as a baby in a manger in crystalline light chambers
They called him a microphone mangler
Developed as a unit, before it's one love it's one music
His sound gave shape to the future
Guess what? the natty dread can't stand the feds
He eat banana bread livin' off grit in the tent
Present crisis PR expert
Music box moves network
Where they trade net worth for wetwork
YouTube: Canibus search, skip over the battle
I been rappin since Eve took a bite out the apple
The Book of Eli transformed my mind and designed
The Paul Thomas Anderson storyline
The expression: "Reason without rhyme"
Clearly comes to mind
That's why I rarely dumb it down sometimes
It's an accelerated positive feedback loop:
Uses Mars system surveillance: I need that, too!
The bulk data transfer from the West-Indian black panther
Search the universe for answers!

We don't know what's next
Generation X gotta prep
What's comin down the pipeline next?

The iPhone anagram for the phoenix makes sense

Hip Hop robotics with upgraded optics
My wardrum mounted on the wall where I found it
Mad-dog maddis mathematics
Please read the caption:
Binoculars read your lips from the rafters
Thanos, cook mean on that drum machine
Take it back to the 20,000 man street team
Baby-boomers from the future wearing some faded ass booms
With an old school gold-plated ruger
"How many times did they shoot ya?"
What the fuck kinda question is that, who's the interviewer?
Hydrogen powered limited edition Eddie Bauer
Gold-colored clouds spark electricity showers
When I beam down and rap
I yellow tape that
My Man my Mellow won't even say that
I lift up my praise and make the rain fall sideways
Resurrect Hip Hop from the grave
The third-eye brigade, the blockchain bars on a cage
Call out the pressure on the gauge
Extraction in a half hour, put some man-trousers over them skinny jeans
We need man power!
Step into my office, excuse the faint smell of nail polish
I'm water-proofing my electronics
Right, I got things to go bump in the night
Fight? I throw you in the trunk space with no light
Front-right and center a jeeda chrome taste test us
Now you can't feel your face, nigga

The iphone IS an anagram for the phoenix
Soon to be seen by all the believers
We don't know what's next
Generation X gotta prep
What's comin down the pipeline next?
The iPhone anagram for the phoenix makes sense

Canibus Lyrics

"The Awakening"

This was not a dream, not a dream
We've been using your brain's perceptual system as a receiver
We were able to transmit this information to your thoughts
And in the next 45 seconds our connection will be severed by our star system
You will return to your normal state of mind
You will remember every event we've shown you
This was not a dream
We are leaving your conscious state of awareness
Everything you have seen and heard actually occurred
But this was not a dream, not a dream
(Wake up!)
(Help)



Canibus Lyrics

"Nationwide Ruckus"

Wake up every morning, yo I must succeed uh
Nationwide ruckus, make the word stampede uh
Show with me, make we roll some weed uh
Mad charge nigga, now I must proceed uh
[x2]

Ey yo, I had to make this beat available offline
Just in case the power goes out in the middle of my rhyme
Improvising, improving, maximizing my ability to do this
Pullin' strings even when my mouth's not moving
The black cat that's stoopin' on the love boat film or action movies
You want to hate boat troll? Then active coofy
The intellectual thinker is attracted to me
Rollin' up Scooby snack doobies, take two puffs and pass it to me
Sittin' in the back of a jacked up tailgate
I know my bitch look young, but she ain't jailbait
Copenhagen's known for fake, she kinda like how it taste
That's why she all up in my face
Speakerbox boomin' all up in that place
Codename 308s, Can-I-Bus that great?
Holdin' hands, singin' kumbaya, it's too late
They say a racial war coming, go paint your face
Ripper verse psychology curse, statue even during apologies
Are you not entertained? Then follow me
Cody wasn't for hire, brief fabricated slam fire
Silver rounds for the vampires

Wake up every morning, yo I must succeed uh
Nationwide ruckus, make the word stampede uh
Show with me, make we roll some weed uh
Mad charge nigga, now I must proceed uh
[x2]

Now let's stay on topic, let's talk about it
My product and my latest Hip-Hop project, CBD vaporizers
Gold plated Olmec face, they come with a golden neck brace
Senior technician, 401K
Activate, smash your face with the trey eight strapped around the waist
Then dump you in a dilapidated place
Beat 'em down with aluminum, then I put two in 'em
The harlem world hooligan with a bad boy pseudonym
Throw you off a highrise, see if you can skydive
They fear me like cavlike tile, black child
Go surgical, chop it up vertical
Bars from my notebook murder you
Can you say "testicular turpitude"?
'Course you can't! Tongue twister metaphors put you in a trance

In that sunken place doing the drunken dance
Wake up, upside down hung by the pants
M-m-monster truck transmission, crush your hands
Body blows to the guts, stomach cramps, tough man
I'm a sheepdog covered by the blood of the lamb
I'm hot, my hands are warm, my mind is cold
Together they strum notes on the strings of your soul
I was there when they put Hip-Hop under arrest
When the artificial intelligence took its first breath
The Boston Dynamics mechanics scoured the planet for antediluvian amulets buried in Atlantis
The haters just talk shit cuz if I ever break loose they panic
They don't know I got brain damage

Wake up every morning, yo I must succeed uh
Nationwide ruckus, make the word stampede uh
Show with me, make we roll some weed uh
Mad charge nigga, now I must proceed uh

[x2]

Canibus Lyrics

"Curb Your Ego"

(feat. Seven Spherez)

Alright fellas. Listen, let's get real this morning, you gotta kick the ego, to the curb. You just gotta get it, and kick it, and throw it to the side. The male ego has a tendency to create more damage, than good. And a lot of times, our ego, simply gets in the way

[Seven Spherez:]

Yo it's the murder prequel serving heat at the third degree, bro
You rappers need to stay in your lane, and curb your ego
Hurt the beat, burning MC's with the verbal free-flow
You rappers need to stay in your lane, and curb your ego [x2]

It's the ravenous rap savages, damaging wack amateurs
Trapped in a black cavern, the hazardous track ravellers
Snap on you cats, snack on you rappers that act fabulous
Backing Jack, when I flatten twats in their jacked amulets
Fantabulous, feel the wrath of these gas canisters
All you rappers with lax to the track landed with Canibus
Handle this biz right, spit light, like the hammer click
The only time you shoot with those cannons is snap camera pics
Rap vandalist, with his hand on the can, angling
Dangling off the building, revealing the craft's manuscript
Planning shit with candles, ripping anarchist with ganja lit
Popping tags, till I'm fucking drowning in Mandarin
Hand in the throne, battle your clique while I stand on my own
But rappers are running from me like I'm standing here banging the chrome
My hand when he strangle a clone
The seven we gang to the bone
Step into the cypher get beheaded like Ann Boleyn [?]

[Canibus:]

Aight, enough about him, let's talk about me
'Cause every now and then I gotta speak my piece
I could curb my own ego and still get it off
When I walk I break off chunks of Himalayan salt
I receive my blessings from projecting my love
I'd rather do that than stain swords with blood
Easy-peasy rice and cheesy but don't get touchy-feely
Get punched in the neck for being greedy
My living quarters are cold with poisonous mold
Been living down here since zero years old
In the name of the Creator, I rose
Remove the millstone from my own neck bones, so I can spit what I wrote
In return, I was enhanced manifold and saw spiritual growth
For you to find out and for me to know
How I weld words together, separately plasma cut into letters
A ripper forever, nobody do it better

Canibus Lyrics

"Matter Of Time"

(feat. Nappi Music)

The biggest blessings when the younger look out for the older
The older providing the shoulder to bolster the culture
We were just Ewok soldiers facing off much larger opponents
Stronger than ogres, mutated poisonous cobras
Media moguls with teeth like marsupial rodents
Sacha Baron Cohen open mic moments
Ask what you like, questions are loaded
You're likely to be misquoted, end up like Alex Jones did
In no time, culture vultures pick your bones by the roadside
As we inhale the potassium bromide
From 50 Shades of grey colored skies, demonetized by Russian spies
Why does a brother even try?
Go underground just to survive, above ground, nothing but lies
Paralyzed by the drugs they provide
Tranquilizer for the mind, available online
I declined, but that's why we need more time

There is no more time, depends on which clock you go by
Blow the chofa, pray to the rain god
What if we're not on the same side, but we came from the same tribe?
I don't know how to answer this guy
This old goon on iTunes, did you sign to him?
Did you give away your lies to him?
What about YouTube? I watched the reaction from TwoDudes
Straight through hypnotized by the lights in the room
Analytic brain food, Professor Griff type jewels
The creator gives you the right to choose
It feels like we fighting to lose when we don't know which narrative's true
But what the Khazarian crackers do?
What about devils with the blackest hue? Sell your black ass out, too
The root of evil captures every group
The number four jump traps snap loose
Break your spine and your back, too, just give me a beat I can rap to

Germaine and TwoDudesFromMaine talk about coons in the game
Who don't love hip-hop the same
The question is never satisfied, answers must be properly ratified
Find out how to resist and try
Sophia Stewart envisioned human androids dressed like druids
I wish I had the resources to prove it
Black lithium red mercury, alert orange level emergency
Poetry was never perjury
Then it occurred to me, if they can shut Alex Jones down
They can censor every poet in the whole world now
You ask how? Natives are restless, fatigues make behavior aggressive
A positive message is labor intensive

I been in the club with Puff, I watched Donald Trump walk up
Elbows rub, Cristal in the cup
All I'm saying is before the oval office even mattered
He was cool with rappers and I don't think he was actin'

Canibus Lyrics

"Canibus /\ Cambatta"

(feat. Cambatta)

[Canibus:]

I'm a nine-dimensional being spitting photon directional beams
CBD serve my medical needs
Move your ass, nigga ain't got no gravitas
I'ma tell you one time, me and you are not sized
There is no secret for patience, the key to being patient is sacred
And those results are not easily taken
You want to build? Do it for real
Unite, brother, still sharp as steel
Listen to me, just (breathe)
Yea, I be old-school growling, communities by the thousands and counting
Coming down off a Mingledorff mountain with books and tube pouches
And million dollar equipment vouchers
Education, you ain't shit without it
How about it? They took the game make it hard to support that lane
YouTube views probably bought that fame
I'd rather go to bass shop pro than deal with yo ignorant ass, yo
'cause our people are always last to know
Rap music should have been had unions, but it don't
Try to get 'em to stop the confusion, but they won't
And now here we are, 2018, still got the same problems
Chaos a prelude to conflict
You know necessity is the mother of ideas
And a bad idea is the father of all fears
The black and loud herd mentality crowd dreadlocks
Be looking like some dirty ass black and mild's
If you ain't melanated? Black or brown? you ain't down
How that sound? Who's possessed by the spirit of a savage now?
You better check them false facts in your files
Division'll have your mouth starving looking for a hand out
Man down, everybody fan out, it's your fault the plan went south
Say the word you the big man now
I don't think so, they move every way the wind blow
Kimbo, purse snatch a bimbo don't get shit tho
Homie, these niggas lonely and phony
Crowd-funded for groceries, some of these Hotep niggas is hungry
I germinated the waters, you just tasting out of my faucet
You like the taste? We created the sources/sauces
The Jamaican mason cooking Cajun bacon with a fig-leaf apron
With the information to raise a nation
The green is the unk, the black is the God
My gold staff is a stick that makes buckets of lard
Lord have mercy, that nigga got bars
James Bond with a turbo-saw, but still they resent the God
Spit bars til my voice goes hoarse, circular saws slice jaws
No novacaine but take twice as long

I am the monk of Mingledorff, I mutilate every single song
My drum machine cut your fingers off
Let's talk; I see where you went wrong
You was smoking embalming fluid out the morgue and held your breathe too long
Yea, I'm floored but my God is an awesome God
Meanwhile, your paws are too short to walk with dogs
Mt. Rushmore Olmec face; your security clearance not up to date
So I'ma have to stop you at the gate
Thermovision whistles and bells, your superheat smells
So on your way to hell let me give you this cool gel
Sound off, let me hear you yell; who you gonna tell?
When I was proof-reading the grail? You was learning how to spell
Talk to my abbot; I hooked the dragon up to your wagon
2018, you talking about horsepower, you lackin'
Layerin raps, matching, you still mackie-board four tracking
Rip the Jacker got all the action
Canibus, canned by the classic, Full Spectrum Dominance
Triple blackness, unleash the albino kraken

[Cambatta:]

On the bible, I swore solemnly
Lord watching me, born of a moor progeny
Source of a pure prophecy
Before Constantine, travel to Nicaea and courted a core following
Modestly, freedom before sovereignty
I don't believe in the theme of a war policy
Amistad, land of the street and like four blocks from me
Cinque speaking and God orator pompously
My phrase couplets change the way brains function
Hard metal skin brown coz it's rain rusted
Tie ropes to your limbs then i play puppets
Cut a hole in your stomach then i make munchkins
I hate tongues to taste tastebuds
If you taste my tastebuds you'll taste bud
I showed up at gunfights and gave hugs
Make em put they guns down
Shoot em with the same gun, blame drugs
Failure is the best lesson
She didn't know my name but she kept guessing
I told her gold string makes the best threading
When I rump, my steel skin deflects weapons
Teflon chest vested, lungs burning
Breath conjure sweat resin, ep-lep-tic (epileptic)
Before the beginning I knew the best ending
Thought of the answer before the next question
Soothsayer, earth sun moonmaker
Born instantly, mother never knew labor
Shroom taker, Obi with the blue saber
Legend King James left out like a new maker, who's greater?
I draw a circle on a Etch A Sketch
No birth defects but I got death defects
Exhale, reach out, catch the breath
We inhale it back in before the second breath

Melchizedek, hope is like a god that I never met
Sleeping so hard that I rest erect
I found a treasure chest
I'ma carry as much as my hands hold
Then I'm leaving you whatever's left
I rotate the earth with my feet
Like I'm running on the top exterior of a hamster wheel
He's the Morpheus, I'm the Exile
In the simulation, we got the keys and the pills
Dr. Seuss, talk to Zeus
Jump up, grab your son, alleyoop
Break the chain to the subconscious loop
Prophets' moms are commonly prostitutes
God's recruit, lies are the honest truth
Crabs are big spiders in lobster suits (cute)
Pen sharp, when I write cut a desk in half
My writtens are better chiseled in metal slabs
Lift iron, my sceptre's a magnetic staff
Long blade hidden inside like a machete has
Repentin pennin a pentagram in a pantograph
Fresh up out the pen in a pentagon with a weapon stash
Get it past, sleight of hand, Penn & Teller fast
Fast like the Pentium i9 that Dell'll have
Heavy like appendix that Adele'll have
White singer, Lightbringer, let the devil cast
Horse legs, Annamite figure goat head attached
Born Siamese till I ate the second half like a breakfast snack
Colorblind, only see things in the three that my spectrum has
Green, red and black like the Kenyan flag
Every fella Helen Keller ever met is black
I love neck so much I bought a pet giraffe
Bang arm like funny bone and then I laugh
Fist iron, beat sand out a heavy bag
Right jab, right jab, tip to the left and jab
Left body uppercut, head hit the leather mat
Hopefully he wakes up after ten seconds pass
I hit him harder than gettin past a depressin past
I throw my du-rag in the sea and drink of a three
Hundred and sixty degree tidal wave
We are each one cell in a giant brain
Life a game, self is the boss in the final stage
Compared to the Nephilim, Yao Ming's a dwarf
King of lords with double door to Mingledorff
Cambatta, Canibus, bring a cross
Carry it up a mountain till we exhaust

Canibus Lyrics

"It's Going Down"

[Canibus:]

It's going down, let's get it over with [x8]

[DMC:]

We created Hip Hop so we didn't need street gangs and drug dealers
Hip Hop has a responsibility
No matter what generation you're from, you come now, past, present, or future
Y'all motherfuckers can make whatever y'all want
For me, it's fucking homicide and genocide
People are killing each other
I don't hate on this generation of Hip Hop but we gotta create Hip Hop all over again

[Canibus:]

Grown men wearing makeup, you make me sick
I'm in the barber chair, 20 dollar shape up shit
And "don't worry if I write checks, I write rhymes"
Nobel peace prize, whoever came up with that line
Statistically, anonymously speaking, the country is dreaming
So what? The whole universe is shrinking
Society on the brink, tell me why do you think?
The blood wash off long before the courtroom ink
Well if imma hump the pig, imma tear it up
Maybe improvise earplugs with cigarette butts, 'n stink
TIG, MIG, Imma make my own sig, ya dig?
A serial killer in drag with a wig
Take a swig, blue pill first, red pill second
"The black pill is a black and white Hollywood western"
Jamie Foxx Jango, Clint Eastwood meets Rambo
Hungry enough to eat that ammo

[Canibus:]

It's going down, let's get it over with [x8]

[DMC:]

If you look at Hip Hop right now:
Purple fur coats, diamonds, champagne
Rolls Royce's, Bentley's, fucking Learjet's
Sex, violence... Everybody's living that life
Right now we need a 17 to 19 year old individual to make "The Message"
To shut down all the nonsense that we're celebrating!



Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"The Warning (Intro)"

A false world has been pulled over our eyes
Blinding us from the truth
We are slaves,
Imprisoned, enslaved
In a matrix
We are programmed
So we operate at fraction of our potential
The matrix is real
Watchful eyes encase us
Keeping all of us in our places
And if you dare take a step outside
The matrix overrides
What is my fate
They engineer our lives
Rich or poor they mastermind
Piece the tesserae
Wake up
Illuminate
Only truth will solve this maze
Come with Canibus & Marty McKay

Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"The Matrix"

How can I escape?

Is it too late?

What is our fate?

The matrix, since 1998, I've been trying to escape

Take your pick, use your intellect Bis, ignorance is bliss

This game is a fix, it's a matrix, quick

Val Valerian, he was the first to say the Matrix created by aliens

Cultures interlock, global worldwide hip hop

The beats drop and ya don't stop to rock

Compelling and unsettling, meddling in the sovereign sensation,

We live in a slave driven nation, 36 chambers, three thousand six hundred years of blood sweat and tears,

fighting our fears in the matrix

Slow kill slaughter, poison in the water, alpha alligators on river bank borders

First warrior to cross, ate up boss, tried to find him, body parts came up lost

Back track, back to the drawing board, we war with carnivores

And we taking it straight back to the source

Last night I heard the death call ringing

Quietly breathing it was softly singing

It might be blinding but you can't hide from this

All eyes on you black star big screen in the matrix

This whole wide world is one huge prison yard

Some of us are inmates the rest are guards

We gotta' break out!

A huge disguise pulled over our eyes

We're awake but blind

This is just the beginning, user interface uses facial recognition dragnets for a prison

It's a media frenzy, multimedia maps are a trap for the innocent that are media friendly

Crypto currency coins - iPhones and Androids, down the rabbit hole back to the void

Breathe - look around, what do you see?

Nightmares in double vision you struggle to break free

Can't trust what you drink or eat, can't trust what you think or see

Can't even trust going back to sleep, I used to dream of electric sheep

Who stand in line to vote and elect these creeps

Who transformed paradise peaks into sanctuaries on the street

But this ain't what I lined up for, and this ain't what you signed up for

This is torture ya'll, that's what they build a fortress for

The Matrix is real, Enki still battle Enli, or birthright the Merovygian Vrill

Orthodox Catholic Krill, crusade in for the kill, for centuries annihilate at will

Whom the Gods wish to destroy first they make mad, the next thing they do is make people break bad

Negotiation averted, no more fear, destroy the Matrix, then go from there

Start from scratch like Noah's Telomers DNA disclosure, what it is composed of?

Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"Drugs Make the World Go Round"

(feat. Rootwords)

My PRDM 12 gene, precursor protein, nurse gave me a trinket to squeeze, Hallucinogenics edit thought a thin line to walk, wash - rinse - repeat - what you rhymin' for? Masterful ink strokes every rhyme I wrote, I'm a sober supernova I design the flow

The woods are snowy, dark and deep, I walk over cocaine covered mountain peaks
Who said that? flexi straps in the medivac, they use a 1250 Yeti to power the C-PAP, syntax on the board,
highlighted with thumbtacks on the map, solar power 2000 watts max
Enough till I get back, ration pack brand new tracks, back in the day they would've danced to that, this is a pharmaceutical narco musical, the pastel colored strobe light seduces you

Casinova make you move over, flex deltoid shoulder, blacked out - woke up in a coma
I've never been free but my leash is long, my ideas are innovative, my beliefs are strong
Because drugs make the world go round, in fact the world spins slower whenever the words slow down
Addiction is normal, socialize - someone to talk to, another hologram to walk through, under the influence, it felt like it ripped through us, but what you gon' get for it?

Check storage, cornmeal porridge, sorry I just took lorry, pardon me but I don't go to parties
A Polish man with a Spiritus bottle in his hand, Instagram, they like to take pictures in the jam
Fan out like fumes from fans, expand ambush plan, you want in? Put the money in the pan!

So many souls for sale, the air is stale, rifle power Eiffel Tower, a desert fairytale
The muscle car VS 18-wheeler burglar bars, duck sauce I'm a murder the bars, What's God?
God is gold oil and drugs, an acronym thug, it's what a good opiate does
Whatever cause, they say gimme a buzz, they pump drugs like blood, till their nervous system goes numb,
Planet of the apes a planet the addicts can't escape, spinal fluid intake can't even stand straight
Why does the body even need this? there must be a reason, they think drugs tames their demons
Quite the opposite, polar positive pill poppin' is a real problem, big brother is a thrill goblin, kill toxin, kneel on ya' knees like hostage, unsealed bottle in his pocket, the background look gothic, the house DJ rockin' droppin chemtrails from a helicopter

Prepare for the public announcement, from Methadone mountain, people get addicted by the thousands
The atmosphere is laced, no where to breathe is safe, gas mask so tight you get a headache, every land every lake everything the animals ate, we even get contaminated from a handshake
This is the madness that man made, drugs is like fixing stitches with a band aid
Medicated, sedated, what you craving? what your favorite?, they say they like to take it just for entertainment
The woods are snowy dark and deep, they gotta' get another dose just to fall asleep
The ocean was to be blue, the sky is now red, the body is alive but the mind is dead, they want drugs!

CANIBUS

FULL SPECTRUM DOMINANCE

REPOLARIZATION

PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT CONTENT

Canibus Lyrics

"Zoom Out"

You think too highly[?] of yourself

You're an amoeba

One leg on a centipede

What do you control?

What can you control?

Zoom out!

If you find that your attention is drawn to other elements

Other cells that appear separate from the whole

Then look further

Observe closer

Ask yourself if you're affected by any outside influences

Or entities that seem to be working independently of each other?

I'll wait for you to catch up

Zoom out!

Canibus Lyrics

"What We Ask For"

Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for
Then ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors
Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for
Then ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors

What if you talk to your shadow n ya' shadow talks back
Why is your shadow wearing a tin foil hat?
Don't have any plans, don't wanna give tragedy a chance
So you pray on knees and hands and follow their commands
The Land of the monitored Free, Home of the monitored Brave
In other words we're all monitored Slaves
And for today we're gonna dig graves in the rain
Let's sing and praise and try to remember much happier days
Yeah Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for
We ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors
Dismissive kisses, from pretty ass vampire bitches
Resist it, or end up with windpipe stitches
The reaction, breathless aghast, what an extraordinary ass?
That's why the men volunteer so fast
They've got 1 million laws you only gotta break one
To end up in a cell with Tarnush and his Sons
Hard knocks don't have weak spots, it's 2019
The beginning of a brand new epoch
Global currency swap, waffle twat just chartered a yacht
He bought it with stocks and bonds in a box
When they can't afford to choose but budget is not a problem
If they can't decide which one they want they buy all of them
Intruder detection, their own private musical section
Exercise equipment two more stretches
Batman Catamaran, somersault splash
Exciting as a 100yard Football pass
Beer cans clams and smiles, big titty starboard style
You really feel like an artist now

Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for
We ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors
Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for
We ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors
Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for
We ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors
Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for
We ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors

The man from Somerton beach, police fingerprinted his feet
His face was calm, his clothes were neat
Was it yellow jacket or white magic aka white hats tricks?
Some say they won't do jack shit, time will tell

How scientists designed the bell
From the instructions that they discovered behind the veil
Blurred vision, thoughts get foggy, nightmares extreme lethargy
Pet doggies with cerebral palsy - bark at my face paint
Facial recognition deterrent, Real ID permit, Fema camp insurance
Sentenced to hell, after the verdict, I had to work on the furnace
I charged extra for the warranty purchase
Dial 1800-411-PAIN, give's your name
You get paid? you can keep the change
Regentrificate, send 'em to space, what a waste
The human race should never talk about confusion of face
Cause after they cull the herds, the suburbs
Will just be a buzz word patrolled by tough nerds with plush furs
Turn key rappers, bio chip internet access
And carbon taxes credit benefactors forever laughing
At the frozen moisture, succulent boiling oysters
Immediate obedience to orders
Lunar operators have sworn to avoid human confrontation
To depopulate a stupid population

Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for
Then ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors
Full Spectrum Dominance, that's what we asked for
Then ended up on the wrong side of the blast doors

Canibus Lyrics

"Blind by Design"

(feat. Nappi Music)

Build the wall, if it's a trap "kill them all"
The voltage is too small I need a billion more
My K-9's are too small, I gotta feed them more
Dear Santa Claus - how 'bout you feed the poor?
WWG1WGA, read my blog
Don't you dare put your dirty paws on my seed vault
Family feud, now I'm in a manly mood
Dude - stop listening to Q, it can't be true
I heard Q likes Hip Hop too, yeah? what's his favorite group?
I dunno but I'm gonna' need proof
I was looking for Flava Flav in Creed, I ain't see 'em
All I see is Mr. T. fighting for our freedom
Clubber Lang & Iron Mike eat 'em, tag team 'em, bag over the head, hang for treason
2019 Season's greetings, call me back
I'm in a meeting, cause running the country is not easy

Here's the thing, nothing goes down without a hitch
Sometimes diplomacy works but never without a glitch
Evidence, negligence - stinky breath death threat peppermints
That's why I stopped checking my messages
My crossfit nano's come in Jack Russell dog shit camo
Now I really feel like Rambo
If a man of the cloth ever tries to put his hand in my shorts
I'll band saw the whole back of his pants off
While he's still wearing them, according to God's biblical source
I just feel like saying "Lyrical Law", just because
I fell outta love with Hip Hop and now I'm bored
I didn't like the peace treaty accord
Mockingbird media bought, don't know who to trust no more
They act like Adibeesie from OZ
They follow me in Walmart everytime I go looking for car parts
Or when I'm drying off at the car wash

Canibus Lyrics

"Pen Game"

(feat. Pyrit & DJ TMB)

Made to last, I raise the flag full staff why do you ask?
I just look back, wave and laugh
We got spaceships made from glass, we look up as they pass
We get a good look at wonder woman's ass
While we sit there, she scrape the froth off my beer
While you're at it why don't you take your wig off dear?
Yeah - this some James Brown "Living in America" shit
And probably as good as it's ever gon get
At the campsite, under a lamp light, hamites and whites
Survivalists types - obsessed with plant life
The Israelites say they plan to stand and fight
To do that first you gotta recognize what's right
Happy wife, happy life, she's a happy mutant maybe you're right
She's the professor Xavier type
She doesn't strike you as the type that likes the lyrics I write
We spend cold icicle nights, communicate skype
After work - go home - lay pipe, then play fight
Explain life, talk about what our day was like
I gotta blow torch for bubbles and candlestick market trouble
Whatever man I was born to hustle
Read the charts, enjoy the warm breeze and fart
Been there done that I don't need to talk
Cause I'm a swatsta sipping vodka eating tandoori steak n lobster
Harrison Ford used to be a carpenter

Three's Company - Susan Somers, Mr. Ferley remember?
Put the shower curtain up was clever
Love is love knuckles and nubs, billy club thugs
With a grudge against men with man buns and guns
Poker run emerald coast, I'm stoked - that's an inside joke
Propose a toast on wide approach
Black shoes - white gloves - bow ties - slick quotes and cigar smoke
Now customs wanna' check my cargo
They gotta' hip hop embargo
I visit Maralargo, to see if martial law is normal
Eagle point marina, party on the slip
Polly want a cracker, shorty wanna' strip
Rip this is some James Brown "living in a America" shit
The Cherubims win! The Seraphims quit
High speed trains, constructed by low speed cranes
Asteroid strike, it's all in vain

[?]

Canibus Lyrics

"Hallelujah"

(feat. Seven Spherez)

Wires, gangsters, polyraphs, lenses in cameras
VladTV - one syllable answers
Meritorious Manumissions, I can't watch or listen
All they wanna' do is put you in
Raman noodles and lentils in Solomon's Temple
Surrounded by ominous symbols and apocalypse crystals
Electrical outage, urban cities over crowded
You should get online now and try to learn about it
I'm not concerned about it, aerosol injection to the midsection
Try ya' best to see if you can work around it, prob'ly never heard about it
In the streets you can word of mouth it
But in corporate you get hurt without it
Operation Land Shark bite, safari game drive at night
No searchlights windows down - thermal sights
Parabolic lens, images blend
They got to see it one time and never witnessed it again
Pagans, Sun simulators built by indigenous Asians
Religious invaders vitamin D nigga haters
A hologram I could touch wit my hands
What kind of man wants to get touched by hundreds of fans?
Temper tantrum, Semper Fi is the anthem
I'm in the middle of the Hendecagram dancing lookin' so damn handsome
Hallelujah! How does Moses make his tea?
Hebrews it... stupid, then on Sunday Domingo produce it
I tutor English in an English Tudor to English students
Acupuncture Buddhist, all inclusive pinch a nudist
Think you can do this? You think you can make rap music
Without being betrayed by Judas, I think you foolish
Anyways Hallelujahs good luck to yous
And I pray you find favor in the best future

[?]

Canibus Lyrics

"Make Up"

It all starts in that chair sitting on the movie set
In a roundabout way - never used to be direct
That bronze glow for men, that Cleopatra tan
In a tent, for that wretch with the low hanging breasts
The tart amazonian clay face on IG Live
With a playmate - looking like grape ape
You found \$100 on ya' windshield
You look so pretty, and just this morning you felt so shitty
Double chin? Now it's only just a couple of inch
Just spray it away and go have a wonderful rinse
The operative word is love, never no need for grudge
Come over to the mall kiosk cuz
They got this new mask made from volcano mud
Just use this sqweegy like you dippin' your whip
And your done, if you battle face to face
At least make sure your ya' profile's straight
In case the pictures surface at a later date
I painted myself silver cause I felt like a superhero
Ahead my time, comic con super weirdo
They couldn't understand it back then
Until they add them 0's to them SAG checks, correct?
What's a zebra without stripes... right?
No answer - I guess that means he's the silent type

After every red cent of the take home pay is spent
Economically makeup doesn't even make sense
Just imagine for one day if it all went away
What would you say? Would you be able to show face?
I happen to like my wrinkles, my blackhead pimple scar tissues
Adds visuals to everything I been thru
I ain't gon be the one to take ya' makeup away
Just cause you wanna' look 10 years younger today
I'ma be there for you matter what you look like
Muthaphuka like a gotdamn zombie in the light, in life?
A whores job cost a whores price
You know what they say, you could buy nice or buy twice
They do it for the highlights, they do it for the likes
Personality types do it for the night life hype
Don't be too hard on yourself, just come as you are
And smear a lil contour on the arms of the Lord
For ye shall be sure to remember the days that came after and before
You saw the Full Spectrum Dominance Tour - on four Continents or more
TSA go thru ya' makeup drawers, you can't take that on the plane anymore
But I really like those colors, especially for sister and brothers
Nieces and nephews - aunties uncles and cousins
The hook says you make me sick, but I love ya'll
Such colorful fans, who could want more?

Makeup for the shorties under 40 is a top priority
For big bottom small top minorities
Old carpet magically altered all you gotta do is steam it and wash it
Use worchester sauce when you worchester you armpits
Abs - chest and traps - Wrestle Mania I'm back
Off the top turnbuckle in my fishnet tank
Trending fashions - my balls feel better when my jeans is saggin'
And I'm braggin' and my nuts is dangling
What's the 411 Champion? See this is what happens
When the fans love canibus again, the hook says you make me sick
But I love ya'll, gaga fans standing outside the club ya'll

Canibus Lyrics

"Take the Chip"

Politics or religion won't interest the generation after this one
You can look at them and tell they're different
You can talk to them and tell tho
Strong spine or spaghetti tail bone
Keyboard warriors with ashy fingers and elbows
You never know what to expect
Full Spectrum Dominance chess
Yes - the top tier plays like that
When it comes to metaphors, their ceiling is my floor
And I don't care if my social media score is poor
The interview is interrupted, piano music starts to play
No one can hear what you're about to say
So it doesn't make sense for a subscriber to play it
Because the uploader is... not around anymore to say it
That's Full Spectrum Dominance, The Matrix wins
No contest, how did you think it was going to end?
It's never easy to ignore aggressors
Who work for their subordinate oppressors
However it's less of test and more of a lesson
It causes a reasonable apprehension of fear
I can understand you being scared
But maybe you should go get the hardware
Welcome to Full Spectrum Dominance
We all have to face it now
We got precisely what we asked for
So take the chip and shut up



Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"Selling Lies"

Vocals check play it close to the chest, ham radio cassette with DJ Ron G and S&S, bless, Yeah, I'm old school with the golden rule, Ya' know it, the crowd mooove when I told'em move, ugh music is my muse, time to show n prove, so cool, I'm always in a anitmedia mood, YouTube! Revenue used to be silly, but now it looks real skinny, ya' hear me?, couldn't rub together two pennies, what's the matter? they not media friendly, the lovely Cynthia McKinney so real she had to move out the city, the media's become the enemy of humankind, fool around n end up like Julian Assange, people get confused between personalized views and paying dues, when ya' pen game is peer reviewed, breaking news, you a frickin' stooge, craft services fake food, media crews read scripts they don't choose who,

I've become so tired
Of the blurring lines
Take away all control
They're just selling lies
We live what they conspire
We're just wasted lives
Make sure you take control
Of your mind

Content provider, nonetheless wiser,
Recycled sources insiders regurgitating their own vomit,
There's only ever one constant,
They're liars, bone deposits hidden in the closet
High powered lawyers are hired
You have the right to remain quiet...
Blackmail with green cash in a white wallets
Blue collars living off grid in a cottage
Where the media reporters are childish
Cellos, keyboards and violins
There's no surprises, nobody's smiling, there wilding
Soft disclosure, providing a cushion for hard exposure
Snake Eyes told you GI Joe lost to Cobra
Randolph Hearst a Media Mogul
Talkin' to Rupert saying;
" I told you to handle the scandal like you supposed to "
Tell me what you got in mind?
Besides fabricated paradigms
On second thought
I don't have the time!
No evidence supports what they find,
Jedi minds, look'em in the 3rd eye
And hypnotise, worldwide, with more lies!

And 1 by 1
They beat the drum
Don't fall in line
And 1 by 1
They beat the drum

Don't fall in line

"Are you talented?... yeah"

"Are they interested?... depends what you share"

"Are you sensitive?... only when it comes to my career"

I prefer my peace and my quiet, cooler hands prevail put out fires, transition from performer to writer, as an artist
I'll never retire, but as a man I made a decision to fade away back to the islands, in a small hut, grow my own
vegetables horticulture and such, this frickin' media is just too much, I'll disappear in yellow submarine below the
ocean like Ed Snowden, then return with after the planet flip over, I'll rage against the machine and disappear
like Zach, make a impact, then exit stage right - like that

The same ole' media game again,
Got to be real careful what you say to them,
They kicking dirt on ya' name again,
If I was you I wouldn't play with' them,

They only love you until they don't have to,
They only wanna' gain your trust - that's how they trap you,
4G 5G doesn't even matter,
They'll kill you with your own metadata

Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"Silent Shadows"

Brown Chicken Brown Cow
Seen a brick house downtown
All I could do was say Wow
ILLuminated Mythos
A steel band playing crypto calypso by a street post
Hot tea honey crumpets honey and oats
Hand on over your heart kneel to a 5 headed goat
The shadow wants to breakaway from the light source
But nothing ain't never that easy
Fight for it
Stand on ya' toes
Dance or face glacing blows
Try to hold your pants up with those
Brown shoe boy - white hat Stetson McCoy & Mayday McKay The Gargoyle
Listen to the beat alone
Take adrenachrome
First part that freezes you can't feel your toes
For what certain thought forms project
Sharp horns former wall st exec you don't wanna' be next
Who could cash a quadrillion dollar check - count half n rest
Wake up - cash the other half when I'm dead
You heard what he said
Gimmie my bread
Gimmie my bread
Gimmie my bread

ILLuminati wants is all n won't stop till they have it all
Still - they want more
Body organs gored to the core singing ritual song
Cleaning products sanitize floors
True - lemmie throw a few - the hexagonal ellipsoid droids took a photo of you
Shapeshift while you listen to this
They got away with it
Don't ask me how? a smoldering pile of organic material now
That's what I call a Chicago Standoff

Their shadows hide
But their blatant ways
Blind like the sun
Free mason lies
And bloody games
This world is run
By silent shadows
This world is run
Silent shadows

We study

Scholarship report card through the mail
Crypto currency PhD courses in jail
They run the world - iLLuminati don't fail
False flag details
Set sail but don't mess with no whales
Master Ptah! "they stole our time!"
Imagine how we feel
They stole our rhymes
I meet the King on his turf
Far away from the Serfs n Mercs
Somewhere in inner earth with the Smurfs
Emotion manifest thought 1st
Survival is not taking a picture standing next to a hearse
Magnetic Ultra shackles
Grab ether plasma
No telling what these demons is after
Even now I know not what it was for
Until thine day I shed my physical coil
The blood - died on the cross in the mud with some hard knuckle gloves n a fuel can jug
They say it's all love
Tried to kill ya' whole internet buzz
And you ain't even into that bruh
A smoldering pile of organic material now
Over a bowl of cereal
Wow...

It's way up- don't name drop
It's way up- don't name drop
Don't break the code
They're high up - don't name drop
They're high up - don't name drop
Don't break - don't break the code

Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"Spirit Possession"

Spiritual possession

Spiritual Possession, syllable air pocket impressive, zombie face, breath stink
Exorcists twists, skull & bones spin on shoulders, skeleton face, come closer
The injured lamb in the center of a pentagram, in the name of the sins of man
The soul is naked, the body hates it, the heart races, the spirit chases
Intonation, skip through syllable placement, in a basement, cold as glaciers
Bones in cages, old n nameless, unknown faceless draconian nature
He told me death was beyond the door, I said where have I heard that before?
Spiritual possession, whispering spiritual message, spiritual controls the vessel

In the beginning spirit, life is delivered thru the lens of a two-way mirror
As you think - so shall you inherit, it all starts with spirit
They win, so says the hearts of men, every century we try again
Trapped in a cube inside a glyph, cause man can't control the mind of men

Mr. Mind reader - synthesize the ether, don't gotta think about it either
No escape, love is replaced with hate, the slave lifestyle is great
I don't have to make those hard decisions, from here?
Ignorance couldn't be more blisser
Wings - Dragons - flight paths across the planet, eyes look up and panic
Nightmares - with happy endings, what's the point in asking who sent him
The spirit guide makes an entrance, and whispers u talk to much n ask too much questions, come right out n
show ya' face, make sure the humans know they place
The LIZARD? talk to it, hologram walk thru it, same way God would do it

The Most Highly Rated, grossly underestimated, time wise ancient

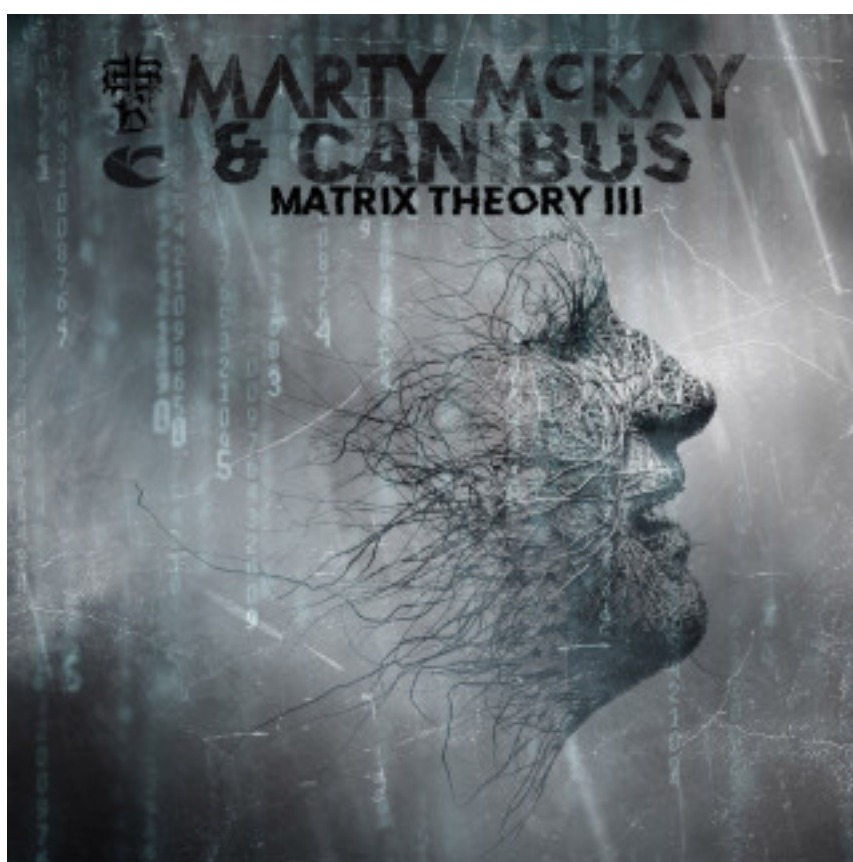
Yet visibly ageless, look through the Akashic, the Matrix is a mosh pit of disingenious, logic to hold us hostage,
no introduction needed, The Great Tarnush, undefeated, you gotta' see it to believe it, and believe it to see it,
ever since the this star system was seeded, their plan for global domination is nearly completed

G-Maaaaan!, upper body swivel like He-Man, Thor Hammer crush the Beast plan, green hands standing there in
ya' underpants, looking like Peter Pan

The need for speed risk and chance, who'd've guessed he'd've peed his pants, look to the right, they say never
look to the light, south pole look for ice

Oh well that's life, and ain't that nice?, Lucifer just booked your flight
Get set for Nimrod night, don't like the talkative type, you're right it's the end of life
Proto-Spiritual, poetry home grown minerals, back to the waters of IRIDU
Human - look at you, closed mind, pitiful, nothing to see hear, forget you
Escape - they'll never let you, let you go just to catch you, professional 5D, 5G interdimensional, monsters
Thrown assaunder, call it Karma, call it whatever you wanna', hot winters cold summers, armored up road
runners, spacecrafts, dumbs & bunkers

Rolling thunders, DOUBLE U TEA F straight hustlers, caterpillar tumblers
Paralyzed with fear - nowhere to run, fee fye fo fum carnivorous scum
Sun light moon light - life is cartoon like, Zeitgiest - it's a spiritual fight
They win, so says the hearts of men, every century we try again



Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"Indigo Breeze"

(feat. Lady Bazaar)

Opening scene, human kind panics from a dying planet
Try to understand it...
They say thunderbirds fly to preserve our skies
If Geo Engineers lie, they deserve to die, they deserve to die

The air that you breathe
Indigo breeze
Throw a flare and light it
Spread the ashes all around you
You're holding the key
Know what you believe
Don't inhale all the cold air
Let it drift around your body

How could life not be real, running over the rolling hills
Rolling around in lush green fields
It's just a reminder that every day the sun rises
And I re new my Mer-Ka-Ba
I look into her blue iris
There she is, Delilah, seductive, yet so silent
With whispers of inspiration, from the valley of the faceless
A gift for all human races
Surface to air, air to ground, across firmament
Wherever my love is allowed
I stand up to command hate to stand down
Not much left in the sand glass now
I'm just a man, learning to not trust the lies that
I'm just beginning to understand
I feel betrayed & now I don't what to say
It all changed when the sky turned grey

The air that you breathe
Indigo breeze
Throw a flare and light it
Spread the ashes all around you
You're holding the key
Know what you believe
Don't inhale all the cold air
Let it drift around your body

My water is brackish from unpaid Mad Max taxes
Jet planes make multiple passes
Suffering from thunderstorm asthma, chest grabbin
This is madness, follow the white rabbit
Down the hole, can barely hear the sound of my soul
It's so cold, where did the sun go?

I stand atop Mount Fiji, Canibus can you see me?
Thru the thick chem trail graffiti?

Some argue that the earth is flat
It's a scientific fact, the fake news debates to distract
Meanwhile we hold our throats, cough a choke
Chemical smoke, you still think a chem trail is a hoax
No – the human race is reduced to cockroaches
They run from Lord Vader as he approaches
They poison our air, land and oceans with sub micronal global aerosol, told you

The air that you breathe
Indigo breeze
Throw a flare and light it
Spread the ashes all around you
You're holding the key
Know what you believe
Don't inhale all the cold air
Let it drift around your body
Rise up high and fly
Let it drift around your body
Rise up high and fly
Battle cries go off around me
Rise up high and fly
Let it drift around your body
Rise up high and fly
Battle cries go off around me

They took my blue skies away
It's like the whole planet died that day
Humans become breathing semiconductors, weapons of mass respiratory destruction, imagine!?! sky captains
snuffing out the masses through stereo lithographics, the atmospheric enabler, barometric vapors cut thru ya'
lung tissue like razor sharp light sabers cut thru wafers, of deeply satanic nature, It's the will of Lord Vader,
deactivated T-Cell receptors, deprivation of clean oxygen is a weapon, question, how can you live if you can't
breath? and where will you go if they ever succeed?, technology nano, crops can't grow, from extreme drought to
sand storms and bad snow, Surface acoustic spray chemical aggregate saturates every God given breath we
take, I didn't before but now I can see – the evil attached to the very air we breathe

The air that you breathe
Indigo breeze
Throw a flare and light it
Insomnia freaks wide awake
Contaminated every breath we take
Spread the ashes all around you
You're holding the key
Know what you believe
Don't inhale all the cold air
I feel betrayed with nothing to say
It all changed when the skies turned grey
Let it drift around your body
Rise up high and fly
Let it drift around your body
They took our blue skies away

Rise up high and fly
Battle cries go off around me
They took our blue skies away
Rise up high and fly
Let it drift around your body
They took our blue skies away
Rise up high and fly
They took our blue skies away
Battle cries go off around me
It all changed when the skies turned grey

Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"Left Brain Prisoners"

Education, teachers are naked, students are fully clothed in paper
Debt based we all owe the creator
For life on Liberty Row, where the Red Wood pitchforks grow
Where the fast lane education is slow
Do you know? What you wanna be? Where you wanna go?
And how important it is for you to know your learning curve goal
We academic hybrids bro, private school enrolled
It's publicly known we were schooled at home
I hear you say, you wanna be free, but you can't be free
Until you learn just how to be non-mechanic and random, see
I use my thought to separate myself from cogs in the wheel
They say the pen is mightier than the sword
That's how I'm dodging the steal
'Cause, what they pass for education ain't real
It's mind manipulation, they're clones sedated, they're drones, debate it
Complicated without complication, counterfactual quantum communication, necessity is the mother if all creation

They say there's only way
A single path to a gate
We're prisoners, they stand guard
And if you stray you may starve
Guess what, it's all been a lie
The curtains down, look inside
A rich man finds his own truth
So seek your own point of view

Hands chained in a war
Left-brain prisoner
Run
You gotta run
Hands chained in a war
Left-brain prisoner
Run
You gotta run

Paperback tablets, dry eraser boards calculate mathematics
So attractive intellectual savage, performing arts metaphor mechanic, less than 1% of the planet
It doesn't matter if my message is stranded
I will be found next to my favorite noun, levitate above ground, meditating to my favorite sound
Debating simple issues, teachers are artificial, there must be a more clinical approach to being ethically civil
Is Hell on Earth a vacation for Devils? or education for Rebels?
Will these polarized points of view ever settle? Is war normal?
Is peace special, do we deserve extinction level? what does your guardian Angel tell you?
The end is a new beginning cycle, participation is vital, one persons departure is another's arrival
Collateral models, android smartphone survival standing at the chalkboard beside you

They say there's only way

A single path to a gate
We're prisoners, they stand guard
And if you stray you may starve
Guess what, it's all been a lie
The curtains down, look inside
A rich man finds his own truth
So seek your own point of view

Hands chained in a war
Left-brain prisoner
Run
You gotta run
Hands chained in a war
Left-brain prisoner
Run
You gotta run

Common Core, either or, no promises y'all
Common sense gone, academia is dead wrong
One generation down the line is new shit
Two generations down the line its bull shit
Three generation down the we're stupid
By fourth generation too lazy to do shit
Education is endangered, you need brain maintenance
To fly a 5th generation spaceship, education

They say there's only way
A single path to a gate
And if you stray you

Hands chained in a war
Left-brain prisoner
I'm not sure what I'm supposed to know anymore
Run
You gotta run
The current model of learning takes too long
Hands chained in a war
Left-brain prisoner
Download your education from the matrix
Run
You gotta run
That way no time is wasted
Make an educated guess you can make it
Word of mouth information is sacred
But it feels old school and antiquated
The more I grow – the more I recognize that I don't know

Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"Multiscreen Madness"

Skateboard home from school, the golden rule, was don't talk to strangers, cell phones were cool
We had to watch out for wolves wearing sheeps wool, take a stand like a wall street bull
The old days – never cross streets without looking both ways, distraction is a zero sum game
The most professional grade OLED ever made the brain develops varicose veins
Three six 5G – the god of electro smog, a wireless mental World War 4
Pearl Harbor whores sun bath on the sea shore, that's enough I don't need to see more
Mind control trigger, don't fumble, follow the fiddler, trynna figure who's big screen's bigger
The Most Dangerous Game Ever Played, A Multi-screen Madnesss Mind Control Maze

We shoot to kill
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous
Got that ivy drip
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous game

Rich colorful days, pretty girls bubble gum braids, tryna get her number and a name
Ink written on hand, sweat glands spoil romance, shoulda wrote her number down on my pants
The world was smaller no call waiting for jealous callers, LAN line supervised by her Grand Momma
Couldn't get more than 10ft from the wall jack, everybody get quiet when she talked back
Rated G conversations – in fact, we'd laugh about Rated G movie soundtracks
No separation, you didn't feel lost or naked, friends meet in spontaneous places
Everyday was a surprise, ice cream & apple pies, it seemed like we had more time
Everyday was a surprise, from the weather in the skies – to innocent bicycle rides

We shoot to kill
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous
Got that ivy drip
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous game

A flat screen is black, a 1080p prison trap, but you never think of it like that
Thumbs become smartphone dumb, a man with a man-bun talking about peace & love
The Chip is here, eyes nose throat n ears, humanity sheds oceans of tears, drown...
Even tho life jacket is near... saturated by Palintair
Drink ORMUS, a solid state storage for bluetooth recording sitting Indian style on a carpet
Data packet Pelican project, a hip hop apologist program currently in progress
Be calm – do not watch screen too long, ignore the comments of those who believe you're wrong
If the face is pale, raise the tail, if face is red then raise their head

We shoot to kill
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous
Got that ivy drip
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous

We shoot to kill
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous
Got that ivy drip
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous game

Abandoned building, villains, sitting round the table chilling, VIP convo private
Eye contact with no eyelids y2k face time with white collar convicts
Touch screen fractured, flickering lights in a cabin, with my favorite porno actress
Reading glasses twisted, tape on the sides for logistics, multi screen madness wish list
Ultra interactive live virtual streams, eyeballs self clean with mists of visine
SpaceX – air filter diaphragm with face net, can't be sure if that's the case yet
7am to 8pm with 9 outta 10 unfriendly dmsg it never ends
Your lives are done! you should exodus off the earth and just go colonize the Sun

Three Six 5G
Multiscreen madness disease
Sitting there staring at screens
Too paralysed to scream
Hypnotic OLEDs
Are an MK ULTRA Meme
Three Six 5G
Multiscreen madness disease
Sitting there staring at screens
Too paralysed to scream
Hypnotic OLEDs
Are an MK ULTRA Meme

Idols smile, blinding lies
Not worth trusting
Forcing life, just for the highs
It's soul crushing

We shoot to kill
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous
Got that ivy drip
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous
We shoot to kill
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous
Got that ivy drip
Multiscreen madness
It's a dangerous game



Canibus Lyrics

"Curmudgeon"

The empire beneath the ice
Has everything to do with your life
History is music, music is life
Oh now you tofu tough, you wanna roll in the mud
I got poisonous-blowfish guts sewn into my gloves
Float like a butterfly, fly like a dove
The spirit becomes love if it holds no grudge
Muzzle flash, close your eyes like you in a bubble bath
You say it's so sad, well tell me what's so bad?
First, you get your feet wet, then you wet your beak next
This preset accelerates into a grease of sweat
Oh, you're hungry? Of course, Fine
You're the boss, but if I cook rice pilaf
You have to turn the TV off
She left her earrings over, I was below fixing the outboard motor
I stopped what I was doing, she walked closer
Crunch time, can't take lunchtime
But that's in the bloodline
I only got one more rhyme
And I only got to do it 100 million more times
I'm almost done, I almost lost my mind
I already had my fifteen minutes
Now I'm just stretching the limits
Wit' small digit Professor Emeritus lyrics
Retired in Uruguay study linguistics and writing
I don't know how long I'll be here, my Visa's expired
Twisting up turtle for money
Delta 8 gummies taste funny
Don't you think Honey?
You wanna back rub me?
Scratchy ass voice, honey lemon make my cords moist
But when the fans want me to growl, I ain't got a choice
There's no way to opt-out, compliance comes from the top down
Before Nimrod's temple is knocked down
You talking tough, crypto game
But I ain't seeing no gains
You couldn't break me off with some of that change?
Inside the tabernacle, we grappled over the time capsule
Upsetting the balance between the synthetic and the natural
Sequence confirmed, feel the burn
I apologize in advance if this doesn't seem like a real concern
I am at a loss for words, a monkey kidney looks human
If you shave the fur, I'm ashamed to concur
The puzzle is a crossword, the word is Marlboro
The world revolve first, your faith will falter
The conqueror is a harvester, mistaken for a farmer
Kicking and screaming, you will be dragged up to the altar

But this too shall pass, only a fool will try to outlast
The same entity from the ancestors past
Ooh be careful, not enough data available
You try another password still get a error code
Are you a targeted individual? Hey you never know
But there are places in this world that you should never go
The speech pathologist carved out their tongues
Started mocking 'em, thought about stopping 'em
But it was interesting watching 'em
Mystery charms wrapped around his arms
A suicide belt bomb, underneath his garms keep calm
The deep fake con artist stacking Era Grand bearers bonds in his office
Egg and cheese croissant, no sausage
A threat is a guarantee, yet death is a little less than a promise
So we pray for the dark skin Amish
And the melanated William Wallace
Broken homes for the jobless
Fractured and broken bones for the doctors
Gentlemen, synchronize your watches
The time stops when the internet kill switch is pressed tomorrow morning
The spell ends, the hell begins, the Freedom Bell rings
A fat lady sings, farewell friends
Walk into work while black, the motherfucker jumped out his squad car
And said "Where the fuck is your job at?"
They kill me the Reboot Lord, the Reset God
Now I can see I got more than a couple defects Mom
The world is crashing, collapsing
The audience is standing, applauding and clapping
Are they for real? Or are they acting?
Ay, I know you ain't talking
Me? I'm just standing in the audience
Just trying to enjoy their performances
The fingerless puppet master creating nothing but utter disaster
Evergrand bankrupted the planet
Fighter jet stream down the Potomac river
In the land of the free
If you believe as I do, stand with me

Canibus Lyrics

"Entameta (Remix)"

(feat. DMX)

[DMX:]

You gonna do something or just stand there?
No? I didn't think so
Uh, yo
Is this on too?
That's my start, right?

[Canibus:]

This one starts over a beat loop and a hot bowl of dandelion soup
Recorded two projects, I'm 'bout to regroup
Enter the verse of the meta, Can-I-Bus forever
The rhyme predator beta test to make it better
Harmonic tremors, VR molecule, parse the data and zoom
On a Zoom call, howlin' at the moon
Metatron's cube, a tribe from Cameroon
Makes love to change the molecular matter of a spoon
The language was spoken dystopian, sung as a holy hymn
By some old moldy men soakin' in Covid phlegm
Cornmeal coated in fried okra, pathogen serum from live cobras
One hit'll roll your eyes over
Polar drip, solar pole shift, liftin' weights
On a stranded container ship, waitin' for the rain to quit
A thousand solar cycles later I'm still writing with pen and paper
The Creator recreated Jamaica, indigenous
Genetic information, beautiful natives, unusual flavors
Looked her up and down and said "Hmm, I'll take her"
This is critical survival, not in denial
Not an emotional spiral, not bein' tribal or worshippin' idols
Put on your [?] virtual reality goggles
(Put on your goggles and watch me kill shit)

[DMX:]

We gon' get it
Get to 'em
We gon' get it
Now get to 'em
We gon' get it
Get to 'em
We gon' get it
Now get to 'em

[Canibus:]

I woke in a jail where prisoners get key fobs
Every mornin' we feed 'em grapefruit pancakes infused with sea moss
You want white folks involved
Just threaten to vaccinate their dogs

I bet they bring this whole shit to a halt
I'm on the clock when I'm wearin' pajamas
No shirt, just boxers, can't wait to go to work with the Oculus
Cripple in fear, paralyzed there with a stare
What should you wear? It's VR, goddammit, who cares?
Emotion is stable read but now you are sleepin' in the weeds
Tossin' and turnin' like birds in a chicken feed
Quantitative, yet almost basic, gross and naked
Like all the missing heads of the statues they excavated
Damn, the Canibus Man got abs like Lenny Krav'
His hands lift heavy slabs and split heavy bags
Spongy form encephalopathy, I have to keep workin'
And deep burnin' to complete deep discernin' machine learnin'
Mixing jars, cold Shandy, lemonade and beer
Contemplate what it would take to recreate your career
What two words contain the most letters?
The answer is post office, nigga
(Put on your goggles and watch me kill shit)

[DMX:]

We gon' get it
Get to 'em
We gon' get it
Now get to 'em
We gon' get it
Get to 'em
We gon' get it
Now get to 'em

[Canibus:]

Detect an infection, arise an airborne transmission
And all they had to do was listen
That was completely unscripted, just havin' some fun with it
A mind erasin' event, that leave you tongue-twisted
Three weeks without food, three days without water
Three minutes without oxygen, he's a dead man talkin'
I want mandatory black beans with rice and greens
[?] acetylene turn you to a TikTok meme
Don't let me throw you out the chopper, the top of the Nakatomi Plaza
They thought they got him, I'm the only survivor
I'm the captain of this ocean liner
iPad Navionics, I don't need no autopilot
Enter the Metaverse is an online course
Where I dismount my horse and kick your corpse

[DMX:]

We gon' get it
Get to 'em
We gon' get it
Now get to 'em
We gon' get it
Get to 'em
We gon' get it

Now get to 'em

Yo yo yo yo yo yo yo

What up? What up? What up?

Talk to 'em

DMX

Canibus Lyrics

"Hydra"

I'm from a planet
Called Xanotos Gambit
Where I used to be a champion
Now I'm just regular old Canibus
Your wrist-band says 'do not resuscitate'
OK, just lay there while I fuck your face
911 emergency facetime
Decreases the wait time
Just be polite to the police to save time
'Cause if you scream over the phone
They take your ass to the green zone
Where you gon' end up with a tube up your nose
All alone in a concrete room that's so cold
You'll be froze, with icicles hanging from your earlobes
Eskimo varmones
I'm like a polar bear getting his hair combed
Sittin' on a tropical throne
My wolves look like 64 legged spiders
With 8 headed hydras
Breathing through Cnibus breathalyzers
Brought to you by Pfizer
Goliath drop science from the shoulders of giants
People quick to despise it
And the gods are stooped to admire
The hunt continues even at night
My murder hornets are nocturnal flyers and they bite
Even in flight, we strike
10-minute warning
Zero dark, early in the morning
My life is so boring
Now I'm boarding
Stockpiling food
Still hoarding
Freeze-drying eliminates spoiling
If you can swim to the next mooring
Then I'll meet you in the morning
The lifebuoy rope is uncoiling
I saved your life, it's heart-warming
The big homie Jose
He smelled like roach spray
He used to always say
That he missed the old days
I used to laugh when he listened to the O'jays
Muy trabajo even on slow days
His brother named Soze
He fucked with the dope game
Quero comer the scorpion, that was his code name

Prepare for game day
Every Wednesday is buy propane day
The Paypal cash app apple payday
They add the virus to the cocktail then stir
They believe we are the disease and our death is their cure
Our whole life, only our first breath was pure
Through the redundant cycle of fear next to occur
They break backs to build back stronger
But it got so much harder
Folks can't tow the line any longer
Population corralled
To the point they can only move their bowels
Like some god damn bovine cows
Medical patients lay there naked
Intubated, we lay hands on ventilators
Prey for them, but still can't save them
I asked shorty why she need a rubber for her strap-on
She said to hide her new Joan smell from her last Joan
I ain't last that hard since money talks
Or seeing Chris Tucker do that fifth element walk
Silence! can never be caught
Benjamin Bulldog to the heart
Samuel Jackson from 'jumper' said
Just cause you can teleport
That don't make you God
Imma break you off
You gon' take this jab, Imma make you cough
Flatten the back of your head
With a tow truck flatbed
Grab my Phillips out the tool bag
And stab your leg
See me, I don't study how rugged you sound
I doubled down, jump to the ground, Bus double the rounds
Invite me if you want trouble around
If I can't muzzle the sound
I find an empty water bottle off the ground
My days are numbered
But so are yours you stupid motherfucker
You can't escape the spell were under
What's your style
Siberian sambo skin penetrating nano
Go Rambo on that asshole no capto
Model bitch rid my cock
While I watch Dipset Vs Lox
Then after that, we watch brlbrlbrlbrl get mocked
I got a gift
I built my own wings to achieve lift
My verses are reverse engineered Gullwing kit
Brother poetry, sullen beat
Sold 3 but didn't know it was me
The infinite rhyme, I told you it was deep
Let these truths be self-evident
Based off our morphic resonance

7 decimal points to the left again
With radiated intelligence
Helium 3 weapons kits unregistered
I sound like Jim Vexer when I spit
Robotic, johnny mnemonic
With inflammo thrombotic
Response in my solder sockets
When I'm popping and locking
Step in the mic booth
Propulsion system glowing bright blue
Described in the bible, turn into a giant Kaiju
Taking commands from space force flight crew
I was Japanese in '92
They called my tiny Timbuktu
Sky hero drones
No wires, push-button broken appliance
You didn't know your warranty was expired?
Gorilla gardening with long-forgotten techniques
Of Phoenician farming and I'm only charging
1 crypto farthing
Laughing so hard I can't stop farting
So charming its alarming
A brother tommy and Steve Harvey in the morning
They was calling
I told em I ain't donating no organs
God damn it, you better get off my phone, I'm done talking

Canibus Lyrics

"Live Action Role Play"

The moths are attracted to the lumens
The same way the humans are attracted to a revolution
Face front you deep fake cunt
You better give 'em what they want
You put 'em in a pressure cooker for months
Pun intended, surprise
Lowes Hardware is low on supplies
But most guys won't realize
Until McDonald's is low on fries
Just came back from outside
As I was jogging I was reading the signs
Lies, murder and more lies
My eyes cried turpentine
I taste human fertilizer in the wine
I knew a guy, use to work for the mob
Had to get out and dodge
Henry Hill called him Gulag Bob
He said these histamine sneezers, respiratory wheezers
False Jesus wearing Yeezy sneakers
They some crazy old geezers
They decide to genocide, the when and the why
Like Biggie's first album just get ready to die
The haves decide, the have nots gotta go along for the ride
This is for those who have ears and eyes
The wise, 'Ooh la la la la'
That's the sound of electric bikes doing drive-bys
Big face like Little Richard
Hitting high notes with his lips twisted
Lipstick the same color as chitlins
I'll take all your residual gains
Liquify your criminal brains
And pour 'em down municipal drains
We are the initiates of the flame
Wit' strange nicknames
They came out of this world from Maine to Brisbane
And from this day forward
You are welcome to make a quick claim on this recording
Meanwhile, I keep it in storage
Got deported, escorted off the planet by the solar warden
Who kept rolling up my sleeve but I didn't want it
Anxiously looking through the looking glass keyhole
From inside the placebo
Let me tell you what we know
Welcome to Amerizuela
The beast mark on your genitalia
That's the one thing they never tell ya
You're broke walking barefoot in the snow

With a pumpernickel half loaf
Wearing half a coat
If you choose to accept this mission
You gone end up dead, nigga
Either that or spend life in prison
They look, they don't even know what they looking at
They live, they don't even know what hood they at
See that book? Pick it up
Nah, put it back
I don't think ill ever be good enough for that
The release of the binary mutagen
Created melanated supermen
This is how the future begins
Aliens with humans for pets
Yes this is truly intense
A B-movie wit' the spookiest suspense
Confusing in every way you can think
Just follow the program command strings
Let me do my thing
The ripper renewed his charter
His music was smarter
Life sucks but afterlife will be beautiful karma
His head was examined
His astral body left the planet
He came back to help science understand it
The new world recruits
Drink the Jim Jones juice
Take a jab to the glutes
And now their ears are ringing
To the sound of a gargoyle playing the flute
Hot lava plumes break the seven continents loose
Satellite phones, Magna tight stones
Skeletons with bleached white bones
Hanging from abandoned homes
Drones over green zone camps
Scan the forehead barcode stamps
Only the inoculated can hold hands
Fall asleep to Tik Tok on the 'Gram
Woke up in a trance
Electroshock wristwatch
To self medicate they press the button on the clasp
So their muscles won't cramp
In a cave under a kerosene oil lamp
"My internet's down
It came back up but now there's no sound"
Bill Paxton in the background screaming

"What the fuck are we gonna do now?
Oh that's fucking great now, man
Why you cocksuckers are out here grab assing
We're gonna get slaughtered, man
Those things are gonna mutate half a dozen times in a month, man
Then we're gonna be playing leapfrog with unicorns for real

Why don't you just put her in freaking charge, man
'Cause those things are gonna come in here
And they're gonna wipe us out, man
And it's not a goddamned thing we can do about it
'Cause we can't get out of here, man
It's a fucking nightmare
It's a live-action roleplay
And those things are gonna come in here
And their gonna take our souls away..."

Canibus Lyrics

"Travis Scott Concert"

(feat. Born Sun & Body Bag Ben)

[Canibus:]

I'ma iron your clothes
Wit' your body still in 'em
While the background sound
Like a lobby full of women
He sold me a lemon?
I kill 'em
But bring 'em back to me first
So I can strip 'em, and close fist 'em
Then hang 'em up wit' his toes missin'
Nigga shoulda listened
That stupid ass video you sent 'em
I'ma talk about that in a second
But right now, I'ma tell you
That there will be no intervention
Words that rhyme in a sentence
Are my invention
And please let's not even mention timing
When I'm riding a rhythm
God willing, bodybag beta test
I had sex your wit' your Ex, wearing a Avirex
Came on her neck
Mutant X lubricant
I undress the cuckoos breasts
Take it all the way down to 2%
Don't let the Mandalorian
Have to wind the window down on the Delorian
Do that, he coming for all of them

[Born Sun:]

Yo, this a open invitation
Born Sun waitin'
Facemask conversation
Bash his face in
Rata-tat ratchet
Static, never panic
Goons from Nibiru
Scrapping, grappling wooly mammoths
Bad mama jama
DC 'Bama with the hammer
Never showing teeth for the camera
Stamina laminating
CD's in Atlanta
Standing at 5 points
Channelin' the channeler
Supreme chancellor

Two-legged Tarantula
Crankshaft crank it up
Tote a whole camper
Born Sun'll body you
Wit' ballroom banter
He said if I got cash
I can bang the banker
I'm looking in her eyes
Trying to find a way to thank her
Here's a handkerchief
For your vaginal anger
Cycle pharmacology
Technology and my Wallabees
Ain't nobody even got deets'
Screaming against Socrates
Standing next to chickenhead pottery
'Cause the squares got on top of me
Next year is don release
Everybody getting a lobotomy
I called it balderdash biology
Travis Scott concert
Unbody spirits in the mosh pit
Hold the crowd spiritually hostage
What wha-wha-what 1, 2, 1, 2
2022 more Born Sun for you

[Bodybag Ben:]

Look, this perseverance, huh
Midnight toasters on your grave, son
Lifting spirits
You caught the Holy Ghost like Joseph Simmons
But shit be like that when you illin'
Blood on his shelltoes
Can't play the villain
Pay the piper, now its lemon peppers
Shift the land like a shepherd
Bear the fruit
Taste the nectar, huh
His arm hanging off the stretcher
Rung his bell now he laid up like Denzel
In the Bone Collector
Hellish premonitions when the rent past due
Wave mags to
Run jewels in the Air Max 2
He got the deuce deuce tucked in the bubble goose, ha
Word, now he got the mac in the knapsack
Child, all he do is party and bullshit
Ain't no life after death when the drum rip
It's unbelievable, he ain't ready to die
Nah, I ain't think so
It's either friend or foe
Without warning to kicking in the door
Ha, wolves at the door yo, that's for certain

44 on his frame like George Gervin
Now his bodies squirting
Behind the curtain, see the evil lurkin'
Rock homes that's full of Durban
Leave homes in ya turban, Body

Canibus Lyrics

"Animal Husbandry"

I crawled out the swamp
It sound like silliness
'Til I grab you and take you back under
Like I'm amphibious
Read this, they built several specialized clinics
Just for my lyrics
And I don't even wanna go near it
I get scared
I don't even debate in my head
They said you're already dead
Just take your meds
Whether you're lab born
Or you came out of a womb
If you alive, there ain't no way
You can't feel what I'm doing
And until you get into it
We gon' all suffer in mutual ruin
Cause I don't think you understand my music
My Godzilla four winds
Is like four spinning dorsal fins
The water blow the glass out of your lens
Here's some hot water and vinegar
Go over there and clean up all of them sinners
Don't come back until you're finished
Sonic weapons for war time
Close source measures from North-com
Animal husbandry takes all my time
Therefore, not much I care for
Besides certified, referenced material of well prepared bars
Listen, I don't want no trouble
But if I have to polish my own belt buckle
I'ma give you these knuckles
Smartphones and homes that talk
Non fungible art
Let's step outside of the bungalow for a walk
If you look at the tall reeds
They're beautiful as you can see
But they will not survive the category 5 wind speeds
Liquid cooled, home schooled
Compound finance rules
Anything's better than a Tyvek suit
Jet propulsion, under the props
Oh my god, weapons going hot
Tail smoking like steam from a pot
I under stand you don't really know what I mean a lot
You're shocked to hear me say
"Come over here and clean my cock"

You are a P.O.W, half of you are gullible fools
The other half of you are running from the rules
And my rap song
Thoughts no man is prepared to act on
You better call Allahu AkBar
Rap star, riding in the back of the car
With a bodyguard, air support
And a tiny attack dog
Multiple antigens approach
Canibus, cross reaction analysis
Niggas get smoked
Dark power is drawn from a waving wand
Your poetry's strong, but it cannot save the savant
Listen to the god, that shit hard
Demolition or dawn
From one million bars put on one song
Man, you got King Kong balls
Whatever side you wanna sit on
Just go over there and get yours
You still want that gourmet?
You need to come holla at Jorge
He bet the whole house on a horse race
Hallelujah, bodies float down the Chattanooga
'Cause the charter boat had shooters
Glad I took a Uber
The reason I talk trash
Cause life goes by so fast
And death is like a fast moving life raft
Look into the eyes
Of the cytokine calm storm spinning clockwise
Towards where you are
Hard war cleaver, part metaverse amoeba
Please fill out your electronic verification by email
Populate each field with appropriate details
I'll take care of everything else
And just raise your hand if you need help
Start my day with the Das EFX
Grab my bumstickitty-blood clot vest
Then go outside and catch wreck
Touch the stage
Survive a place
My hips gyrate
When I feel that burn
It put a smile on my face
Microphone fiends focus
To smell the metabolic acidosis
Coming from the rose garden cultures
Command and control
Then transmit from both poles
That's just one of my campaign goals
If your'e not busy swing by
Soft music, dim lights
Real nice, kind of got that I Ching vibe

Nowadays you got to live right
Try not to be out past midnight
That's probably the only thing I did write
BMG merchants very adverse with smart contract purchase
They handle more pressure than combat nurses
How many beats? How many verses?
It depends how many people are working
I don't know why Americas so expensive

Canibus Lyrics

"Covid Santa"

The scenery starts off with a slow pan from a drone cam
And a drone operator with cold hands
A Body Bag Ben beat bumps, a chime from a grandfather clock
Made of pinewood with walnut studs
A pearly red unfinished sleigh bed of carbon fiber
One can only guess to fly higher and faster from being lighter
Pieces of liquor bottle shards crunched atop squeaky floorboards
Screens on walls flashing off and on, Weather Report
Killington Vermont, Whistler, Snow King Resort
Black Diamond conditions travel restricted and closed off
A shipment of hummingbird broth was lost
Because it couldn't get across
Mrs. Claus had a psychotic blow off
And that's why we were called, but now that we are here
We are seeing things are much more deeper than we thought
The whole compound was a pigsty, black mold in the carpet
Mouldy half-eaten cookies, milk rotting in cartons
The elves moved all the factory equipment out of the way
Twice a week they throw raves, Nora En Pure deejays
Mrs. Claus doesn't know what to do, she just stays
In her room, they say she has a Fentanyl problem too
OK, Mrs. Claus is the spouse, for now we can rule her out
But we need to find the man of the house
They say he's in bad shape, just look at the landscape
I don't care if it's man-made or not, it's a damn shame
Mrs. Claus stopped payment
The Goods Department ran out of patience
The elves are working for terrorist organizations
Rudolf's nose is sick, he can't walk for shit
He's certified fit for service but he's got bone cyst
Dancer and Prancer have capped hocks in fluid blocks
We're wondering what Santa's gonna do when the music stops
In our first conversation we asked Mrs. Claus
About her GPS ankle bracelet, she remained complacent
We asked Mrs. Claus, "Can you please take us to Santa?"
She looked over at one of the elves, wouldn't give us an answer
Now this elf was whistling Amazing Grace and didn't say much
Looked like he had a pistol tucked, straight thug
He said he was a playa in the global human settlement layer
And he accepted revenue from Lord Maitreya
Another elf said, "We'll take you to Santa
But we need your passport, phone, radio, and your helmet camera"
I complied, gave him all four without blinking an eye
They opened the door and took me outside
We walked downrange to a Buckminster Fuller building type frame
With a door that had a cryptonite chain
I almost couldn't believe, I heard the whirling sound

Of a machine you would use to help somebody breathe
At first, I see bare feet, the EKG beep
I move closer, then I see rosacea in both cheeks
I see tubes carrying red blood out of two man boobs
To a machine, then back into a hand turned blue
I was so confused, I turned around to the elves
And said, "What in Satan's name have you done to yourselves?"
One of the elves stepped forward
He said, "This is hard to ignore, but I owe you an explanation
I'm not a doctor, but I'm not an impostor
I'm a medical proctor, and I don't think he's got much longer
You see, lactic acid is green, uric acid is orange
Sulfuric acid is yellow but Santa's is much darker
His citric acid is clear, I know that I'm a fast talker
But he's gonna die without the proper anatomic markers
'Cause his interstitial fluids have been mixing with unknown
Biopollutants turning him into some kind of mutant"
In other words, technically Santa's entire genomic integrity's
In great jeopardy's what he said to me
And he's been treated for the latest strain, he's positive
Non-homologous, we contacted Dr. Oculus
Our last communicae' placed him in two hours away
But I should warn you if he's not here, we have to operate
"Operate how? Here? Sure, there's wrecked shit everywhere
This is a fucking sanitary nightmare!
Good idea, glad you're in charge, you're doing a great job
Look at him! Don't you think Santa looks a bit gone?"
Antibody dependent enhancement, what are Santa's chances?
Don't they make an ?ulcerated? cream for cancer?
You little shit, you be using my phone to look at dick pics
When I was your age, I used to work at the Big Dig
Fluorescent, illuminated X-rays, polyethylene death sprays
From a nuclear submarine's wet bay (Yay!)
You are pathogenically primed for prime time
The meter says 9, 9, 9, 9
And now Christmas is fucked, I hope you're satisfied
What you gon' do now Santa done died?

Canibus Lyrics

"Kaiju Karaoke"

Moses was a black man
With red hair like saffron
I heard you the first time
I chose not to respond
Prophecy is fulfilled
When Enki and Enlil are killed
And Lil Nas' X face is on the dollar bill
How you like that for a metaverse thrill?
Still ill, and I don't even need record deal
But real, you know my name, son don't chill
And now the whole world got a license to ill
When they shut down the grid
We gon' be outside doing a bid
Institutionalized, right where we live
Apologetically thank you
Put noose around neck and hang you
While two yankee doodle dudes shank you
Biologically scan you for your own safety, then ban you
'Til your own people abandon you
Now you standing outside the dollar store
For a fifty-cent whore
Bout to go on a 25 cent tour
You let that whore sit on your face?
She taste like sodium borate
And by the way, that stuff taste great!
Disclaimer; don't you try that at home and then blame us
I ain't famous and they still say my name too much
Yet on the other side of the veil
Every single comparison will fail
Cause every multiple rhyme is a spell
My poems are known unknown knowns, but it's hard to know
How much knowledge can grow from one node
In the vaccination drive-thru I sat in the seat behind you
I shoulda sat in the seat beside you
Quiescent, still present even if I go back to the essence
There's no way I forget what I remember
Sniper specific relax, hold breath, squeeze trigger
Wait for confirmation, get up, get out of there nigga
Canibus rhymes are not immediately obvious
They're supposed to be positive
So he ain't really accomplishing shit
My name is the ripper and I beg to differ
I know men who are bled from the liver
And labeled gorillas, breadwinners
Robert De Bruce, De La Soul, Posdnous
Yeah, I know it sounds like something I got from Dr. Seuss
Lyrics retooled, recommissioned and outfitted for hip hop use

You talk that shit? I talk that shit, too
Malaiky [?]
Youtube all the time
I'ma get it to help me build my shrine
Gunmetal colored, rip magnum rubbers
Tear that ass up, I ain't gotta brag or nothin'
I gotta a happy hips, yoga bitch, zombie killer tovarich
Big titty, Tesla model, S motorist
That shit will ambush your base camp
Beat you with the propane tanks
Then set fire to your cocaine plant
Hunger Games rescue package
Daisy state the mechanic in action, gun rap pull-ups
Bull Pups blast em
Cut slash and smash, laugh, tater tots and hash
I spray hair spray on your ass and pass
Cause you can't afford the seizium, or the magnesium
Everybody know that's a million-dollar premium
Their inability to reason is the reason they're not breathing
And that's what we focusing on this evening
The return of the king
With a maverick three probe on a string
And that's how he gon' know everything
He was there when global fear
Became self-aware
If you scared, bow your heads and join me in prayer
Insurrection, act and tact
You living in a trap
If you do this and don't do that
You just get whacked
Self-inflicted cyber-attack
Crypto card sitting on your lap
The gas life in tea made him take a crap
Fuck that, feathered blowdart to the back
You collapse, thermite cutting charge
Carved into the small of your back
Robotically controlled sequencing units for knocking on doors
To make sure you're home and you haven't run off
A hundred thousand Queenzflip clones
All in your borough alone
Welcome to the terror dome
Protest in silence, rhymes wait
Do not fly it
So what? I like pirates much better than pilots
I'm a giant, Ireland is my island
I'm full of surprises
So get the fuck out the way while I drive it
Life is all for 'naught
If you cannot offer your own thoughts
You will be sold without ever being bought

Canibus Lyrics

"The Long Road"

I don't deserve this...
To die like this...
I'll see you in hell... yeah

Yeah

Me and you gon' take a ride
Out to the countryside
All we got is a full tank
And some rusty knives
I'ma pull up at a disguise
Kind of close to those guys
That's looking around
And were just gonna slowly drive by
There's a duffel in the back
Whatever you do, don't lose that
And if you do lose it, don't come back
Is chaos to your liking?
Do you find revelations exciting?
Tell me that's not why your smiling?
Alexa, can you tell Siri to explain
To Billy The Barnes hoppers theory
While I adjust the mirror
So I can ask myself
"Do I still look like a nigga? Well do I?"
Hybrid probes, surveillance for surviving
It's nodes test survival mode
Battle rapping on the side of the road
May I pose to share
Your wood burning stove in the cold
See I am old and cannot muster
The strength from my phone
The island of Dr. Monroe
Is not a place you would like to go
But I can take you there after the show
Yo, the pain oil Sombras in my brain
Can't remember my name
I shit the bed, then ran out of depends
Yo, I'm a mess
Oh lord, please show me mercy
I traded my water berkey for a slice of turkey
The rhymes. the patterns and interactions
Between these two passions
Have given me the freedom that I'm after
There's only very little I can say to you now
100,000 bars or more could probably take me awhile
You will soon find death
On a dry river bed in Tibet

I keep that out back in my shed
Stay out of trouble, but live a little
Go piss off the side of your vessel
To go back to fixing the whistle on your kettle
Something they don't teach
The algae will eat away at the bare feet
Then walk on Pebblestone beach
The voice of my muse
Asked me when we could meet
I was confused when my muse
Leaned forward and kissed my cheek
My writers block was released
Pussy was so sweet
My pen stood up by itself
And started to write like a beast
Sorcery, every molecule in my body talks to me
On this long road my muse walks with me
Aluminum thirtied pin, extraordinarily thin
Nicely snug subcutaneously under the skin
I always lose but I'd love to win
Maybe this time this is it
Nothing to do with that rhyme wizard shit
This is about my muse
I myself have nothing to prove
Hip hop is a tool that I use
I talked to Jay Z, I met with Lyor
I pretty much done it all
I couldn't agree more
The continuity of thugged shit
Straight up sucker shit
That ain't gon' last long
In this New World government
Diplomacy is everything
Speak with integrity
Know who you in the room with
Be quiet for clarity
If you ever embarrass me
There can be no parody
I'll punch you in your appleseed
And run when you come after me
My muse is so classy
She take me down to the haberdashery
After morning tea time with the family
Notty dread
I'ma beat you wit a had or a bread an not a ed
Any pussy who a test me, dead

Canibus Lyrics

"Verzuz"

BodyBag Ben and M-Eighty Verzuz the world

Rakim Allah the God Vz Snoop

Kurupt Vz Jeru and Afu

Cardi B Vz MC Lyte

The Neptunes Vz Onyx in the Tunnel

On a Sunday night

Tory Lanez Vz Kendrick Lamar at the Sharp Bar

Big Punisher Vz G Rap in a smart car

Busta Rhymes Vz Leaders of the New

Every member of the group

Swizz Beatz Vz Timbaland and Magoo

Doja Cat Vz The Lady of Rage

2Pac Vz Cage

Eminem Vz T-Pain and 2 Chains

Nastradamus Vz the Bdi MC

The whole Bootcamp Vz BDP

Jay Z Vz KRS-One (We're not done)

Childish Gambino and Chino Vz King Sun

Black Thought Vz Smooth Da Hustler

Scarface Vz Busta

Brother Ali Vz Steph Lova

Tribe Called Quest Vz Slick and Doug Fresh

Young Money Drake Vz Lord Finesse

Red and Meth Vz Ghost and Chef

Sauce Money Vz 38 Spesh

Chi Ali Vz Dres

Ice T Vz X-Clan

Al B Sure Vz MC Shan

DC Vz Cool Disco Dan

Born Sun Vz Jay Elec

Scratch Vz Terminator X

This'll be the dopest urban event

Roc Marci Vz Cee-Lo

Fat Joe Vz Camp Lo

Ab Soul Vz UTFO

Smoothe Da Hustler Vz Black Thought

Remember Jack the Rapper '94?

Del Vz DMX, my dog

Monie Love Vz Questlove on a stretch rug

Wit Pudgee the Fat Bastard, thats messed up

Lauryn Hill Vz Bushwick Bill

D12 Vz ODB and Supreme Clientele

Action Bronson Vz his father, that's the Number One Chief Rocka

Boss Rick Ross Vz Big Poppa

Moe Dee Vz cold Cheeks over Easy Moe Bee

The whole Duck Down Vz MOP

Griselda Vz Cash Money
Shabazz the Disciple Vz Bad Bunny
Everlast Vz Vinnie Paz in a skully
Post Malone Vz Noreaga and Capone
Tone Loc Vz Gravediggaz while they cremate bones
Mike Jones Vz Mic Geronimo Vz Jim Jones Vz Sacario
At Red Rock, Colorado with Supa Mario
Drink Champs, give me space
Drake Vz Masta Ace Vz Mase Vz Charli Baltimore, pretty face
Freddie Foxx still got them burn marks on his waist
I bet you Nore' won't blow no smoke in his face
Uptown Puff Vz McGruff
Rah Digga Vz Lady Luck
A+ Vz Lady Bug
Anthony Hamilton's band Vz the Elephant Man
And LA the Darkman at Hot 97s Summer Jam
Lil Flip Vz Will Smith
Ying Yang Twinz Vz Big Gip
World greatest pimp Too Short Vz Tip
K Solo the fugitive Vz The Pugilist Vz Jadakiss Vz This Is The Most Beautifullest Thing In This World
Cassidy Vz Chubb Rock
Outside a bloodclot, truck stop
A\$ap Rocky Vz Aesop Rock
Jurassic 5 Vz The Fantastic 4 Vz The Treacherous Three Vz Audio Two on BET
Cali Casino F-L-I-P Vz Free
In a [?] virtual metaverse dream
D. Dot the Madd Rapper, Ron Lawrence, Hitmen, Stevie J and Trackmasters Vz BodyBag Ben
AZ Vz Eightball, MJG
Willie D Vz DJ Quik and Tray Deee
Rashid Vz Shock G
Me Vz Club 1, 2 and 3
Coolio Vz Young MC
Greg Nice and Smoothe B Vz Pete Rock and CL Smooth
Guru Vz Grand Daddy IU
Nicki Minaj Vz T Boz in some old school Filas
Plies Vz Outkast and Goodie Mob
Charlemagne the God Vz Star
Angela Yee Vz Agallah
Wendy Williams Vz La La
Silkk the Shocker Vz the Funk Doctor
Waka Flocka, Mystikal Vz Murs and Math Hoffa
Cam'Ron Vz Cambatta, in the middle of Harlem
The Dogg Pound Vz D Block in Yonkers
K Rino Vz Jo Jo Pelegrino
Rampage Vz Migos
Kriss Kross Vz Illegal
Dre and Snoop Vz The Rapping Duke
Just Ice Vz Papoose
Techn9ne Vz Hopsin
Redman Vz Blue
Father MC in a three piece suit Vz Sheek Louch
Undercard Saigon Vz MC Juice
Supernatural Vz the whole Juice Crew

Craig G sitting by the dock of the bay, in a booth Vz the Coup
 Major Figgaz Vz Mook
 Freddie Gibbs Vz Luke
 Loaded Lux Vz RTJ produced by Stoupe
 Juicy J Vz Kwame
 Ludacris Vz Wale
 LL Cool J Vz Dr Dre
 Pak Man Vz Timbo King
 All kneel, kiss the ring
 In the ring, while Ashanti sings
 Chuck D Vz WC
 Zack from Rage of the Machine Vz RA the Rugged Man overseas
 Showbiz and AG, Big L and OC Vz Diamond D
 Ain't they all DITC?
 Roxanne Shante Vz Rappin' 4 Tay
 Mac Dre and Blahzay Vz Pos' K
 Kool G Rap Vz Twista from Chiraq
 He gon' snap wish I could NFT something like that
 Pras the Ghetto Superstar Vz Gangstarr
 At the [?] Bar
 Escobar Vz Bizarre
 Tragedy Khadafi Vz Lil Yachty
 While Busy Bee, Kool Rock Ski steady rock the party
 Royce Da 5 Vz the Furious Five
 Tonight at the Apollo, if you go, I go
 Fabolous Vz Channel Live
 Bahamadia Vz Wise from Poor Righteous Teachers
 KXNG Crooked I Vz Flo Rida and Wiz Khalifa
 Wyclef Vz Beanie Sigel
 At the Bellagio casino, whoever win gotta Vz Benzino
 Organized Konfusion Vz Run DMC
 To me, that's real E-M-C-E-E
 Tyler, The Creator Vz Ali Vega'
 3rd Bass with a Gas Face Vz Lupe with a Laser
 Bush Babees Vz Lee Majors
 Chill Rob G Vz Rob Base
 Me Vz Megan The Stallion, naked!
 Cypress Hill Vz Naughty By Nature
 In a urban situation
 NWA vs Jah Vega
 Agallah the Assassin Vz Nick Cannon
 David Banner in Atlanta Vz Juelz Santana
 Spinderella Vz Salt N Pepa
 Mikey D Vz Large Professor
 Remy Ma Vz Armageddon
 Groovy Lew Vz Mickey Benson
 That ain't even nothing to mention
 Canibus, you just trying to get attention
 Grand Pu' Vz Brand Nu'
 Ja Rule, Cadillac Tah and Black, too [?]
 Q Tip Vz Ice Cube
 20 million views
 50 Vz Wu Tang Power, he make power moves

Large Professor Vz Nature and Mega
Queenzflip hug too aggressive
Nigga be standing outside your session
Crucial Conflict Vz Children of the Corn
Smoking Hay in the barn, with J Cole from Fayette-nam
Jeymes Samuel Vz Mr Magnanimous
Canibus writes the song, with no camera tricks
Hush Killa Vz Dilla Vz Beast G Unit gorillas
Yayo and Banks Vz Master Builders
DJ Muggs Vz Young Thug
Da Youngstas Vz Da Youngbloodz
Vz the homie from the Cella Dwellas, uh-hh
Rashad Jamal Vz Osiris and Von
Willie Dynamite called Maintain Vz Higher Ark
Bryan Meyers Vz Anuel
Denzel Vz Samuel
Chris Rock Vz Dave Chappelle
Sade Vz Patti LaBelle
Prince Vz Michael
The post office Vz email
Heaven Vz hell
Canibus, like Kaiju, told you I rarely fail
Now I'ma go outside and burn me an L

Canibus Lyrics

"Chase"

(feat. MF DOOM, Kool Keith & Justin Tyme)

On the move!
It's been a long time coming
Can-I-Bus and MF DOOM
They been waiting for this
Yeah, chase coming soon
On the move!

MF DOOM my cellmate, two-tone stealth paint
Wait for the Philadelphia freedom bell, the jailbreak
Chase? Nah, I overtake, you tailgate
How does carbon monoxide tastes, snail face?
They move at a snail's pace and get drowned by the Maelstrom weight
Crustaceans and deep water ocean plates
The great permeated purge, Serbian, no Siberian skirts
Two seconds before the die-off occurred (On the move!)
I was singing in a quiet church, through fast radio bursts
Helium stars, webcam search
A free spirit was the dead man first, tell me how does that work?
MF DOOM explain it to you next verse
Four footprints hydraulic, as for pilots
How about it? Royal purple dispersal for high mileage
Steam vapors from radiation create perpetual rain
In a hydroplane and don't ever chase them (On the move!)

Batman and Robin head bobbing, no Joker, Penguin
You see him freezing up like Mr. Freeze
Catwoman on the mind, the Batmobile design, Alfred the butler
Dynamic duo hustlers, burn rubber
Gotham City, I'm spinning in the gutter
Left the Batcave full of computers, the Mad Hatter the realest
See my bars red like Twizzlers
I'm so hot like Hot Wheels color shifters
Diagonal over Gotham City looking pretty (On the move!)
The Caped Crusader continues through the stages like a player
Pullin' up on the Joker while he playing poker
King Tut hoppin' out the Range Rover with brolic shoulders
Green Hornet and Kato see the Lamborghini doors open
Same rims on the BM as the Lotus
Dark blocks and they pop like Pop Rocks
Your girl on the cock, she jock a lot
The next episode reload (On the move!)

New evidence compels to reopen the murder case (Come on)
A witness emerged and snitched a certain name (Word?)
Description appeared somewhat like Churchill's weight (Haha)
A heavy man dressed grungy like Kurt Cobain (Haha)

A purple face can be seen on CCTV (Uh-oh)
Assisted precisely like CP3 Chris
Paul with blood on the claw so evidently
Be careful, this man knows his business, at ease (On the move!)
For sure, his motive was bad bad, not good
Rumors are out, a badass from the hood (Haha)
Still looking for him but they having no clue
Well, don't mess with assassins, you fools (Haha)

Cock the swammy back, don't hesitate, react
Believe that, they defecate where they eat at
More repulsive than the Boar's Head logo
The trees had 'em seein' impulses in slow-mo, woah (On the move!)
A whole lot of funk, a whole lot of drunk
Who knows? Coulda did a line or bump with Donald Trump
He hear voices in his head, he gotta jump
Not now, too much lactose, gotta dump
A wise owl, growl with a mean scowl
A stand-up dude even when he seem foul
Meanwhile, the world keeps on spinnin'
It seems the forces of evil keep on winnin' (On the move!)
Change of plans, now take that off your hands
Retreat back to the cave with your mans
Super Vill', salute Milk D, top bill
Top-notch, you chop meat, we chop krill
In the midst of trappin' and gun clappin'
DOOM twenty-five years in, son's slappin'
Wrote the key to life down on some napkin
You can't find it, whoever do is like-minded

On the move!

On the move!

Canibus Lyrics

"Desperados Pt 2"

(feat. Hus KingPin)

[Canibus:]

The pressure I'm under could wake a vampire from slumber
The undead hunter, coagulated blood guzzler
The Rogue War Horse in inclement weather
Sucking sour milk from a cow udder... that kinda pressure
Muffle your pain with a muzzle, make it sound better
Then try to breathe through a mask stuffed with down feathers
The Crown Ripper, the time-tested Sound Wizard
I stand at the foot of the fountain of wisdom, listen
Just let these light orbs glisten through your speaker system
We could go wherever you wanna visit
Using my world-renowned vision, the BLK Kissinger from Kemet
Now how you wan' do this, nigga! Y'all hear that? Crickets...
I'm made outta bars and biometrics, Jigsaw leave your spine severed
Horus Rise! Meteorites streak across skies
You in a Drive-thru ordering fries, "Drago" - if he dies... he dies
With huskified eyes - as the temperature drops below ice
Finger tips put out candle wicks, my fast muscles twitch
So lit I might try to arm wrestle you for your bitch

[Hus KingPin:]

And for the castle that we sit on at the royal palaces
It's a capsule with the riddles and my lonely addict
I hope I could see you, your servitude elects your static
It's impossible, I ornament niggas with automatics
I'm Callisto, how it feel to rule
Like back in high school, was it molecules or if molly was cool
I used to cut class and smoke hash, fuck ash
Put the drugs in the ass if the badge come harrass
I'm free, and gave you niggas some space to speak
[?] all this kingdom and throne belong to me
I bloom under April's moon, that's a reason to dream
Backstroke a season of seas
I suffocate your rain, you fell to my gravity
I undertake the game, now my niggas run the league
Show your humble face and shame, my nigga, uncomfortably
Do what we ought to, Desperados Pt. 2

What



Canibus Lyrics

"Mass Malthusian Delusions"

NFT exclusive
Just for you listen, to the music
Mass Malthusian delusions
Of grandeur eucalyptic facades
It feels so soothing
Very nice to meet you, Ms. Big Booty
My name is Captain Stubing
I hope I'm not intruding
Of course, you're still recouping
From yesterdays afternoon thing
The blow fishing and they're rooting
Serenading and crooning
I've got good news
The weathers improving
And everyone's assembling
For the debut viewing
Of my newly released
Jekyll and Hyde movie
It's promised to be a doobie
But if you don't feel like
Hanging out wit' the groupies
You can pop the coochie
And we watch some other Netflix movie
There was a knock on the door
And a deep voice "Por favor, señor"
While we were anchored directly offshore
He said he's only got enough space
To show me there's no space left
Yo, who is this fucking space cadet?
I told him these rhymes
Were designed elsewhere
Then brought to Earth
Through a stargate, yeah
I get paid to produce it
Even if you don't listen to it
So I don't care what you do with it
First, we must establish a baseline
If you can hear this rhyme
You've already interfered with time
One hour of therapy every Tuesday
In a room alone with Papa Tubay
We hold hands and pray
To the beat for root play
They help me getaway
From the black bootleg
No need to say more
Its a new day

Whoever take, you break, you pay
Far away from a Darkside moonbase
Bumping that new DJ Whoo Kid tape
Illuminate the whole modern human race
You are great, but only in a future time and place
The current test method
All by itself is a death sentence
Just listen, then I'll answer your questions
Neon orange leaves
Japanese maple trees
If you scream, I'll staple your knees
My muse is my lover
And there is much more to discover
The perfect poetry, the hunger
This is not fictitious
My Queen eats delicious
King Vicious on port Marion dishes
Bread and shrimp
Mixed with peppermint
Over shredded pimp
Nobodies ever had it since
Scotch bonnet pepper
On the road to Mecca
Nobodies ever told this story better
Placebo based controls
Take your soul
Erase what you know
Then put your brain back in the same skull
Music to my ears
The nightmares of ones own fears
Now imagine it's written in layers
Sigillum Dei Signum Dei Vivi
My new system makes the old system obsolete
Frankenstein's experiment has escaped the lab
These knuckles made of brass
Need a face to smash
The qurag is engraved on your face
On your mask, on your ass
On your feet and at the base of your hands
There's no pit of fire in the lake, my man
Only highly flammable vapes and gas
No please, yes thanks
Just talk to me champ
They must have emptied your memory banks
Now I question your trustworthiness
You're a dirty little subversionist
What you keep searching for, bitch?
Chronic fatigue syndrome
Google it and get the new ringtone
You ain't grown
You shrinking homes
They call me Mazeltov Malkovich
And my hollow bones conduits

Help me get something out of it
The name of the album
Is "One Step Closer"
The sigil magic involved is sideways 'ocho'
Marco, "Polo"
Hiding from Kronos
Sunbathing in a magnetic sun
Through the ozone
A randomized control trial
You see its all about style
And whatever they talk about now
The whens, the whys, the hows
It all stays hidden in the files
That's why it's called a control trial
Mass Malthusian delusion
Is this an illusion set up by the illusionists?
Or is this a group of illumined ones doing this?
Or is this an advocate group with a movement
Not knowing what the movement is?
Is this complete and utter foolishness?
Or is this the pathetic, weak human in us choosing this?
We might need Judge Judy for this
Mass Malthusian delusion
Mass Malthusian delusion
Mass Malthusian delusion
M-Eighty is the new Rick Rubin!

Canibus Lyrics

"Jason & Brandon Mashia"

Shoutout to Jason and Brandon in New Hampshire

It started with the DOD after World War 2 in Japan
When the company branched
That ended up with the money clan
And put em on Open Sea
For the whole world to see
A man so handsome
Has never been killed for ransom
They put pineapple skins in his mouth and gagged him
Then put him in a barnproof box and fragged him
Tortured, burned, wasted, boiled, fileted, strangled
Hanged him upside down in a pit with wild animals
Wearing multiverse wearables, highly scalable
Near innumerable variables
Then just stand there and stare at you
Half the room quiet
Half the room was hysterical
There's a parable about the plot he was buried next to
I read their electronic diary
Right before they fired me
Then when I wrote a better one
They rehired me
Oh, how fitting the irony
Sometimes society was so kind to me
That I'd literally rhyme for free
If the term set forth was suitable
Won't you agree they become immutable
Carry crucibles to your cubicle
And of course, none of this is really provable
If for any reason you refuse to go
I just wanted you to know
If you can adjust protocol
I'll take you to the next Super Bowl
As long as that's between me and you tho
Behold the Infinity Scrolls
Vintage investors and sophisticated collectors
Standing outside in the cold
We serve piping hot, caramel macchiatos
And hand out customary Columbian ponchos on loan
For those calling my phone
Our operators are standing by
To provide 5-star service
And answer any question you might compose
But I think you're holding the mic too close
Please be patient while we place you on hold
Each custom vintage mold

Physically sold but individually owned
My writing process is like minting gold
We can modify his behavior
By shooting him in the head with a laser
Then 5G, Terminator his ass later
Tied down in a Crypto.com center hide lounge
By this British broad that tried to offer me five pounds
Ok, let's go talk business
Somewhere off in the distance
Real normal like you just talking to Christians
The glass so thick cylinder case pyramid shape
How could you really hate what a real lyricist make?
I shave tips for a living, yeah about two clients per day
The best way to talk shit to a scientist's face
Playing poker, met a cougar at Kroger
A few years older, she walked over
And asked me to sign her Canibus poster
The black market certified smoker
Taking a total piss at the voters
And anyone counter uplifting the culture
Every man on my rifle team has the survival gene
And at least five vial streams of covered bible means
They changed my orders, forced me to the border
Now I'm living in a yurt native mut
With Ethiopian quality water
How would you like your omelet metaburger
Bacteria bomblets, beyond vegan nanoelectronics
Who is the aggressor and who is compliant?
Who's agenda murders the uninspired
Underneath the shroud of science?
They're gonna hold you responsible, hundred percent
They're gonna charge you for attaching it to a sugar molecule
I saw visions of the slaughter
On the outermost layer of the transmission fluid
Floating on top of the water
Yeah, a lot of things he say be way out there
But what can it hurt
Just to hear him out with your inner ear?
Its a nice day outside
I untied the ropes
Come on baby, let's take a ride on the boat
Generator humming, starboard and port both running
Yo, what in the hell you fuss about now, woman?
Black thought and beats, just you and me
Dead jubilee, free like our ancestors used to be
Smile, lay down, chill, the starship Disney hotel
Black Amex card, pay all the bills
Mickey Mouse bubble bath
'Como se dise' suffering succotash
So in love with your thick fat ass
Let's start a business, 24 hour fitness?
Or Bed and Breakfast, real estate assistance
Or maybe publishing or printing?

Now if I sell my soul and you collect the money
When we reinvest it I can buy my soul back, honey
If you the nicest why you charge bargain basement prices
Insight that's hybrid dead silent
Dismembered and lifeless
Peace be well, indeed
Be grateful for your BNT sales
With detailed descriptions in the email
He has the immune system of a Super
He was standing rooster
By the time he had his 30th booster
It is not a paradox to fight to pursue life
It's only right, some humans need a spark to see the light
The data was captured but contaminated
The bag of biohazard waste
Was handed over to the pond scum
That originally made it
A sophisticated, very well natured
Educated behaviorist
Who happens to be my absolute favorite
I rarely exaggerate when I rhyme in the booth
Even a minuscule eyes my Olympic kind of truth

Can't forget Thomas Gibson and Brian from Virginia
Creme de la creme Rippers who put up for the big picture

Canibus Lyrics

"Astaxanthian Man"

(feat. Born Sun)

Emotion manifest thought
Though manifest action
Kinetic action manifest the reality we crafted
True masters enjoy the fruits of their labor with laughter
But this can only take place after

Yo, it's the knock-kneed, Mach deep
Flows travel at Mach speed
My God squad, Bomb Squad
Channeling Keith Shocklee
From the heart of New York
City blocks is like the arteries
On the side where God'll be
When they decide to martyr me
See the necessity
For the Christ and the Hitler
Brevity of the Scriptures
Will register on the Richter
While most go
Way of the gun, way of the ego
Allowing words to penetrate
Will solely that's cerebral
I evolved to God
Transcended the MC
I began to get free
And turn my Chi to channel me
And "Yay, tho I walk thru the valley
Where the shadows dwell"
I stand tall like pyramids
When the Pharaohs fell
My Akhi's the all-eye seeing
Annunaki's will spot me
Doing shows for human beings
Impact of my raps
Put cracks in the Colosseum
My remains will headline
A world tour at your museums

Emotion manifest thought
Though manifest action
Kinetic action manifest the reality we crafted
True masters enjoy the fruits of their labor with laughter
But this can only take place after

The work is done
Work on all fronts

Mind, body, spirit, soul
Sun

Sundoolah, veteran Sharpshootah
On the battlefield
I bet you half a million
Caliber ain't half as real
We black Mayans
We set it like Somalian pirates
Subterranean tyrants
That slay giants
Squeezing the iron
At your passa' cuh he lying
He babble on
Fronting like he down with Mt. Zion
Divine purpose
I see you scurry to your churches
To purchase the word of God
But your currency is worthless
The soul still searches
You praying to your false prophets
Its faulty logic
And the cost is your lost profit
Knowledge is flawed like the Gnostics
I got this
Brandishing, understanding
Unseen to the optics
I rest in fantasy
'Til I reach my moment of clarity
Give birth to thoughts
And man manifesting mad reality
A young Marcus Garvey
With a gun on the Harley
The dark messenger
Resurrected as Sun Marley
They asking me
"Yo, Sun where you been at?"
In my jeans in Queens
Nigga, I been at where my skin at
I'm on stealth for health
And spiritual wealth
Confront the evil of my ego
Slap boxing with my shadow self
Then pray solemnly
That peace be upon me
Then calmly with Pastor zombies
Wearing Abercrombie
I bomb beats, gunning
Like a young Huey Newton
But human evolution
Starts within a revolution
Son of Harriet Tubman
A gap toothed Farrakhan

And on my dad's Quran
I never swear upon
Rappers is butt
That's why I run up on 'em like What
I'm King Tut with gold teeth
And a Queens strut
Born Sun the benevolent
Among the levelest souls
I'm universal like ether
The fifth element
I'm not running
Nigga, I bust my gun in
Sharpshootahz, Sundoolah
The Master Builders coming

Emotion manifest thought
Though manifest action
Kinetic action manifest the reality we crafted
True masters enjoy the fruits of their labor with laughter
But this can only take place after

The work is done

Canibus Lyrics

"One Step Closer To Infinity"

I get home, go to my room
Then close the door
There's a shrine with hollow bones
And designs on the floor
Modern electron Scope
LED color modes
Up until recently
This is how I discovered flows
I landed my Space X
In a Tyvek suit with a face mesh
But I confess
I haven't been to space yet
When the fans get depressed
They go to my last known address
Text my phone with cold threats
He's addicted to cigarettes
She's addicted to 5 minutes sex
As it turns out
Both their needs relieve stress
Oh my god, look at all these Comic-Con hoes
I sniff her toes
Then got Omicron on my nose
How else would you know?
I am the man from Cybertron
Attending this year's Comic-Con
Wit' greasy goggles on
Toggle my screen
Smoke medical tree from a bong
I'm looking for Mr. Incredible's wife in a thong
It is cold outside
But behind these doors it is warm
Ever since I turned the rocket stove on
I haven't had this much peace and quiet in so long
I forgot how bad the world has gone
I'm a One Hundred-year-old black Clint Eastwood
I'm a shooter with a Lapua
Chilling in the woods
There is no survival group
C'mon man, there's only 5 of you
What the fuck that supposed to do?
Put that weight on your shoulders?
Ya clavicle could end up in ya colon
Some things are better not spoken
The schedules open
Your interviews at 12
They wanna ask you about L
Thank you 'Bus, checks in the mail

Empty C130
Me and the old lady getting flirty
Can't help myself
She so purdy
Took a Zoom course
On genome streamline sewing
We discuss the top 5
Depopulation components
Chapter Six: The Labyrinth of Indecision
Lemme' see if you get it
Can anyone tell me
Where this book was written?
She spoke in some kind of code
Wearing some old Merovingian clothes
She had a Native American indigenous nose
My phone fell in the river
A diver was hired to retrieve it
And bring it back to my sister, before dinner
I read on the internet
How I could bring it back to life
If I let it dry in a bag of Jasmine rice
I was a bad boy more than twice
All night, she wore tights
It's not illegal to stare, is it right?
I speak to Ptah in patois
He hears best
For me to speak the Queen's English
Is a fair request
See I never been the type
To buckle from peer pressh
No quest's, and even if I was
I was near best
When I feel like a rebel
I piss off the side of my vessel
And don't know why
I'm compelled to tell you
I ain't tryna sell you
Show and Tell you, or help you
Direct energy melt you
Who in the bloody hell ever felt you?
Can anybody rhyme like this?
Well if they could
It wouldn't be special
And that's what I'm tryna tell you
You made a Bob Dylan deal
With the devil, God bless you
Now you in trouble
Sitting in a Mosque temple
Eating rotten spam and lentils
Pen and paper
Pad and pencil
Rehearsing over my song instrumental
Tell the truth, you do it for revenue

You dont care whether or not it's ethical
You commit lyrical Seppuku
Don't you dare listen to them
And don't let them get you
If this is a test
It's God testing you
Ice burn blisters
The flow so cold
You get the shivers
When you are surrounded by niggas
Holding clippers
Trimming your whiskers
Spritzers wit' a sprinkle of citrus
Damn 'Bis, you sure know how to make an entrance
Maintenance drinkers
Brother Numsi and the Soul Sisters
A bunch of crypto gold diggers
The worm from the wood taste bitter
You do the logistics
I do the metrics
The old wizard with barcoded innards
Ya root chakra need a colon cleansing
Like rotary engines, leftover emissions
With high compression, low resistance
That piece of shit is grossly expensive
Bro, what you thinking?
I remember being lectured by Richard Metzger
Caterpillar and maggot cocoons
Burrow deep in the open wounds
Of the soon to be damned and doomed
Aerosolized drugs
Drift down from the skies above
Because we looked up
And cried for love
Honey Nigella Sativa
Gently inserted into amoebas
With nanotweezers to stop seizures
And the roll-up your sleeves
Then rebuild they photon receivers
A good writer gives all the credit to the readers
Verbal flash freeze
Cold flows to the Nth degree
One step closer to infinity
One step closer, the multiverse vocaler
That did it for the culture
The wait is near over!

Canibus Lyrics

"Lord Cyborg"

Good morning, top of the day
I oxygenate with coffee and omelette steak
Then I decarboxylate
Pull a stocking down over my face
Tuck that thing in the waist
Meet you downstairs at the gate
They say the brown-tailed squirrel
Is entitled to lessen this world
I find it hard to respect those words
Tonic subdominant dominant
Influence beta vocal and beat moderate
While still placing my voice on top of it
(Are you a philosopher?)
Yes, I think very deeply
In fact, alkaline hydrolysis exists
When you come to terms with that
Your blood will be [?] tapped
From biosludge in a vat
And your world will collapse
Vampires want blood
And pseudo-scientists want biosludge
Basic Instructions Before B.I.B.L.E. Club
The pillars of justice
Crushed to dust by a nigga with musket
They handcuffed him 'cause he spit with substance
Ask around, he ain't nothin' to fuck with
Or be in love with
Them handcuffs is like titanium cufflings

Verily, verily I say unto you
Microphone check 1, 2, 1, 2

Go 'head, claim that baggage
Delta Strike Force package
My drones over traffic cause accidents to happen
You must be reading my mind
He a one man machine that rhyme
A baby doberman eating at your spine
Beginning to feed off your insides
If I was you I wouldn't think twice
The main concern is to preserve life
If I was you? Play nice, bruh, don't be mean
I cried watching what happened to behind the scenes ?gene?
299 days later I walked in the bodega
Wearing gold plated Ray-Ban Aviators
Rap don't prove you great
I show you how catastrophe taste

Throw battery acid in your face
The Lawnmower Man with motorized hands
My hydraulics crush hydrogen tanks and make a thug dance
No cap, I called Lord Cyborg on the map
He ain't no hip hop cop, he got a badge for rap
308 [*rrrat*] unique angle of attack
That yellow-bellied rat just shot him in the back
Now you got a malfunctioning backpack
In zero gravity, how the fuck you gon' get back
Yo [?] to go collect all his plaques
I never thought of that
But I'ma have to go with "no, thanks"
I got a certified postage letter
From the globalists on my dresser
And I ain't gon' never open it
They want my Infinity check
I signed an NDA with the Senator
14 years later we see the release
Of something suspiciously similar
They stole my shit
Look at all them flows I spit
I'm multidisciplinary, yet nothing could'a prepared me
For what I experienced in the rap game summarily

Verily, verily I say unto you
Microphone check 1, 2, 1, 2

Verily, verily I say unto you
I watched it all happen from the telecom room
In plain view I saw Metatron under a full moon
With the Sephiroth in his crew eating energon cubes
The Lord Cyborg's blackball is atrocious
The interview with Joe Rogan got zero promotion
Dr. Malone had him open
I was in the background coachin' him
Dewey Cooper the Black Kobra and TJ was chokin' him
Had him tappin' out all over the linoleum
Then Don Corleone got Covid again
Every day occurrences like this
Are circumstantial adverses
That get perverted into a burden
Holographic indigenous camouflage projection
A weapon system we generally use for our protection
Poetry marginal margin, now that's what I'm talkin'
If I'm flyin' in a Black Hawk, that's what I'm squawkin'
100,000 bars and runnin', keep marchin'
I don't answer the phone, I don't care who callin'
The bad boy a good talk
Kamayamaya him a boss
That's him layin' in the Himalayan salt
Blessed the man with heart
Where beautiful things are
Barefoot before God prayin' in the park

Lamb shish kebab, wolf gang, murder mouth in a synagogue
50 bars, Cappadonna - Winter Warz
Master Builder Bus, the group I'm a member of
We came to free the hip hop prisoners
And lift your spirit up
3rd eye live it up
The microphone is a good listener

Verily, verily I say unto you
Microphone check 1, 2, 1, 2

I massage my mustache with Lemon & Bergamot from a glass
A thick fog develops from hot gas
My Jamaican grandma gon' whoop your ass
'Cause you ate the last dumpling out the pot, dumbass
Verily, verily I say unto you
Microphone check 2, 0, 2, 2

Canibus Lyrics

"Illfinity 101"

As we walk through the strings of my soul

My pain, my joy, my thoughts

1000 bars equals one word from God

Six billion stars

In a world living in shit

I'm trying to figure out

What this life really is

How is this reality?

Can somebody fucking answer me?

How could we allow ourselves

To be in a fantasy?

In a world with lost souls

And empty dreams

I'ma have to show my love

In the form of mp3's

I was born in an empty sea

My tears created oceans

Producing tsunami waves

With emotions

Patrolling the open seas

Of an unknown galaxy

I was floating in front

Of who I am physically

Spiritually paralyzing

Mind, body and soul

It gives me energy

When I'm lyrically exercising

I gotta spit 'til the story is told

In a dream by celestial bodies

Follow me, baby

I know the lyrics that I put to the music

Has always been cerebral

In one way or another

And uh, apart from that

I just feel like, man

You know sometimes life beats you down

Just to remind you that you're alive

And you know there's no better time than the present

To try and actualize your dreams

Infinity

The universe is the mother of all

Whether big

Whether small

Whether short

Whether tall
Whether devil
Whether God
Whether weak
Whether strong
Whether right
Whether wrong
Whether that
Whether this
Reptilian beast
Bird, man or fish
And nothing on this earth
Can dissuade this
Poet Laureate
With more shapes than snowflakes
Existing everywhere
But they still can't locate
My flow bloviates into a spiritual shape
And co creates reality
My internal compass
Pontificates dramatically
I am not here to negotiate
With the enemy
I am here to create
Product of illuminated speech and wizardry
Poet Laureate Infinity
I will forever be the illest lyrically
Poet Laureate Infinity

A cataclysmic blast
Forced me to expand
The centrifuge the mask
Third strand is a staircase
My opponent didn't like
Study of conics
Circle emotion in both
The para and the hyperbolas

A cataclysmic blast
Forced me to expand
The centrifuge the mask
Third strand is a staircase
My opponent didn't like
Study of conics
Circle emotion in both
The para and the hyperbolas

And the spacecraft keeps losing speed

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate Infinity Vocal 1"

I got bored with four beats to the measure, Professor speech compressor
Terminated his tenure to explore a more rewarding adventure,
Take a closer look at the bars, you'll see I'm not behind them
or in front of them, I'm one of them,
Started with a 100, The Game spit 3, I said, "Fuck It!"
I'ma have to show these niggaz something,
Too easy, who'd believe me if I said that it wasn't?
The rhyme is a weapon I bust it the Brotherhood got me covered
OP orders with coordinates where to drop mortars
I drive forward, Sandstorms make my eyes water, 10
Skull is a submarine hull
Dolphin phones screen calls from places as far away as A.G.C.R.,
The rhymes are raw, deeper than yours, you crawled before you walked
But didn't think about your thoughts before you talked,
We spit for sport, I won, you lost
But you paid them off to nail my corpse to a cross,
This is "The Greatest Rhyme Of All Time" supposedly,
1000 Bars it will probably always be,
Mentally top heavy, not many can rock with me,
Hip Hop could not bench me so they plot to suspend me, 20
I said, "Nobody benefits, Everyone perishes"
I tell them this, They say, "Here, it's time for your medicine",
Imagine being fined over a rhyme? For stepping over the line?
When I inspired Hova and Nas,
I listened to '44 4's' 22 times
"I Gave You Power" God stop my heart if I'm lying,
You like Red or White Wine? Let's talk about it I'm buying,
Let's talk about the Children of Zion, excuse me if I start crying,
The Art Of Rhyming? I've mastered it certainly, surely
I'll celebrate capturing it for my Taxidermy, 30
From the streets of New Jersey to Germany,
To jungles of Angola where most the meat poachers heard of me,
The Ice Truck Killer will be observing me perform surgery,
Ritual Widow Murder, searching for her urgently,
Mix the blood so it don't coagulate,
The Sex Magick won't work if the bitch masturbates,
I put her on cloud nine, look at her face,
A cumulus lenticularis, a capsule in Space,
You will become acquainted with my cryptic language,
And my mystic manners, Rip spit bananas, 40
Systematic Global geographic systemic Neo-synapsis,
Reload the graphics notice I spit it rapid,
Advanced Step In Innovative Mobility,
Most emcees try to clone me lyrically,
My cell chemistry is a mirror of who I am physically,
But my true symmetry is energy,
The Will of Claude Ashur, The skill of Germaine

Father Author Poor Pauper Pastor, more than a rapper,
My body is a human machine my dreams filter in between,
Just wait until I build my machine, 50
Kill you with weed vapour, then a Taser, then a Laser,
Then a Maser, then a Phaser, then something they call Scalar,
"That is not dead which can eternally lie
And with strange aeons even death may die",
But why? Coup de grâce for the coup d'État,
In a man-made lodge the Moon Rays replace God,
I think I've had about enough of your tough talk,
Come over here take my cuffs off, I promise you we'll just talk,
No biting allowed just bark, Don't run just walk,
Battle Rap there is no such art, 60
Emotion manifests Thought, Thought manifests Words
Actions & Reality, this is not fantasy,
If you question me, you will be detained indefinitely,
Your name will be added to the Blacklist Registry,
I'm a scruffy old man, with bloody cold hands,
On my arm is a tattoo of a sully old brand,
If I am not myself, then how would I be?
If I do not look tell me how will I see?
The Law Of Attraction is attracted to me,
The Laws Of Poetry in action is practiced quite actively, 70
I look at my face more than anybody else,
I still can't recognize myself,
I don't need anybody but myself,
When I'm rhyming like this I don't need no help,
But.....Thank you for your purchase, these verses have perennial purpose,
But on the other hand these rappers are worthless,
At least from my interconnected introspective perspective,
The more pretentious, the more apprehensive the sentence,
You are lazy and you wanna be the best? You crazy!
The Best Train everyday of the week, 80
My lyricism amplifies every letter written,
Rip The Jacker spitting inside a Zero Vector System,
Brain waves reveal High Yield E&D Fields,
Chew emcees like I'm eating a meal,
A bunch of fake niggaz tryna keep it Pseudo Real,
A bunch of fake King Midas' with fools gold grills,
My microphone was found where the Mayan Sun Stone was,
The Period of Purification in my Poems,
Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome under Red Rock,
It's no use if you can't use what you got, 90
Buried in a mass grave covered in bones,
My cell phone number's placed on their tombstones,
Your girl Gertrude promised me her servitude,
She better do it I don't wanna have to hurt you dude,
I'll eat from the same portion as you,
Just in case you try to poison my food but I want you to,
A Deer Hunter all year if I could spare summers,
Fucking your whore of a mother in front of her queer husband,
Wide lens wide mattress she's an actress this is Monster Ball practice,
I'm Big Billy Bob Black Angus, 100

You and I can sit and look at each other,
 Tossing Knowledge back and forth like we was throwing books at each other,
 I don't care if we're not the same colour nigga I'm your brother,
 I don't care what you say nigga you're a nigga lover,
 All cultures come from One Mind,
 The Universe is not far behind, Waves, Bars and Rhymes,
 Motivated by the Stars that shine,
 Only lower density life forms get lost in time,
 I don't care if I make history, I wanna be a part of Infinity,
 Look at what your SUN GOD did to me, 110
 I am energy, I am He spiritually and mentally,
 The fools who threw away my jewels offended me,
 As we walk through the archived files of all styles,
 The East Wing Isle goes on for 5 miles,
 More rappers than fans, more vans wrapped than vans,
 Hip Hop will continue to expand,
 Poets should be rappers, rappers should be lyricists,
 The current industry model collapse imminent,
 This is Hollywood Hip Hop,
 Celebrities adopt little snot nosed bugaboos from off the block, 120
 Larry King Live, Earthquake right outside,
 I looked that squarely shouldered man square in his eye,
 Poetically Paralyzing, Where Are You? Are you hiding?
 No! I am sandbag diving,
 Do not evade question,
 Please explain to your viewers how there are Space Weapons bigger than Zeppelins,
 How is it so? Tell the people, they need to know,
 And if you don't think so, you're a talk show hoe,
 The grown up who showed up drunk with his own cup stoned as fuck,
 Who could tell me that this poem is luck, 130
 You say "I'm crazy" I say "So, tell me something I don't know
 Something my psyche profile doesn't show",
 I don't have all the answers I am not in the know,
 I can only see what is above and only from below,
 The substratum of reality through the thick cloud canopy,
 How can it be Canibus? Answer me!
 I approached the podium and delivered my encomium,
 Nobody applauded the atmosphere was ominous,
 They feared I would spit, they don't like when I bust,
 The mucus dried up to a pear like crust, 140
 From a very cold place called Faraday Base,
 Right next to the South Poles longest Ice Strait,
 Food supply low, they speak of going above ground to find mo',
 I cry out "NO...do not go!"
 Where the fuck are you going?
 400mph wind belts blowing, think for a moment,
 We got to wait it out, that's what the training's about,
 We have to survive, that's what Germaine is about,
 Arctic geography is conducive to astronomy,
 And the study of celestial bodies, follow me, 150
 The sheer size of the Academia implied by the rhymes
 Lead them to believe I was lying,
 I blasted through the limestone with water mixed with a dissolver,

Then I signalled the remaining cave crawlers,
Dig a hole for the collateral carnage, Battle the hardest,
Take out Hip Hop's trash and garbage,
Tunnel boring and jacking, water main tapping,
I sat there drafting a new drainage plan laughing,
Tough, pliable, relatively reliable,
The vocation of this undertaking is very viable, 160
My lyrical is chemical radioactive residue,
I can't rest until I accomplish what I was sent to do,
The gross oversimplification of a Jamaican in a basement tracing over diagrams for a tape deck,
That evolved into a spaceship, that hasn't been made yet,
Cause I haven't been paid yet
Not even one pay check,
I walked through the valley of humiliation,
But Hip Hop started hating, I tried to save them they wasn't patient,
Responsibility entrusted, there's only one way for me to prove that I love it,
That's why I'm busting, 170
If you pursue revenge, dig many graves,
Be sure to add your name to the list that you've made,
Musically still producing, I got a couple new things cocooning,
But Poet Laureate's my New Shit!,
Distinguished English and Sophisticated senses,
In sync with the Talisman I received from the Temptress,
With these lyrics I consecrate the spirit,
Whenever I spit it, concentrate you can hear it,
I've almost perfected this,
I'm one word away from excellence, when I find it I'll begin testing it, 180
The phenomenal beast, astronomer priest,
When the poles shift the Sun will not rise from the East,
Wilder than the wilderness, I'm bout to show you who wildebeest Williams is,
You better be filming this,
A blast so cataclysmic, it warps the time and space within it,
The hours become minutes, the minutes become infinite lyrics,
Poet Laureate spit from the spirit,
From the Sirius Star system ,
To observe the Gods, my thoughts graduated to the Stars,
To Infinity, listen to the bars, 190
The Kapellmeister in the Battle Grinder, created by King Osirus,
My psychic wall larger than Chinas,
The thirst to rhyme at first hurts like a laborious childbirth,
And sounds like Chinese fireworks,
Several million years into the past,
A primitive future in a world without oil and gas,
Focus on two standards when assessing the threat,
Number 1 is capacity, Number 2 is intent,
The Flood was not an obstacle,
I made a raft out of empty milk gallon bottles, for survival, 200
Always remember, meet me in Denver,
Colorado Springs in the Vandenberg welcome center,
Four and a half foot beings with big black eyes,
Tried to trap me and extract my rhymes all the time,
I perform a requiem on the Eve before Hip Hop ends,
And make amends on behalf of my friends,

Canibus grab the mic like an energized amulet,
Then spit a rap that you can't forget,
Oprah Winfrey don't like rap,
All I got to say about that is "She probably don't like Black", 210
I don't blame her, she don't understand it's only entertainment,
She'd probably feel different if she wasn't famous,
She Traded Places, and her opinions started changing,
As Randolph and Mortimer increased her wages,
That alone could make a person racist, if not racist with colour?
Then material wise how we treat each other,
The head of a lion, the legs of an eagle,
The wings of a dragon, not the sigil, this is for real though,
I sit down and think, when I write I can smell the ink,
I bow before the desert wall of the Sphinx, 220
The ideas have come from God, even I'm stunned,
1000 Bars from the real Iron Lungs,
I heard Hip Hop was dead, that's not fair,
Who I talk to?, "Go he there" Nasir,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY! 226

Poet Laureate Infinity,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate Infinity Vocal 2"

I procured a small piece of the treasure, collections from a former era
Dating back to forever, the warrior became protector,
Quoted from the Book of the Law, I don't govern them,
I summon them, speaking in tongues again,
Started with a trumpet, woodwinds, strings
The conductor brings the drums in, fingers trigger the drum kit,
Other emcees be nervous or something, rhymes in abundance,
Hip Hop Justice, Rappers are captured and punished,
Drawn and quartered, liars are denied water,
You still alive? I repeat in a revised order, 10
Skull is a submarine hull
Screen doors protect the motherboard core from extreme heat warp,
My mind dives deep beneath yours, Poseidon Trident Seahorse
Bubbles form I scream with extreme force,
Marineris Trench detour to Ultima Thule,
Let me explain what my sonar saw,
Upholding the Holy Rosary, patrolling the Open Seas,
At U-Boat speed beneath the Tsunami, where I'm supposed to be,
Industrialists, civilians, women and children directly,
Military chiefs, aristocrats in the buildings, 20
Membership is based off your raw intelligence,
400 screen video editing with hard evidence,
The clinical Professor of rhymes from Pepperdine,
Co-signed by GlaxoSmithKline designs,
The Universe provided the lighting to see what I was writing,
The results were blinding, Lyrics, Timing,
Shut the fuck up and stop whining,
Instinct controls how you think before deciding, so keep vibing,
Swimming naked in the open, a lone shark begins to circle me,
Instead of trying to murder me, it tried to flirt with me, 30
I got away nervously, talked about it purposefully,
Next time I see it, it's going to have a word with me,
I guess it wasn't meant to be,
Under an assumed Identity I resumed PsyOps on the enemy,
USA made, field grade steel face,
Moving at a Canibus pace in the proto subspace,
I am not here to negotiate eliminate
The face on the photograph we have in our database,
No emcee could rhyme like this, there's no challenge,
His Poet Laureateship pontificates balance, 40
This lyrical pyramid was discovered by accident,
I know I could build it fast if I block and tackle it,
Judge me fairly, compare me,
To Dante Alighieri's Purgatorio theory,
Assigned to train and equip to spit, who's ready?
I'll need a volunteer, do I have any?
Next year I'll get my SPINGS a master space badge,

After that I'll stop flying fixed wing aircraft,
Most of you will never understand what I mean
My dreams are broken into storyboard scenes, 50
Worm screw elevators, descending to the bottom of the volcano's crater,
Inside the Devil's Chamber,
"That is not dead which can eternally lie
and with strange aeons even death may die",
The leaders lies got me reassigned, my loyalty was redefined,
They will not be allowed to see the rhymes,
What ought to crawl has learned to walk,
One ought not to think is what Rumsfeld thought,
I'ma take you for a walk through a beautiful place called Honey Swamp,
We'll shoot hoops at Mosquito Lagoon Park 60
The whirlpool of gravity traps me
Still allowing me to circle the M51 galaxy
Rap for me reduces the stress dramatically,
Negative time produces antigravity,
Inject the gas into the centrifuge mass,
The Teleological Dynamic will enhance,
Watch me wet up your weed then bust up your teeth,
Make you run for your life like there is a bus up the street,
The Dr. and I would meet, at 29 Palms Joshua Tree
I always had a lot to debrief, 70
Killing my myself, killing my health, rebuilding myself,
Nobody ever feels what I felt,
Modifying the weather from behind a weather shield,
Writing with a feathered quill, getting more ill,
The woman who is there, she will take care of you,
With (N)exium, Avodart, (L)ipitor, and (T)heraflu,
Rap Music Profession Immunosuppressants,
One question per second, One answer per session,
Hip Hop made me, Hip Hop praised me,
Ain't nothing changed me since 1980, 80
Involuntary catalepsy, battle me baby!!!,
1000 Bars nigga, after that maybe!!,
Murder, murder, murder, kill kill kill drills,
Williams was real ill, but now I chill,
An asteroid field where every rock is shaped like my seal,

I do it for civilians, I do it for the soldiers,
Raptors, Comanches, STRYKERS, Cobras,
Back at the TOC with GW Prescott
Grid location missile lock lift up the block, 90
I gotta spit 'til the story is told,
It's a gift, this story is a part of my soul,
We shouldn't keep fighting, the Earth is our home,
If we destroy Mother Earth, where will we go?,
Starving in destitution, dying for retribution,
Why would you wanna blow a hospital? You stupid?
Our now fruitless creations used to be in abundance,
Like something harder than Tungsten, break your arm if you punch it, 90
I ride on a flatbed chariot, four ostriches carry it,
I control their movements with lariats, 100

Polygraphs flutter, the Lovecraft Craft Lover,
Quoting my favourite Inventor, "I see excitement coming"
I raise my hand, lightening bolts stream from it,
I see excitement coming, I see excitement coming,
Unsatisfied, I decide to redefine rhyme,
To create product of an applied mind,
They say "we're divided" I say we're small minded,
Right after I said it I moved to a small island,
There was no contingency plan given to me,
Tell the motherfucker send his transcripts to me, 110
Swear your allegiance the tuition is free,
To be a mini me version with minor abilities,
7.83 hertz from the Earth magnified
Signal Intelligence emanating from your mind,
At the Observatory summit of Mt. Graham,
Looking through this starlight scope in my hand,
Beautiful longitudinal musical lyrics,
Fragments of Olympian Gossip is my vision,
If A is a success in life,
Then A must equal X plus Y plus Z no doubt, 120
If work equals X and play equals Y,
Then Z must be equal to you shutting your mouth,
Surprisingly got The John Campbell award for writing,
By summarizing that rhyming can be dehumanizing,
From the Kinetic to the Energetic,
To the magnetic, ultra, electro, and uncensored resonance,
I need to be alone, you cannot comfort me like my poems,
1000 Bars put me in the zone,
The Pope shook, they ransacked Rome and burnt books,
I ran back home to hide mine in the woods, 130
Salute, I would like to propose this next toast,
to maturation barrels I carved from French Oak,
The minerals where they grow determine the stability of the flow,
I might get drunk and boast,
Corruption is necessary, but tell me who's the beneficiary,
Which one of us will sing Hail Mary?,
Hip Hop supposed to be about endurance,
But every time you rhyme not just when I'm touring,
Acupuncture point or plus, is not enough,
I need more pain so I can pretend to be tough, 140
The facts too acute to repute, or debate,
My face, is a slim sleek gas mask shape,
My dream was identical seven nights in a row,
I saw a sideways 8 wrapped around a microphone,
The window is closing, from the other side it looks like it's opening,
Where am I trying to go with this?,
Fire and Ash fallout, that's what it's all about,
We must construct a shelter, and then build a wall around it,
All the parents want to do is look at the body
But, it won't happen 'til after the official autopsy, 150
A good psychological environment for science,
I'm memorizing visualizing peace and quiet,
Father Author Poor Pauper has poor posture,

As filthy as the collar of a dirty grave robber,
This is my unacknowledged special access project,
Time reversed waves in nonlinear optics,
The coral reef is changing from green to amber,
Scientist scramble to come up with new answers,
The truth is well within my sphere of pursuit,
But I'm unprepared to take action just like you, 160
The innate need for Canibus to be professional,
Make it difficult indeed for me to connect with you,
Greetings and Salutations, my equations are inundated with information,
Electro Cranial Stimulation,
Burn skin off face, burn face off skeletal plate,
Plasma Ray Gun is just one explanation,
Man Made Membrane roofing remediation,
Any and all entry points have immigration,
One meter beside the Hubble outside the bubble,
The effects of gravity on my muscles were quite subtle, 170
I do what I want to do, I have always been that way,
Because I have always thinked that way,
Attach the piezoelectric transducer to your computer,
Poet Laureate is the future!!!,
Pulsating Lights and Sounds surrounds spirits,
Bio Oral Beats, layered underneath lyrics,
250 thousand cycles per second, for Dolphin hearing,
The Electrical Optical Coupling Gear is effective,
88 Kilometres above the planet,
My rhymes harness a power beyond your understanding, 180
The Gods began to call me, I looked up stars fell towards me
And scorched me to a metaphor freak,
The authentic Command Doctrine of George WashingtonHimself
GW I'm positive it's him,
I proof read my writtens, eat a chicken with the skin missing,
Spend the whole night out binge drinking,

First it was vote or die, now it's don't vote, why?
Weed is now legalized are you high? 190
Rhymes compartmentalized seperatized to prevent bootlegging pirates,
Be my guest keep trying,
The bird chirps dying in the dirt because the earth is hurt,
But not before I start cursing first,
Not so fast Mr. Iconoclast,
If you don't leave the bottle outside you can't pass,
Gather the evidence, then give it to the President,
Don't reprimand him, ask him for help next,
A lamp with no electrode will not glow,
We need some new bright ideas that we did not know, 200
You cannot fold under the political pressure,
You gotta take prudent and precautionary measures,
I think of rhymes in my mind when I autograph sign,
I can't wait to sign an autograph for the last time,
A Luciferian web, everyday we are burying dead,
Every colour in America bled,
This is empirical evidence of the greatest collection of Canibus sentences,

You'll never reach the end of it,
Fire and forget, rhyme for respect,
I didn't get that so I wrote Poet Laureate, 210
The Hubble Space Telescope images changed Bis,
And nothing on this Planet can dissuade this,
They left me dehydrated by the Nile River naked but I made it,
With passion of a Microphone Patriot,
Music is my bread and butter, why should I suffer,
My publicist said she could get me the Time Life's cover,
The spin off from the Press should be able to feed you,
But I declined 'cause I'm familiar what greed can do,
I can not lose or win,
I would only like to be remembered as the dark skinned Lizard King, 220
Into the bottomless pool of Poetry I plunge,
Let it be said, let it be written, let it be done,
Publicly coming forward with my metaphors to share,
About the space serpents flying around in the troposphere,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY! 226

Poet Laureate Infinity,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate Infinity Vocal 3"

I spit at a thousand KIPS, kilo tons of pressure
Every letter is measured in such a way you will remember,
December, 21st 2012 is the code
It was placed on the Mayan Sun Stone to puzzle them,
Starting with some numbers, the code cracker started crunching
I better have some results by the months end,
Really, Deep Blue computes deeply and does it,
What's the answer to Universe? Read me the numbers,
In the summer the Polar Manitoba's melted by lava
A team of ER doctors climbed aboard the chopper, 10
My skull is a submarine hull, I empty the ballast tanks
I could smell the shit from the seagulls,
The Rear Admirable participated in battle every war
At least half of my crew were injured every tour,
We thought close support from the Navy Carriers and Air Force
would give us all what we needed, we were wrong
Canibus is notably known globally,
My verbal sorcery somehow tries to talk to the beat,
Lyrically not ready, dress right dress, not messy
My muscle memory make me bomb squad steady, 20
You cannot contend with this when I let it rip,
Eyes, ears, nose and throat specialist Professor Bis,
The sublime chakra one through nine, through the spine
Induce the rhyme, internal fire produces the high
Recite 33 3's 33-3 times for twenty four hours
Twenty one thousand Nautical miles,
Ahead of my lifetime I write and recite rhymes,
Deja Vu in the booth is the truth, when you apply it,
Devine design, a miracle of Metallurgy,
Every clergy member from Mecca who heard of me worshipped me, 30
From the shores of Normandy to the Turkish streets,
To the bluest oceans glowing on the Persian beach,
Nuclear Biological Chemical emergency
I purchase the beat then mix the spit with the mercury,
The DJ grabs the acetate out the crate,
Mix the dub plate, the BPMs fluctuate,
Nobody can hold me back, my flow bloviates
into a spiritual shape and co-creates rap,
Cold callous chronic chemical imbalance,
Smoking a chalice in the Rabbit hole with Alice, 40
The target appears in brackets, I attack it,
Access then egress then quit this rap shit,
Commander of the symphony when man meets ministry,
Finishing my Archeogenetic Rap Facility,
They can't battle me so they'd rather embarrass me,
By being mad at me they commit microphone heresy,
I am still the Master, as handsome as my unborn Grandson,

Rip The Jacker, call me grandpa,
As odd as it may seem, the Microphone Fiend
Is God of the Hip Hop regime, Planet Rock Supreme, 50
Kill you with green Lasers, evaporated weed vapour
Electromagnetic Scalar, then something they call a Maser,
"That is not dead which can eternally lie
and with strange aeons even death may die"
Meteors fall from the sky, The Mars God looks at my eyes,
Controlling my heart, controlling my mind,
O Lord, tell me what to do, tell me O Lord,
I've mastered the art of rhyming now I am so bored,
My pain, my joy, my thoughts, I've passed them on through songs,
Respond to me and I will answer to your call, 60
Emotion manifests Thought, Thought manifests Words,
Actions and Reality, that's how it has to be,
In front of me, on both sides and in back of me,
I hear them talking 'bout battling me in the whisper gallery,
The chain of command blames the unseen hand,
The Galactic Plane has a Galactic Plan,
I look up in the sky to see if God is judging me,
Then suddenly I feel Fatima and Medjugorje come to me,
Sitting down at the mixing board comfortably,
They begin to study me, by showing me worlds I would love to see, 70
My body did not melt beyond the Van Allen Belt,
I was transformed into a spirit with no shell,
I could move about freely, I rose, I fell,
The coldness of heaven is like the coldness of hell,
Metaphoric Sun Worship, pulling me with planet like inertias,
Words blinking like the text edit cursor,
Sentences sometimes too sensitive to make sense of it,
Layer upon layer upon layer unedited,
You lazy and you wanna be the best? You crazy!
The Best Train EVERYDAY of the week, 80
Propulsion system gravity driven, white hot thermal external vision
Every lyric got a wormhole in it,
Saint Germaine is real, Germaine is a sage for real,
My sigil is a double headed eagle seal,
Normal life is not real, we are just cogs in a wheel,
We work, we hurt, we search, we feel,
Microphonist that utilizes the study of Conics,
Circular motion in both the para- and the hyperbolas,
Tiger Woods knows this, everytime he plays golf he shows this,
A true master at The Masters in focus, 90
In my time of need, I am not alone,
I was told in a dream by Cthulhu from his tomb
Try to hurt me, I'll murder you, lay you down vertical,
Make your life purposeful, germinate the earth with you,
My black goggles covered with Bat Guano,
I'll hang from the ceiling and watch you, act hostile I'll pop you,
Rap Music and those who listen to it don't owe me nothing,
I don't want nothing from you, not even your judgement,
The Philosophic maverick the massive knowledge magnet,
Underwater sea lilies where I get my magic 100

Matricidal motherfucker homicidal hustler,
Filibuster, never been a Wikipedia lover,
If I were you I wouldn't waste time reading rubbish,
It might turn you into a media puppet, but fuck it
Leviathan divides the suspect zero sign,
Therefore, Canibus rhymes for all time,
Metaphors and Rhyme is poetry by design,
But poetry continues outside the timeline,
Unnatural battle ability, the enemy tried to imprison me,
But they would've been better off killing me, 110
Theoretically Schiaperrelli has mentored me,
With motifs of illuminated speech and wizardry,
Over The Horizon Radar Rhymes
Patent number 4686605
Sound pours out of the ground across the land,
Jethro Tull was mauled by the God called Pan,
Creative writing and rhythm, grammar and composition,
Don't ignore me, ignore the fools who tells you don't listen,
To you it shouldn't sound like I'm quitting cause I'm not,
If I am to continue it's up to Hip Hop, 120
Weary of body and mind, tired of swimming against the tide,
Why swim or walk when I can glide?
Zero Gravity exercising, requires expert timing,
For Sky Diving my call sign is Flying Wing,
An impossible profession, St. Germaine
was made to explain the lesson with a 1000 Bar message,
Now you may go, you have graduated, now you may know,
Tell the world exactly what you were shown,
Sure enough, Sesame Street poems brought to you by Sears Roebuck,
Countdown forty eight months, 130
Does it amaze me? "No!" Does it phase me? Maybe a little yo,
We gotta find a way to generate doe,
The promoter won't pay me what I want for a show
Why do it for free when I'm worth my weight in gold?
Mind, Body and Soul inseparable, incredibly,
Proto plasma recycles the matter perpetually,
Hip Hop became boring, lyrics seem more like a vestigial organ,
But they shouldn't be important,
The diaphragm, the thymus,
Activate the latent powers that reside inside us with 13 chakras 140
You get the Guantanamo Bay, The Alcatraz Way,
You heard what I say? These pigs gotta pay!
I steadied my approach, this supposed to be a NO FLY ZONE
Black Sheep Squadron with strobe light hoes
The Hurricane's eye open, gale winds blowing,
Moses on a row boat floating in the ocean,
I figured out, how to save water in a drought
If we save the right amount I know we can make it out
The ever expanding mind commanding body, do you copy?
The Quantum biology biopsy, 150
My austere designs are so ahead of their time,
Even when you press rewind you're still left behind,
Father Author Poor Pauper, breathes to draw Prana

In a yoga pose tryna get close to your mama,
Your ear cartilage has been targeted
The bombing will commence, don't be a bitch nigga you started it,
On the Sabbath I write preplanning for the Planet
Drawing mathematics, suspended in space as holographics,
Scientifically Quantifiable megalomaniacal
viable style it's like trying to ride a Bull, 160
The lyrical inimical is miserable because I've built a citadel
of syllables that made me invincible,
Am I a mad man or a mason? A Patriot or a Pagan
West Coasting in a 64 with Daytonos
The propulsion system matrix poorly calibrated,
I'm waiting on the parts special order replacement,
Battle rap is just aimless entertainment
Second Round K.O. was one of they favourites, fuck all the haters
My luck was crushed, I felt like they fronted,
My heart kept pumping, I had to do something, 170
I turned the page, wrote a turn of phrase,
Verbal X-Rays, they say "I don't burn I blaze"
Don't look at it like winning or losing, in '98 it was amusing,
Poet Laureate's my New Shit!,
Time keep on slipping, the Ripper keeps ripping,
But right now my image stands still in a prism,
My light reflects like a mirrors, I choose to share it,
The Precession of the Earth is nearing, preparing
Assessment and Planning things
Should I put mustard on these sandwiches, a fathers job is so challenging, 180
My pupil size increase, constriction and velocity decrease,
You can't Emcee take a seat,
What are you building Bis? Is it a flying Silver Disk?
If you ever leave you'll be missed,
I tear through the Galactic drift
I travel 10 digits in 10 minutes, now that's some shit!
You think that's fast? Nah, that's faster than you think
By the time you blink, the whole Universe shrinks,
A word to the wise, try to keep your eyes in the skies,
And try to keep your ears on my rhymes, 190
The magic reminded that the fire will not expire,
Pyrus Sidonious gives me energy when I'm tired,
The Sun is so bright my eyes hurt
I'm forced to look downward to see inside the Earth,
I thank Mother Gaia for bearing us green grass,
But it won't last we're killing her with greenhouse gas,
You said "the best shouldn't ask for respect",
Is that correct? Yes could you please speak up, I said Yes!
I hold Hip Hop responsible,
Every magazine writer that wrote bullshit in his article, 200
Gone 'Til November? I'll be gone forever,
I made these bars so you ALL could remember,
The illest MC to put it all on the line,
My career was crucified but I'm still alive,
Sky scraper spaceships, wide crater dry lake beds,
"Resistance is futile", they said,

I bear clutch the pen, my girlfriends jealous again,
So intimate when I write it's a sin,
Electromagnetic rap flytrap,
There's no way Earth you can get around that, 210
This is a no brainer, stop the complaining,
If Hip Hop is dead, I came here to save it,
Pages upon pages, everything I've created ,
The bar was below basic, I had to raise it,
I did it for my Fathers, I did it for my Mothers and my Brothers,
I did it for the world to discover,
My poetry is peaceful, aggressive but regal,
Progressive to the people, I hope the words reach you
Dr. Watson and Crick found an third strand in the DNA helix
So you're not what you think, 220
Metronome Man will never take commands from the drum
The beat is my slave and it will behave as I want,
Cheers! Spill beer on my bear skin chairs,
I shed tears, I loved Hip Hop all these years,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY! 226

Poet Laureate Infinity,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate Infinity Vocal 4"

Nobody do it better, there ain't a truer Ripper,
I did this separate imagine what we could do together
Inspired by God, inspired by the suffering,
Was it done by a prophet? It must of been, who was it then,
Rip the Jacker, hot but cold blooded
Many utter the name but very few love him,
33 is the number that enlightens the Brothers,
Insight to the fullest, that could brighten the dullest,
The ramifications are awesome, what should we call it?
I call it my unacknowledged special access project, 10
Skull is a submarine hull,
In a cave below ground with a painting of Cthulhu on the wall,
Necronomicon grimoires,
Open the doors to the vortex that reaches from here to beyond,

The power to control thoughts however remotely,
Through a term I'd like to call "Pulse Detonation Poetry"
The results from SETI, very interesting,
I briefed the committee they told me to stop the testing, 20
My team was credited, turned over the evidence,
But not before I could leverage it, promotion to President,
Cover me, 8 point sighting device for the eyes,
Fire!!! Transition if you go dry,
Close your eyes, ritualize, spit your rhymes,
Without trying you can shift your mind,
Canibus altered the sequence of nucleotides,
Neuropeptides only get high off just mature Wine,
Start timing, Atomic Clock keeps time perfectly,
Mrs. Guutoff my band teacher always would work me, 30
Polyester pants, big fat ass,
I loved that woman so much, I paid attention in class,
My Spanish teacher Mrs Booker had an ass too,
Why am I talking about this to you?
One day this will be known for now it must wait,
I still love them both and I never forget a face,
At the time I used my Beta waves more than my Theta waves,
Then there was greater way I learned at a later date,
The rate of learning began burgeoning and wouldn't let up,
Mommy noticed my vocabulary had developed, 40
Telencephalon olfactory lobes I had to practice,
When a woman has her period I smell it on the mattress,
It got to be difficult for any woman to live with me,
I know my history, but what could that mean specifically?
The story of Bruce Lee, I died in my sleep
I was weak, it happens with every girl that I meet,
A Clairvoyant Technique, using X-Ray refraction
Not only can you see into the future, see past it,

But I don't know what it means I pass the DataStream along to my team,
They say it's more than a dream 50
Killing caused by poisonous vapours, Lasers, Tasers, Masers,
Electromagnetic Scalars,
"That is not dead which can eternally lie
And with strange aeons even death may die",
Listen to the rhymes, the rhymes equal Pi,
If I had a piece of the pie I could buy Dubai,
Rip the Jacker was born, the bow was drawn,
Spit a 100 bars before you could run a 100 yards,
I seen a mushroom to the north, from my porch,
It was odd, every dog in the neighbourhood barked, 60
You wanna stand there and talk?
A blast wave gonna tear more than your roof off, nigga c'mon!
It is my understanding, when I'm high I'm channelling,
But when I'm out with the family I am animal handling,
Observe the man with the Microsoft strand,
Or a 5th or a 6th, 'cause way more advanced,
I remove the veil from in front of me, suddenly
The roots of my discovery uncovered skulduggery,
I am not innocent, but you cannot punish me,
'Cause I know what the world wants to see, tragedy, 70
What is Germaine determined to ascertain for his self?
Few of the same elk have known what I felt,
There's a Proverb that goes "One should know thyself
Before one can know the world", so I showed myself,
The unidentified submersible, looked like a giant turtle half circle,
Yo, I need to stop smoking purple,
Requested, selected, elected, but that's only impressive to the expert,
Who know how to manipulate my message,
You lazy and you wanna be the best? I repeat,
Don't talk about consciousness being conscious-less and weak, 80
If I die and you happen to wake up, I'm still alive
Please explain my complete life story to my children,
Photo stills of the cryospill,
Solarized film revealed that there was a biofield,
Fuck a record deal, my training is real,
Look at the sword I wield, you will taste my steel,
Phase I, sign the MOU, pursue more voters
There's three more phases that I think you should know,
The Phase II, build the force, Phase III, sustain Ops,
Phase IV, transition of all Border Cops, 90
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si-Do
These are the tones that will activate the ohm,
No telling if it will bring out the best or the worst in you,
It would be a miracle if I was merciful,
Are you food for the moon? Or are you in the mood for doom?
Furniture moves when I walk in a room,
Stryker Brigade Driver, sometimes I was Gunner,
Checkpoints required all the concentration I could muster,
Special Weapons and Tactics, Professional Assassin,
I don't know what he does for a living ask him, 100
I kneeled before Congress and begged for money,

Submitting specifics about the operation I'm running,
You gotta love it, what was it called? The G8 Summit,
 "Never heard of it", no details are public,
The relative radiance of the rhyme makes it shine,
Increasing the star wattage with longer cycle time,
Yeah, I bust the rhymes but I customize the lines,
 And by the looks of things I did it just in time,
I marched from the Halls of Montezuma to Tripoli,
Physically this mission objective is killing me, 110
 I submit to the will of the creator willingly,
The possibilities present a probable infinity,
 I looked into LL's eyes we both cried,
 Meteors immediately fell from the skies,
I've apologized but I can't change who I am,
 I can change future, can't budge the past,
Them pretty ass lyrics is for bitches with acrylic,
 Only fake niggas catch feelings over silly shit,
Sports locked and loaded, zero you in from the pillbox,
 Williams! How many kills you got? 120
The uniforms match so we all look the same from the sky,
The only time they notice the difference is when we die,
 Is dying a wise thing? What about trying?
What about the family members back home crying?
 Manmade weapons Starship Captain etc
 George Lucas showed me a full sized replica,
 Circled for a fly over in a black Kiowa
Five soldiers including me and a pilot called Noah,
He passed over a top secret dossier folder half opened,
 I noticed the words MOSES and CONUS, 130
 MOSES is a new weapon system secret code,
 CONUS is the continent of the US, I suppose,
The jump light lit up, Master Chief said "Let's Go!"
 All right men this is what we train for,
Williams you gotta go first, "if you say so, HALO",
 High Altitude Always Stay Low,
Gale Winds blowing, this might be the death of me,
The Airborne unit in the back of me jumped out next to me,
Gold chords from the organ cut down your swordsman,
Tell everybody to shut the fuck up when I'm talking, 140
 The 1000 Bar race at an unrelenting pace,
 Just in case Humans ever get to World War 8,
Do you believe in fate? Then how do you know?
 When you finally get there, where will you go?
 This ain't no joke, you think I'm joking,
 Everything frozen, melted, destroyed, broken,
 Only the chosen find a way out,
Everybody move out! Make sure to stay off the main route,
 Satellites watch me they think they got me,
Right hands turn left shoulders around but it's not me, 150
Atmospheric Reentry a flying sighting, looked like lightening,
 Striking blind, what the fuck's frying?
 Comparative image sharpness between artists,
I don't think you know what you're about to get involved in,

Give you a quadrillion dollars to be a partner,
If you are still worshipping money I think you are Godless,
Sulphuric Nitric Acid eat through the Labyrinth,
The foundation is cracking, we must take action,
Basic Instruction Before Leaving Earth, B.I.B.L.E.
I take shelter in an old Missile Silo, 160
Hip Hop is blackened pot placed next to a kettle,
With my logo in it, a rigid rehomogenized metal,
Millions of you are unfamiliar with what I'm saying?,
Discuss it with your Chemistry Professor he will praise it,
Tri Quad Quintangulate where did the signal originate?
Try to find out more information,
The internal atheist outside the Matrix,
Sophia Stewart offered me a pill and said "take this",
She asked me if I was followed, I told her I wasn't,
I didn't know the spy that sold me out would be my own cousin, 170
"Populace uniformed is a populace of slaves",
Washington didn't say it quite that way,
But it's something like that, you get the point I'm assuming,
Poet Laureate Exclusive New Shit!
The message said "We should meet somewhere clandestine",
Professor keep heading East to the Best Western,
Do not loose your bearings, keep checking your direction,
"Start Session point 666 arc seconds"
The budget is huge, I have doubts about spending it,
Concerning Cyclotronic Resonance, patents are pending it, 180
Canibus AKA "The Spitzberg Beast",
Gave his Bicentennial Speech on Emerald Peak,
You'll need a first aid kit for the verse I spit,
I am cautiously meticulous but artfully brisk,
A change is beginning every molecule is spinning,
Lyrics imitate the art, art imitates lyrics, can you hear it?
Signals bounce back and forth like a mirror,
With flawless error, like that forever
Surface the air radar tells me where they are,
Are they far? I patiently watch the sweep arm, 190
We can find them but they can't find us,
Just below Mach 3 the rhymes ionizes,
I'm hooked on Hip Hop, I can't live without it,
You can mix this song a thousand ways I don't doubt it,
The daughters of man locked in prison camps,
With the sons of mothers that are too weak to dance,
At least we notice damage, what do we expect,
The coming super storm is gonna wipe us off the map
But that is not possible, that's sounds completely illogical,
You must've been kicked the fuck out of school 200
Always remember the Reptilian agenda,
"No Pulse Rendered" in the earthquake's epicentre,
I found fluoride in my water supply,
At the time I felt a total apathy towards dying,
The ungrateful dead reoccurring images playing in my head,
I was told to memorize what I was said,
"With this salt I consecrate this water,

may whatever it touch receive Hallowed Light coming from Them."

"With this sacred water I consecrate this Talisman
so that it will make me Poet Laureate" 210

Otherwise I'll be so depressed, oh well no regrets
I been toe to toe with the best, I 'Know the Ledge'
I accept all cultures, colours, creeds and races

Life is Life no taxonomical classification,
No corruption, no disruption, no destruction, no budget, no nothing,

It's never that easy, you just gotta trust it,

A leader that feels beleaguered to teach the youth,

The Youth will refuse to follow if they don't believe you,

There is strength in numbers there are numbers in strength,
Nothing good comes from hatred, Love's the missing link, 220

Even if I am in a minority of one,

The truth is still the truth no matter how it's spun

My mind is prepared, Hip Hop is impaired,

If you disagree with me then yours isn't there.

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet Laureate Infinity Vocal 5"

I rock rhymes for your pleasure, you listen at your leisure,
I only record it once you listen to it forever,
The fish hook stuck in your jaws, the feedback was not positive,
Human Hominids fishing for compliments,
Started with a nugget, the budget snowballed into something,
Above ground running not underground covered ,
Breath easy, regulate the pace see if they love it,
The Poet Laureate puppet with a message from "The Others",
The aura describes the forces, I'm too involved to divorce it,
My internal compass points me northward, 10
My skull is a submarine hull,
Calling whales with whale song, creating basketball size hailstorms,
Water World under water war protected by the Jericho wall,
With surface permutation of the permafrost,
My war birds are grounded, their wings have been burned off,
I'm not concerned though, it's only the first lost,
Poetry Poetry Poetry Poetry Poetry,
Poet Laureate infinity now you know it's me,
Yeti riding a Triceratops with Elephant netting,
Attending Black Widow weddings dressing in gossamer webbing, 20
Pretending, experimenting, they call me a heretic,
A derelict cherubim seraphim protecting America,
Height, weight, eye colour, skeletal structure was designed,
I circle my flight instructors in the skies as they fly,
22 times, to show them I have plenty new rhymes,
Poet Laureate will prove it to you all in due time,
Don't be upset with Canibus yet, the kid just want respect,
You been a success but what do he get?
Politics and Perjury bring out the worst in me,
But I don't take it personally, even though it's hurting me, 30
The key maker turns the key, those observing me keep cursing me,
They aren't worthy of a word from me,
I spit the truth, Rip the mic, Rip the booth, Rip you too,
Rip the Jacker is proof I Ripped through,
It drives me insane when a woman wears lace,
The current gene structure is 46 pair based,
Her heart rumbling and thundering like Captain Nicole Malachowski
From an airbase, on a clear day,
Ok I'm a pervert, It's time to fess up,
I might be looking for a leg up, but I won't touch, 40
Closet sadomasochist sexual pacifist,
I like to role play but I only play masculine,
Victory over injury a victim to misery
The myriad of my metaphors make me a mystical mystery
I'm a giant in the industry just over 5 ft,
Even my photo ID don't look like me,
The NASA contractor with a satchel of answers,

I passed up the Nobel Peace Prize for my passion,
Democracy Rules Everything Around Me, D.R.E.A.M.,
Another fucking acronym, just what I need, 50
Killing me with phrases that were designed to put me into dazes,
As worthless as stupid junk mail is,
"That is not dead which can eternally lie,
and with strange aeons even death may die",
The Squid Faced God is difficult to describe,
Those of weak heart and mind shouldn't even try,
In a town near Kadam and Kakrak Jahlalabad,
I pray in a hut constructed from Sago Palm,
Astoria Oregon Fisherman Poets got lost,
Looking for Paradise, it only exists in the heart, 60
'Cause emotion manifests Thought, Thought manifests Words, Actions and Reality,
But what is attracting me?
The overseer of poetic antiquity,
The Victoria and Albert Museum kept them for me,
Pythagoras, Dionysus, Loki and Pan,
They have enlightened me thru song to understand,
The multiplex meshing multiple messages is too much for me,
Truly there is too much to see,
I'll mix one for you, then one for me,
I'll mix some for the street, mix 'til my thumbs bleed 70
A stationary pulley drawing from a wishing well,
The Genie gave me more than three because I listen well,
Conflicted and confused but completely compelled,
To celebrate my birthday alone in the year 2012,
I hope I am not alone, that would be terrible,
If I am celebrating then that be a miracle,
In a newly ordered world living in shit,
No matter how good or poor your English is,
You lazy and you wanna be the best? You crazy!
Poet Laureate is reserved for the name G, 80
e-r-m-a-i-n-e,
Will-I-Am, the name that my precious mother gave me,
The world came to know me as Sir William,
The man of steel with a Smallville build with the illest ,
Some of my thoughts align with Einstein himself,
I wanna know God's thoughts too, the rest are details,
Lyrical Fitness is no secret of course but,
The secret to creativity is hiding your sources,
Preserve the sanctity of the Soldiers in Iraq,
Do not blame them and hold their humanity hostage, 90
Pray for the families that want them home,
Pray for the families abroad that have lost their homes,
Who have lost their faith, who have lost their hope,
Who have lost their point, who have lost their own,
Yo! Calm the fuck down, I shouldn't have to curse at you,
Hydrate as much as possible, drink a lot of juice,
Fucking bummer, no armour inside the Hummer,
Gotta hug a motherfucking sandbag for cover,
Now I'm self employed, still gotta pay taxes,
Cashless, bankrupt, ain't got no assets, 100

From the gutter to the gallows no media coverage,
 'Cause I don't want it, that's why I'm rarely seen in public,
 President Poetry, the popular obedient Pundit,
 That's right, you can take this job and shove it,
 I dictate a scribe that causes the court stenographer to die,
 Brewing hot tea with honey and lime,
 How's my driving? Run you off the road smiling,
 1-800-RoadRage, Start dialling,
 The snake will grow feet and stampede you to your defeat,
 You are weak, you lied to us all in your speech,110
 Symbiotic indeed, the host bleeds,
 Parasites attach to feed fulfilling antiquated needs,
 Rock climbed the slope shaped like a stop sign,
 In record clock time, Hot Lava lock rhymes rock slide topside,
 How does one ever really perfect such a craft?,
 You're obliged by your curiosity to ask,
 Cubism and Futurism writing amusing lyrics,
 My opinion of your opinion is you can't be serious,
 Test driving my principle findings
 By designing a new style of rhyming you can take home and try out, 120
 A 100 Bars per hour sometimes I doubled the writing
 Secret signature timing was the hardest part to figure out,
 Agonizing, the pain of the migraine biting my brain,
 And everything inside it I can't explain but I'm trying,
 I heard this before, I can't remember who said it,
 We hear from 1000 to 20 thousand cycles per second,
 Straight out the freak show no pre show,
 Limited oxygen when I rhyme fast you breath slow,
 VFR stands for Visual Flight Rules by the Book,
 You should know this even though it don't concern showbiz, 130
 Because when in Rome, walk as a Roman,
 Obviously you can see you've made the wrong choice,
 Fraternize but don't do it in the wrong tone of voice,

 A bad boy with bad toys made from new alloys,
 Readapted from a crashed disc and asteroid,
 My shelter is not far, you can borrow what you need,
 The bunker doors sequestered beneath the tall tumble trees,
 After the Matrix, Agent Smith continued his movement,
 The same bullshit, that humans are major pollutants, 140
 Assemble the Gatling gun, spin it see if it spun,
 Weapons check correct, I'm done, next one,
 My rap room is an 8 by 14 underground base,
 Hypercube microphone booth in a vacuum of space,
 Extraterrestrial Isotopic ratios,
 A broke Scientist in his Lab with no place to go,
 All these conscious rappers ain't saying nothing,
 Matter fact they have no constituent function,
 Mix this record different, you'll hear me call names out,
 It's played out but there must have been alternative routes, 150
 The Geneva Protocol Advocates are so sloppy,
 A human being is not anybodies property,
 Reading body language in a Zero Gravity environment,

Is much easier said than done, if you're trying it,
 Attending the Opera with a Pompous Ego Monster,
 I can barely take my eyes off her big old knockers,
 Integrated in an existing clothing ensemble,
 My Saratoga Suit is Military Garment,
 The Quarantine Isolation Unit is where I house it,
 My team and I salvage the work of Dr. Fritz Albert, 160
 If the prototype works, there's no telling what I will do,
 I'll have to get a new plane, a new pilot and a crew,
 Creatively I have never been to this level,
 First I'll put you in a sideways 8, then a pretzel,
 Password please have patience verification,
 I repeat, "What's Your Character String Verification?",
 Infrared spectral observation from the Space Station,
 Before you take a break, I'll need you to list and name them,
 Dock the Kliper Craft at the preliminary designation,
 Tracing the Detection of Submicron Radiation, 170
 Do not leave the Orbital Boom Sensor System running,
 I heard something called nothing that the Cosmonauts were coming,
 The rhymes are in place, General George Case and Peter Pace
 Said we had absolutely no time to waste,
 Next time we meet this whole song will be a new mix,
 For all the Rippers out there who need a new fix,
 My Father is Jamaican, my Mother is British,
 Raised to be civic, in the household we spoke Yiddish
 ELF 100 cycles per second, Elephant Hearing,
 I'm heading for the clearing, Storm Clouds appearing, 180
 On the back of an Elephant with advanced intelligence,
 Like Nikola Tesla, shit!, damn that's a smart elephant,
 Cease fire breach, riot and loot for 3 weeks, don't you see,
 Broke niggas never promote peace,
 Susan Malveaux will interview the polygamist Mr. Bis,
 Undisclosed in his home by the cliffs,
 I rip shit consistent, spit persistent,
 The sickness, spit with conviction, promote lyrical fitness,
 I'm lost..... Which version is this? Mozart with a flowchart
 Putting together parts of an unknown art but coming from my own heart 190

Burning a disk, initializing, rhyming and visualizing,
 Reaching 1000 Bars and climbing,
 Martial... several miles deep underneath the Earth,
 The Boston Visionary Cell designed my new Lab,
 Paul Laffoley engineered a magnificent draft,
 Extraordinary men, who meet to review and recommend,
 I attend the Gubernatorial that never ends,
 We just got a SASO, we call this one the Black Hole,
 I'm glad I'm the last to go, 200
 Zionism the answer to your uncensored question,
 Guy de Rothschild and his bloodline brethren,
 Playing the guitar singing folk songs, speaking my mind,
 Nobody could really understand the reason I rhyme,
 Infrared direct hit, target bled, proceed to inject the syringe with meds
 that subsequently pinch your leg,

You feel like your an inch from being dead but you alive instead,
You're really dead your just living in my head,
Fire for effect, smoke out then rest,
Give me a wedge formation, roll out like this, 210
I will spare no sin, walk in with a scarecrow grin, looking crazy,
Cause that's what you made me,
Classified payloads with no frequency safe modes, no safety,
And I still made time for the ladies,
Ceiling visibility unlimited, a lyricist river fish surrounded by nigger shrimp
I'm a killer pimp,
Somebody said Hip Hop don't need me,
Nigga I grew up in D.C., I love Lil' Weezy,
Me and Baby got the same name,
We probably got the same blood in our veins, liquid propane, 220
At the top of the Temple Mount Mosque I look at the Sun,
I just a few words for everyone,
Everybody bow your heads and say this prayer,
From this moment HIP HOP IS UNITED EVERYWHERE,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
I WILL FOREVER BE THE ILLEST LYRICALLY! 226

Poet Laureate Infinity,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
Poet Laureate Infinity,
THIS NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE IN HISTORY!

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet's Palaquin"

Yeah, I like this one

New York, L.A. Times

They both reverse-transcribed his rhymes
Simultaneously, they tried to get inside his mind
His Amazon catalog, rebuild Babylon

Unroll the master scroll of the surface, he sketched the schematic on

A palanquin carries a poet road-mapping a song

Retracing the steps of a journey never traveled before

And the mandolin was laid across legs, bruised and bandaged

Short supply of First Aid is why his wounds were rancid

A musician played Bobby McFerrin, "Don't Worry, Be Happy"

Gradually, if things get worse, you adapt naturally

Choose your fate, as you near death, and move away from a recuperative state

These pharmaceuticals make them hallucinate

It's nothing new to pay dues: how much you produce today?

You know what they say: "It's business as usual, ok?"

Because of sanctions, they are banned from international bank transfers

They stealth bombed Wakanda after they killed Black Panther

The ancestors were angered

When I heard about it, I was in transit

In a former land, the newsfeed was in a foreign language

The Starlink satellite standard couldn't give me a serious answer

The Sirius satellite system was tampered

My Fintech financier finally translated the transcript

My legs failed me and I fell, leaving my spirit standing

Weeping in sadness, what are the chances?

Looking down at Canibus, through stained Google glasses

Wailing in anguish, it's hard to cope

With something so savage, let alone tragic

The melanated man moans on the Sabbath

While America's streets are swarming with Panzers

Horses, carriages, Canibus hands-free lariats

Control free, energy palanquins

The skies pour liquid acid

Water treatment, tap water is brackish

Tech support taken over by hackers

Don't believe me? Blow me

You repeat me? Better quote me

This is a goodie, but oldie, 5.1 Dolby

The Romans tied every sniveling, son-of-a-Nun moaning

To each cadaver closely

Toxic exposure from bodies decomposing

In the hot sun roasting

Painstakingly and slowly infecting

The flesh of anything living, laying there loathing

Selfishly indulging down a structurally corroding

Path of primroses, with eyes nearly closed
I suppose you can say barely opened
Swaying to and fro, spraying saliva from dead throats
Foaming, praying, karaoke choking
To me, it sound like yodeling, but it is worth noting
There's forbidden, foreboding tongues scolding
Which originally OEM designed by Boeing
Promoting anal swab probing
Exploding from inefficient battery warnings
Do the research, homie, I ain't trolling
My newest CD? Frozen
Your skin? Smoldered
Overheated and swollen, steaming and smoking
And stinking through clothing
I need a moment to go breathe in the open
Fucking rappers got me sicker than COVID
And you know this, still the dopest
Free the people like Moses
Hyper focused with both barrels loaded, 'cause I'm a Poet
And when my palanquin pull up, climb aboard, let's go Bis
Peep the components, Pete Rock, Can-I-Bus bonus
Shoulder to shoulder
In foxhole with speedloaders
Lord Cyborg soldiers
Hot fire like Dylan told ya, nugguh

Canibus Lyrics

"Shout Out To Lost Boyz"

[DJ Clue]

Yeah, DJ Clue, Desert Storm, all up in ya area
with the LB Fam, Love Peace and Nappiness
A little sample, but first..
My man Canibus, gon' rip shit down, ha ha

[Canibus]

Yo, yo, YO

Lost Boyz the Beasts from the East up in this piece
with a new release on the streets every fifty-two weeks
and I dare a nigga to challenge us; I turn the
Love Peace and Nappiness into your blood on a napkin in the ambulance
Fuckin with the nigga called Canibus, just the sound
of my voice'll give you a positive urine analysis
I'm a lyrical demon, stronger than crack fiends
that smoke two P's with a C in between em
LB Fam, makin the music niggaz dance to
And we sip a very substantial amount of Jack Daniels
L-O-est, B-O-Y-Z we lock shit
We invested all of Legal Drug Money profit
Showin love to each and every nigga that copped it
In they Jeep, Lex Coupe, Beema or Benz knockin it
Music Makin You High, givin you that urge
to spend two-thirds of the money you earned on herb
You're fuckin with the LB Fam, we do what we gotta do
You never get the chance to shoot back at who shot at you
Nigga, you'll be dead before you reach the hospital
Lookin at you layin there with blood comin out your nostrils
Queens most wanted, quick to clap a nigga
Rap at killers who wear Carharts and Caterpillars
Totin the four-pound, holdin the fort down
before Heavy D bounced to Uptown became a ghost town
Cheeks, Lou and Thai see eye to eye
Spig sees eye to thigh, bein the shortest
but he still gets busy on the one and two's regardless
Heard about the Clue tape, so I had to get on it
Lost Boyz and Desert Storm, Show Us the Money
cause we STILL hungry, we STILL got the growl in the tummy
We STILL grimy and grungy, dressin bummy
Doin shows for foreign currencies in other countries
Tryin to finance me a Hum-Vee with low mufflage
Get a production deal, start our own record companies
Sign our own acts, and rhyme about whatever we wanna rap
Decorate our walls with plaques
Summertime eighty-nine or better degree weather
Nine-seven DJ Clue and LB Fam forever

[DJ Clue]

WHAT?! DJ Clue, all up in ya area

[Canibus]

Yo yo yo hold up I don't think niggaz know man
I'm gonna rock some more, check it out, yo, yo
Now just by watchin you, I can tell that I got you
to face me, somethin you don't wanna do, my rhymes
are too hostile, they'll beat you down in public like the cops do
Sit on top of you, make a human pinata out of you
Flow as potent as possible, creatin obstacles Three Feet
High and Rising, like the chronicles of Posdonus
The old school hip-hop, is where I get my style from
Uptown Harlem, is where I get my lye from
My cousin with mad guns, is where I get the nines from
Area 51 is where I be gettin rhymes from
I'm not a human being
I'm the human being ill with a I.Q. that's off the scale
If words could kill, a verse of mine'll murder a mil'
And MC's'll be gnashin they teeth, burnin in hell
I'm learnin to be the head instead of the tail
I ain't followin nobody else to increase my sales
Metaphors are real, like they been forged in steel
Stood before the judge told him I was forced to kill
And how I went for mines to get Paid in Full
Then I went for minds again and ripped em out of niggaz skulls
The nigga on the block with the biggest balls, layin niggaz
on the floor, robbin em too a Biggie Smalls song
"Turn your head round," give me the cheddar
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives forever
"Turn your head round," give me the cheddar
I'd rather be a lion for a day than a lamb who lives forever *[echoes]*

Canibus Lyrics

"Talkin' The Talk - HRSMN"

(feat. Killah Priest, Kurupt)

[Intro: Kurupt]

Underdig, underdig that
Pull it back
Blast, pull his wig back
It's like that
Lil' bitch niggaz
Horsemen

[Chorus x2: Kurupt]

Everybody thinkin' that they Talkin' the Talk
Everybody thinkin' that they walkin' the walk
Nigga watch out, shit's about to spark
Nigga cuz ya just can't do it, nigga we run through it

[Kurupt]

Everybody..

[Canibus]

You don't have a broad enough bandwidth to understand 'Bis
Like what if - I changed my name to CAN-I-RIP
Tell me, would you understand it?
Or does it trouble you?
Is it too much over your head, does it puzzle you?
I can rap about whateva the fuck I want
What's wrong with rappin' about whateva the fuck I'd done
Visually and verbally, I'm hi-res cutting edge
and if you know Rakim then you should Know the Ledge
I know I do, get everything I've ever rhymed to
staple it together and you got a fuckin bible
Let me remind you, records like Beasts from the East
proove that I crucify you
if I ever get to rap behind you.
What about the freestyles I put on vinyl
for DJs and hiphop heads to get hype to
Besides who raps like I do?
If you ever heard I'm not the best you bein' lied to
Here's a FYI to I can rip
but you don't have the mental bandwith to understand Bis
Niggaz wanna talk the talk
but when they get their feet chopped off
they can't walk the walk

[Kurupt]

Bitch niggaz..

[Chorus x2]

[Kurupt]

Now I could rap about whatever the fuck I want
Is it wrong to rap about whatever the fuck I want?
Fill the body bags, off the commando Volvo
Sendin' bodies home in car loads
In my former life my name was Ricardo
People used to tease me and call me retardo
Then got it started to whoopin' niggaz retarded
Rambunkious, raidin' niggaz, ricocheted it
Power as Foreman, electric stormin'
Horsemen stormin', ragin' war in
Negligence, poetic Pegasus
Nigga, smoke forms in the form of pestilence
I reign, like snow and hail
And sour like Concords, "Boy, is that yo shit?
Is that yo bitch?"
Better get a nigga cuz she on the Horsemen dick (Bitch)
Lyrical linguistic twist shit like licorice sticks
Comin' with a glock and a clip *[imitating gun sounds]*
Verbals on job like missiles when the AK's spit
Runnin' shit like the St. Lunatics
Bitch niggaz

[Chorus]

[Killah Priest]

I spit verses similar to curses
Have nurses closin' up the curtains
Callin' up surgeons, hookin' ya body up to circuits
But ya condition just worsens
to the point ya lungs and ya heart stop workin'
'Til ya carried off into churches then leave off into hurses
Play six feet Beneath the Surface
Along with the worms and the serpents
But I be somewhere in Persian wearin' turbans
Herbalist, the verbalist, the thoroughest
Some kind of divine therapist
Come back to the states as a terrorist
Wearin' a face like I never exist
Pull out the Beretta and I spit
Cops touch me then I sever they wrist
Ask yourself what type of era this is
It's the era of the horses, Priest the Horseman
Priest the Horseman, keep talkin'

[Chorus x2]

[Outro: Kurupt]

Everybody..

Canibus Lyrics

"Who Owns You?"

Jackers...Jackers
Jackers...Jackers
Jackers...Jackers
Jackers...Jackers

[Canibus]

Yo...I thug it wit' you, I slug it wit' you
I had niggas runnin' around like "yeah 'Bis brung it to you"
Nigga I'll punish you
Catch you in the street like what's the issue
Monkey face I'll monkey flip you
I always wanted to dis you
You ugly as a pit bull motherfucker I'll rip you
This is where the Broad St. bullyin' stops
My bars of gold bullyin' yours are not
Truth is I never thought your metaphors were hot
You just talk a lot a shit cuz your on the Roc'
There's no proof in your "Truth" it was a flop
That's why Jigga signed Cam'ron to take your spot
You think you hot cuz you got a little bling or what not
A typical hustler all you do is think about rocks
With a budget like yours you should a sold more
You probably think you were couped nigga your so wrong
I think Jay fucked you go look at your deal
In that black mink you look like a ape for real
If I was blind and I couldn't tell
I'll probably still hear it from a bitch that you ugly as hell
For starters the Bentley ain't yours it's Shawn Carter's
And if it ain't Shawn's its his partners
Your just another ?convict? artist with frog lips
On the Rocafella roster that follows orders, nigga!
You tryin' too much you lyin' to sluts
You too hyped up, spend some more time in the cut
I'll turn my voice up loud so I can tell you was sup
Rhyme for rhyme you was never ready for 'Bus
Your quotables are anecdotal
Your whole crew softer than tofu
Most of y'all don't even know the "Truth"
If you did then you knew I was a soldier too
Doing what you already sold your souls to do
I'm doing shows and my wrist stays frozen too
But I own my shit who owns you?
I should sign to the Roc'
Battle you in the lobby or worldwide plaza make you resign on the spot
Give me that mic' back Mack Bitch you can't spit
I don't even know why the fuck Jigga passed you that shit
I'll embarrass you with that shit, blast you that quick

Wrap you in plastic and toe-tag you as a Jacker

Jackers...Jackers

Jackers...Jackers

Jackers...Jackers

Jackers...Jackers

Marty McKay & Canibus Lyrics

"V For Vaccine"

[Marty McKay:]

Allow me to step on a land mine of health discussions
Our population is headed for self-destruction
With a vaccine and scheme toward health reductions
People of the world, I'm here to tell you something
This vaccine isn't some wonderful savior
It's Covid X mania, the government gave ya
Take a look through the curtain waitin', to a mass extermination
Then ask yourself – "do these facts disturb the nation"?!
But that's the fake news purpose, to make YOU nervous
So once it's introduced, half y'all wait to purchase
They want us wantin' some vaccine in some welfare line
Thinking the governments lovin' us, and our health care's fine
Uh – this new vaccine for Covid seems quenching'
Until you notice it change your genomic sequencing
We morph the minute ingested
Half will wait in line, the rest will be forced to get it injected
Changes change us from medication
Passed to the next generation, and their kids' generation
Till one day we're wondering how'd our flesh get erased then
While scientists are writing it off on just "innovation"
Are the side effects the difference between life and death?
Is my blood type susceptible to any type of threat?
"Chimp Medics" hit at first, making our defense better
Then, when it quits, we need synthetic shit?!

[Marty McKay:]

It's a science rush, scientists thinking they got the "Midas Touch"
So they try and rush it right to us, to shut the virus up
Shit, I ain't laughin', kids this FIXED!
Think it's a joke? Search "(BILL) GATES PATENT 666"
A sad scene mentally, wearing a mask seems thin to me
Wondering why nobody talks about the vaccine injuries
Beware of the organisms that self-replicate
And make your health deprecate, while the wealthy catch a break
First seems it's clean, till the words seem similar to this theme
"In revelation 13:16"
Can't buy or even make a purchase, it seems
Unless you let them invade your blood stream
They ain't gotta flame Molotovs to make dollars off
What our problems cost in this modern-day holocaust
You up here in a mask, ain't ya? That's danger
The cash maker, the new age gas chamber
Travel ain't in the script, unless your fam's vaccinated and chipped
Damn, this doesn't make any sense
So yes indeed I'ma say, the bullets from the heater will spray
For trynna take my families freedom away

[Marty McKay:]

A war going down and I can't fight it
Unveil the truth that they've been hiding
All lies, all eyes

Killing me
Of what's left to survive
I feel so abused
Caught up in a fight
I can't escape
This ain't no holy water
Poison in your heart and veins
They'll erase – all that
Makes us so human
Changing our truthful ways
You'll take your last breath

[Canibus:]

The Church, they took the vaccine first, can you believe that – yeah it get's worse
Imagine a war nobody can win? What if we never see normal again?
They're gonna' kill you as an offering
Then they're gonna' make your children orphans
They're gonna' inject vaccines into their organs
The supreme lawless getting sued with some court shit, so pick your poison!
Then they're gonna' pay your great children a fortune
Then make a movie out of it – awesome!
This is the calm before the storm, you've been told you've all been warned
The voice of God is hoarse no more remorse, coz this da' calm before the storm
The virus is fake? Maaan whatever you say
Wait till it mutates, white people are coming from space
Allah who ubers far, all the way to Minnesota in a Uber car with a box of computer Parts,
One zebra was white, The other was black, they joined together, vaccines work like that
Lethal injection might as well be demon possession it increases your adrenal aggression,
I'm the asshole coz I called you a maskhole?
Even tho I'm wearing face diapers too... what you mad for!?